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—NEW—
FEATURES

Arrangements are being made for the publication of new and interesting special articles in the WEEKLY BLADE.

Announcements of these will be made as soon as plans are matured.

Poetry.

THE GOOD BY.

He plucked the fragrant clover blooms,
'Neath the warm glowing summer sky;
"Keep these, dear heart, bid me God speed,
True love can never say good by."

"Beloved, O wherefore are my fears?
You give me strength and happiness;
Though leagues across the world I go,
Your love will be a power to bless!"

Deep sorrow in her heart subdued,
A joy intense o'erspread her face;
"O Sweet, my life is yours," she cried,
"Forever!" and, with tenderest grace,

She bowed her head upon his breast;
The soft wind stirred her tresses fair,
Faith and high hopes his spirit thrilled,
Upon her lips he breathes a prayer.

And trustingly, with hands close clasped,
Mid fragrant bloom, 'neath sunlit sky,
Her eyes reflected heaven's pure light—
With Love's own kiss she said "Good by."
—*Washington Star.*

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

I did not love him; long ago
Instead of "Yes" I gave him "No."
I did not love him. But to-day
I read his marriage notice—pray,
Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered "No," and why,
Reading the notice, should I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed; that he has found
Love's blessedness and peace—and yet
A woman never can forget
The man who once has loved her, and
To-day I seem to see him stand
With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for "Yes."

His early love for me is dead,
Another lives in that love's stead;
And if he loves her well as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,
He must be glad that long ago
Instead of "Yes" I gave him "No."

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.
—*St. Paul Globe.*

THE MASTER'S HAND.

It was yet while the world was awaiting
The sunrise, expectant and still,
That I heard the long icicles tinkle,
As lightly they broke on the sill,
Then I knew it had come, and I hastened
To see what new vision it brought;
But the window was veiled by a marvel,
That hid the true landscape I sought.

For the oldest of all the old masters
Had left there, in penciling clear,
Memorial pictures of seasons,
The dead and the beloved of the year.
There were pathways and nooks of a forest
O'er curtained by clustering vines,
And mountains made near and familiar
By groups of larches and pines.

There were rushes and reeds by a river
That sheltered the heron and crane,
And daisies that dimpled a meadow,
And tassels and pennons of grain.
There were all the rich fruits and the leafage
Which missals of autumn portray;
And all the sweet idyls of Summer,
And innocent scenes of May.

Ah, Nature took thought for the winter!
In the days that were kindly and fair
She stored up these images lovely
To lure him from sorrow and care.
Then my soul to herself whispered softly,
"This parable may not be lost;
The beauty of Life shall be treasured
To peer out again through the frost!"
—*Carol C. Day in Harper's Weekly.*

A GIRL'S FACE.

A girl's face, where the budding rose
Of youthful beauty blooms and grows
By nature's influence, sweet and good,
To fuller grace of womanhood;
Is there a sight on earth so fair?
Consider well the raven hair
That bands the forehead, pure and white;
The lovely eyes, like stars of light,
In whose clear hazel glance is seen
The soul untroubled and serene;
The ripe bewitching lips that part
With smiles like sunshine of the heart;
And all the charms unnoted here,
That blossom sweet from year to year.
Time changes all. The fairest day
Of short-lived summer fades away,
And on the wintry garden-bed
The petals of the roses are shed;
Time steals the splendor from the hair,
And marks the brow with lines of care;
But there are beauties of the soul
That time and change may not control;
The faith and love that still are blind
To others' faults, and good and kind,
And swift to help with blessed deeds
A sister's or a brother's needs.
These grow with years in brighter grace,
And add new beauty to the face.
—*Cassell.*

THE FEMININE WAY.

Did ever yet a belle refuse a man
And let him from her side depart forever
Without proposing a platonic plan
Of sweet communion for the future? Never!
Her lover once, her friend you must remain,
And love her still, although you love in vain.
—*J. P. Ritter, Jr.*

Our Story Teller.

THE PHANTOMS OF FLEURY.

The Tragic Ending of a Betrothal.

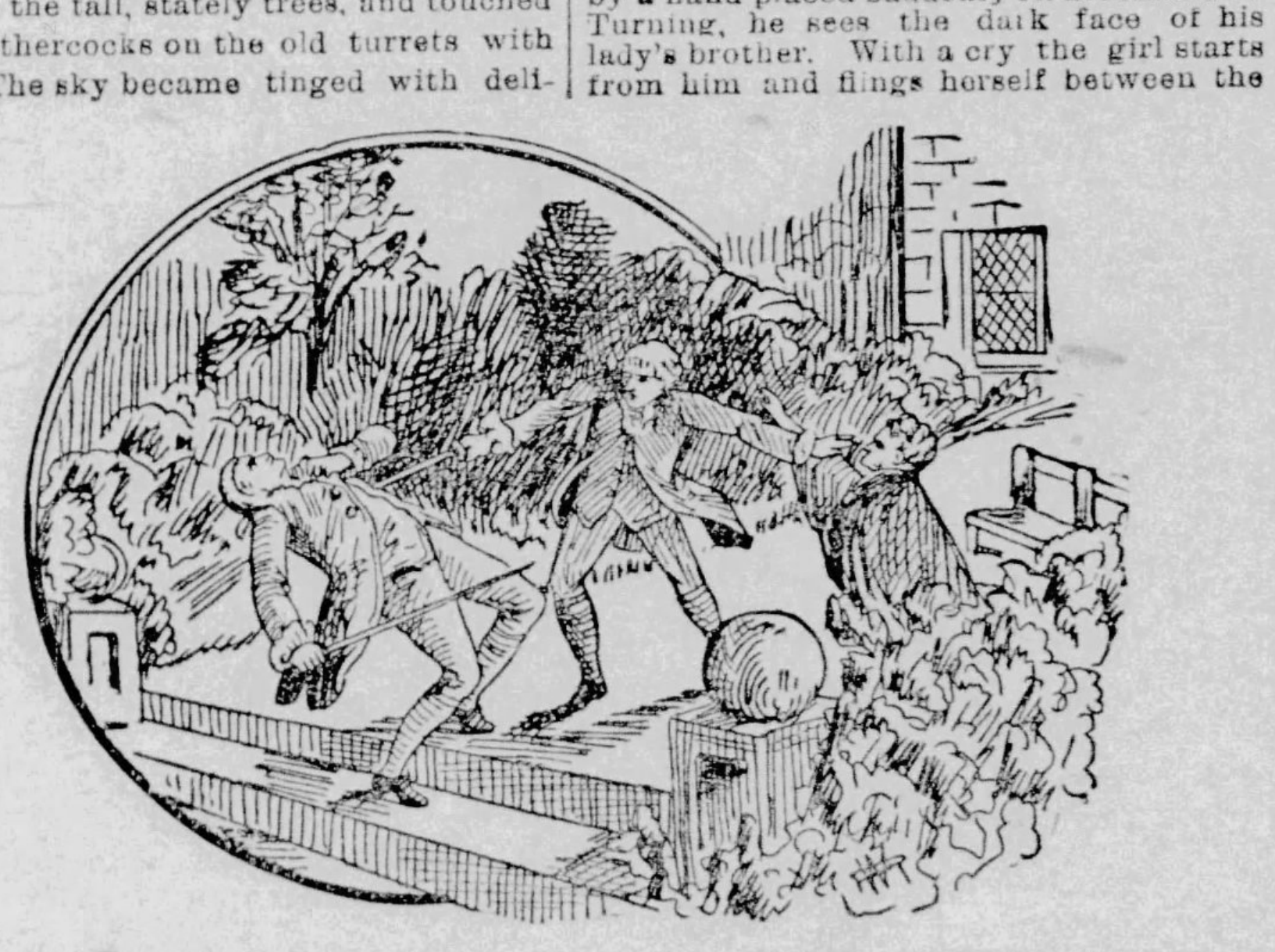
It was toward the end of August when I paid my first visit to the old Chateau de Fleury.

My road, a mere cart track, lay across the plain, between the golden stubble fields that till a few days before had been covered with ripe corn. It was not often that I walked away from the great forest that stretched darkly over the gently swelling hills behind me, but it was late in the afternoon, the shadows already gathered thickly beneath its shade, and I turned involuntarily toward the sun. My walk was solitary. The only people I met were one or two laborers, men and women, returning from their work, who saluted me as the passed with "*Bon soir, m'sieu.*" The scene was very peaceful; the air was warm and soft, the sinking sun cast his rays gently over the earth; far away, from one of the many villages dotted on the plain, came the sound of the vesper bell, and the land looked very fair. But with its beauty there was also that sadness which will come when summer is giving place to autumn. The earth is at rest. She has brought her wealth of fruit and flowers to perfection, and is taking a breathing space before beginning her winter struggles. Summer is still with her, but he hovers with outstretched wings, ready to answer the voices that call him elsewhere, turning a last tender, loving, farewell look upon the land he has so blessed with his presence.

And with this sadness upon me I passed through the old gateway and stood in the great quadrangle. The grass had grown long, and the paths were covered with weeds, but it was not quite deserted, for at the well an old man in a blue apron was drawing water. He raised his bucket and, with slow and laborious steps, turned and passed through a little postern gate, the water splashing over as he went. The inclosure in which I stood was formed on three sides by outhouses and stables; on the fourth, facing me, by the dwelling house, forming a second court and separated from the large one by a moat, crossed by a draw-bridge. This inner court was brilliant with flowers, wasting their sweetness sadly, for there was no one now to open the shuttered windows and come down the terrace steps to wonder at their beauty. And I stood under the great limes by the well and thought of the days gone by, when the chateau had been full of life and gaiety, and wondered if such times would ever come again.

Presently I roused myself, and turning to the left I went round to the other side of the house. The moat surrounded it only on three sides; the back, or rather the real front, faced a large lake in a far-stretching green park. There was a terrace on this side of the building, too, the steps leading into a beautiful rose garden. The roses were falling now, but the evening air was laden with their scent, and here and there was still a perfect flower. The shadows were lengthening over the water; two or three little islands lay darkly on its surface; the wild luxuriance of the vegetation pointed, no doubt, to the fact that the place was very damp, but on this August evening it looked warm and sweet enough.

Presently the sun flung a last bright smile to the tall, stately trees, and touched the weathercocks on the old turrets with gold. The sky became tinged with delicate pale green and rose color, the reflection of the sunset I could not see. For a few minutes the old place was full of soft light, and then the radiance slowly died away and the twilight came on apace.



"STAND BACK! I HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM—NOT YOU."

Still I could not bring myself to leave the spot. I had sunk down upon a moss-covered stone among the roses, and was gazing out over the lake. Vague, dreamy thoughts came floating through my brain, and I sat on unconscious of the passing time.

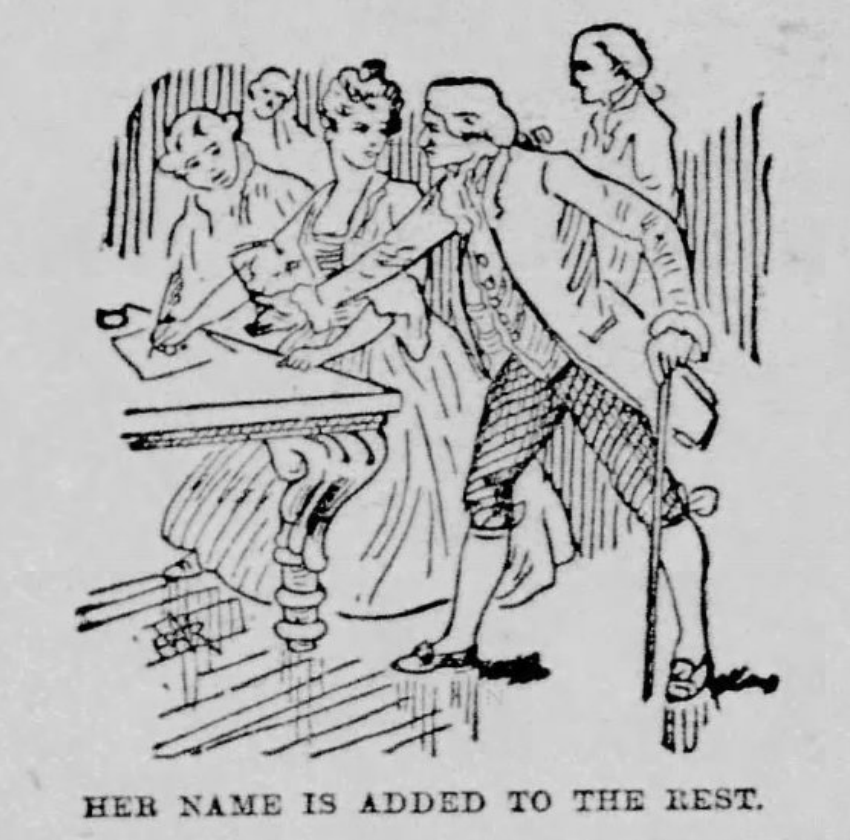
Suddenly I became aware that the light on the picture before me was changing. Mysterious shadows lay upon the grass on the opposite shore of the lake. The islands were floating in a silvery mist. An old boat, moored close to me, seemed to shine like a fairy skiff, fit for any of these dainty dames of the olden time, of whom I had been dreaming, to take their pleasure in. Clearer and clearer became the light, more fairy-like and bright the scene, and when my own shadow grew out of the ground at my feet, I turned, and, behold, the great golden moon had climbed the heavens and was peeping through the trees to the east. A slight breeze sprang up and rustled their leaves softly. They whispered and bent to one another, and the air was full of their sound. In the center of the lake a fish leapt, breaking the water into a thousand sparkling ripples that eddied to my feet.

At last I rose and turned to go, when I became aware of a startling change in the appearance of the house. It was no longer dark and deserted. The shutters were thrown open. Lights shone from every casement, and figures passed rapidly to and fro. On the ground floor the door windows were wide open on to the terrace, and a stream of light poured forth from each, mingling with the moonlight. Sounds of music floated out to me; not the jingling, rapid airs of our modern dances, but slow and stately measures that brought with them visions of powder and patches, rapiers and lace ruffles. Amazed, I watched for a little time, and then, curiosity getting the better of me, I went up the steps and stood by the center window. Presently I went in. No one seemed to notice me, and I looked on quietly.

A long broad hall stretched before me, evidently going the whole length of the building. The floor was highly polished, and reflected the light of hundreds of wax candles that hung in clusters against silver sconces on the oak walls. At the end was a musician's gallery, whence came the sounds I had heard. The front of it was festooned with flowers, and flowers were twined round the frames of the family portraits on the walls. There were many portraits of all periods. Knights in armor, dames in high peaked head dresses, grave statesmen in furred gowns, children playing with dogs, and demure maidens in ruffs and farthingales. But my attention soon strayed from the pictures to the figures passing and repassing before me. It was evidently a great and important gathering. The host appeared to be a tall, portly man, his powdered hair tied with black ribbon, a violet satin embroidered coat, and fine lace ruffles at throat and wrist. He leant on a gold-headed cane and tapped a snuff box as he talked. There were crowds of courtly men talking to elegant women, whose eyes glanced all the brighter for their powder and rouge. At one end two couples were gliding through a minuet with many a bow and sweeping courtesy. As I grew more accustomed to the brilliant scene, I seemed to know instinctively who some of the people were. Those two old dames on the settee in the corner are kinswomen of the host, and their tongues have not ceased since I came in. No doubt they are discussing some dainty dish of scandal. That tall, stern man moving about with an air of authority must surely be the son and heir.

But there is a couple that more than all the rest excites my curiosity. The man is small and slight and fair; he is dressed in the extreme of fashion, in pale pink satin, with diamond buckles on his shoes. His rapier has a jeweled hilt, and through it is drawn an embroidered handkerchief. He stands near the top of the room, and is evidently a guest of importance, for the host pauses now and again to smile and say a few words, which the young man answers carelessly in a thin bored voice. His partner is a much more interesting study. She is very young—not more than 17—and has a delicate, fragile look. Her hair is piled loosely on the top of her head, and a blue ribbon runs through it. It is the only bit of color about her. Her white silk sacque falls in full, graceful folds from her shoulders; she holds a drooping cluster of white roses in her hands, which nervously arrange and rearrange the flowers; her face is very colorless, and her deep blue eyes have a strained, nervous look. The two do not seem at ease in each other's company; from time to time the gentleman pays the lady a vapid compliment, to which she responds faintly or not at all.

Now there is a general move towards the top of the room, and the musicians cease. The company gathers round a square oak table; on it are pens ink and several large sheets of paper. A man in plain black garments, evidently a notary, takes a seat. Father and son stand near each other, and on the farther side of the young couple who have so interested me; then I see the likeness between the girl and the two men opposite, and it flashes across my mind that I am assisting at the betrothal scene I had heard of a few days before. The notary begins to read; the document tells of the dowery of the bride and is listened to with the closest attention. Then one of the men who had attracted my attention comes forward and signs the document. A moment later, the fair girl, in a shrinking, dazed manner, approaches the table, and in an instant her name is added to the rest on that important piece of paper.



HER NAME IS ADDED TO THE REST.

The ceremony being over, the ladies crowded around her with congratulations on the splendid match, and surrounded by them she moves away. Presently she begs them to leave her by the window. She feels a little faint, she says, but a few moments' quiet will soon put her right, and they leave her in the deep embrasure. Once alone she rises, and, watching her opportunity, steps out into the night. I, too, step through my window, and see her flit across the terrace in the moonlight. At the foot of the steps a man starts out of the shadow, with a low: "At last, sweetheart!" and catches the slender figure in his arms for a moment. Wrapping a large dark cloak over her white garments, he draws her arm through his and leads her a few steps, when he is stopped by a hand placed suddenly on his shoulder. Turning, he sees the dark face of his lady's brother. With a cry the girl starts from him and flings herself between the two men. Her brother thrusts her aside: "Stand back! I have to deal with him, not you!" But she clings to him, sobbing, and, sinking on her knees, promising anything if he will only let her lover go safe. He shakes himself free, and in another moment the clash of swords brings a wondering crowd to the windows. No one interferes or attempts to go to the poor child holding the back of a seat to keep herself upright. Presently a heavy fall and a shriek from the girl tells what the end is. The white figure flies to the prostrate man and the little hands try to lift the heavy head. "Kiss me, sweetheart," murmurs the dying man; "I wish I could have saved you," then all is still.

For a few minutes no one moves. The lovers lie as if both, instead of one, were dead; the guests gaze at them with pale, scared faces, and midway between the two groups, half-way up the steps, father and son speak in a low whisper. The moon sheds her calm, silvery light over all, as she would were the scene she illumined a happy instead of a most tragic one. Suddenly I see the girl lift her head; noiselessly she rises to her knees, then to her feet. The women on the steps notice nothing, so deep are they in their whispered conference. With a swift, stealthy movement she glides down to the water's edge, and before her father and brother, warned by a cry from their guests, can stop her, she has stepped into a light pleasure boat moored there, and has pushed off into the lake. In vain are the cries to her to return. She floats slowly away in the moonlight, and as a solemn hush comes over the spectators, the sound of a low-crooned song comes across the water. Then it stops, and the white figure rises to its feet, a sobbing cry reaches us, and, with lifted arms and upturned face, it sinks—sinks—and disappears. A scream bursts from some one in the crowd—and the figures vanish.

I was sitting alone among the roses, the old house stood silent and deserted behind me, the crazy boat was quietly moored at the little landing stage, but the moon had disappeared, and an owl in the trees near by was sending forth his melancholy cry on the still night air.

Gallant Seaman.

At a seaport in the south of France, an old salt had his leg crushed during the launch of a man-of-war. He had to undergo amputation and bore it all without speaking a word and smoking his pipe the while. The surgeon was about to leave when the sailor, making an effort to rise, called him back and said:

"Beg your pardon, major, for not showing you out, but you see it's your fault."—*L'Autorite.*

Very Thoughtful.

"To-morrow, Maria, will be your birthday, and I want to give you some appropriate present. What shall it be?"

"Whatever your kind heart may suggest, John."

(Next day.)—"Maria, you know how your poor back has suffered from pulling off my boots in the evening. It will not suffer any more, love. See! I have bought you a nice new bootjack which I will use hereafter, instead."—*Boston Traveller.*

Catching an Heiress.

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at.

Citizen—Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—But she hab got forty-seben dollahs in de bank, boss, an' she hab promised to gib me de power ob attorney-generalship.—*Harper's Bazar.*

One Engagement Off.

They were sitting near the river's edge watching the dimpled waves break on the beach. Suddenly she said in a soft, dreamy voice:

"I love to listen to the river, Henry, dear, don't you? It is always babbling, babbling, yet it never has anything to say."

"Yes," was the absent response; "it reminds me so forcibly of you."

Pleasant for his Wife.

Forgetting he was married, Robert Nostrand, of Troy, a groom of a month, after leaving his office bought an evening paper and went to his father's house, took a bath, and presented himself at table. His mother's inquiry: "Robert, have you already procured a divorce?" brought him to, and he hurriedly left for his own abode, where his young wife was impatiently awaiting him.

More Than He Asked For.

"May I catch your ear for a moment?" said the audacious thief as he grabbed the lady's ear-ring.

"Certainly," interrupted the policeman, "and the freedom you take embraces the privileges of my club."—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

May not Teach French.

In Alsace Lorraine four young girls have been formally forbidden to teach French by the director of the district, and are threatened with expulsion if they transgress the command. Two others were officially warned on suspicion, the teaching of French being regarded by the authorities as an unlawful profession.

Six of One, Etc.

An Arkansas man who bears the name of Jerusalem John Johnson wants it changed to John the Baptist Smith, in order that he may inherit ten acres of land.

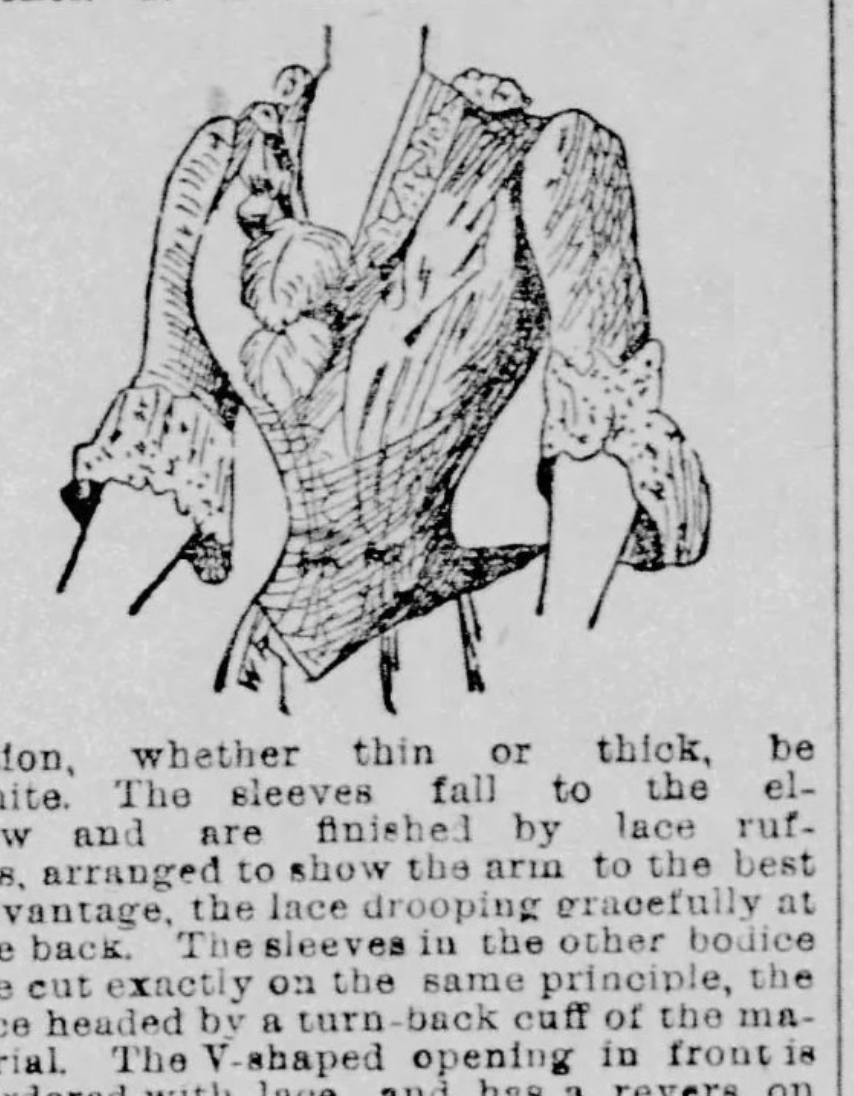
Well Provided.

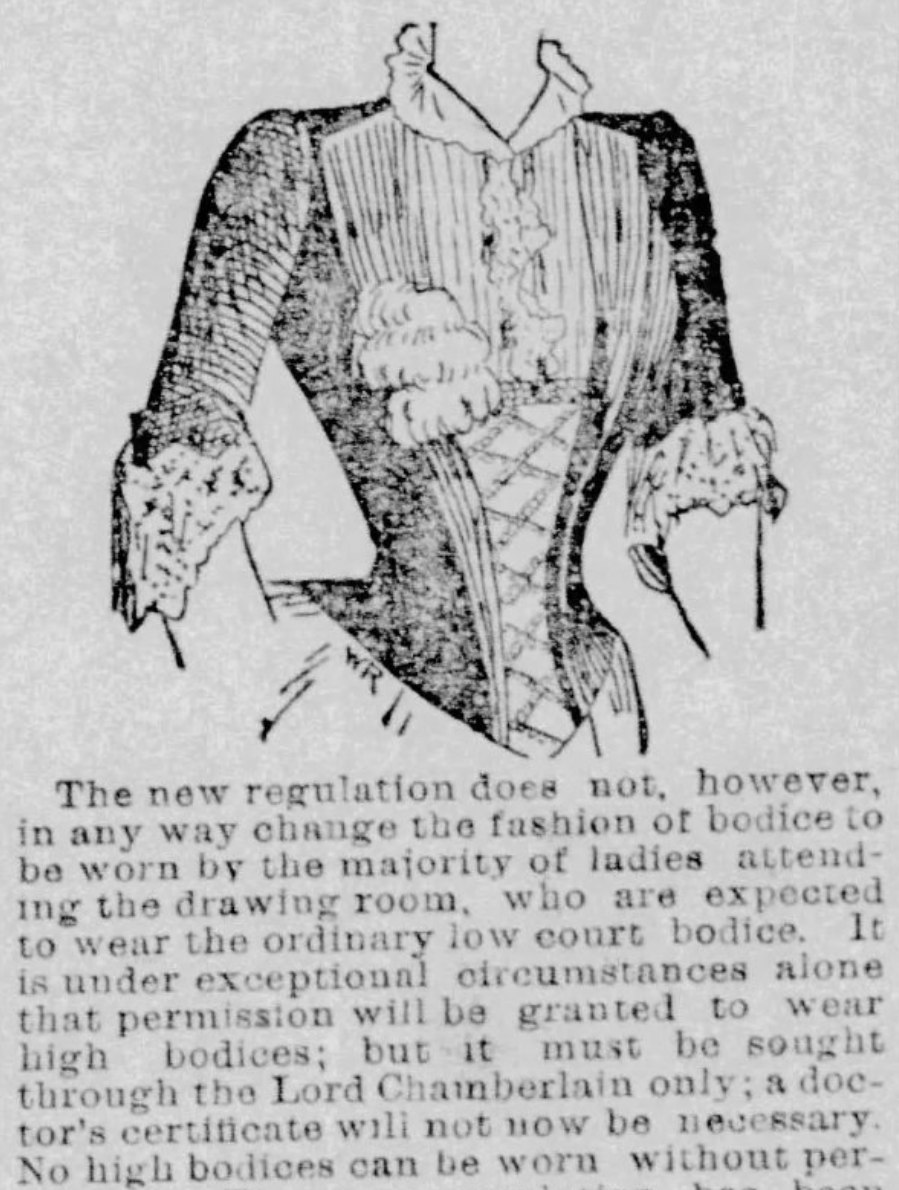
A rich man in Portland, O., got drunk the other day and bought 36 coffins for himself, leaving only about ten more in stock in the town.

THE NEW COURT BODICES.

Queen Victoria Has Consented to Allow These for Court Toilettes—A Full Working Description of the Much Talked-of Bodices.

Genteel, indeed, are the new court bodices shown in the accompanying illustrations. They have been submitted to her majesty, and have been arranged by a court modiste according to regulation. The first one, which is cut half high, is made in watered silk, the opening bordered by a cascade of lace, within which is a lisse fichu. Those who desire to have an entirely high bodice can have this filled up to the throat with lisse, lined with white silk, if it is needed thicker. It is essential that the addition, whether thin or thick, be white. The sleeves fall to the elbow and are finished by lace ruffles, arranged to show the arm to the best advantage, the lace drooping gracefully at the back. The sleeves in the other bodice are cut exactly on the same principle, the lace headed by a turn-back cuff of the material. The V-shaped opening in front is bordered with lace, and has a revers on either side. This pattern bodice is made in olive velvet, but it may be copied in any other material. A white stomacher of satin, with a lattice work of pearls, comes from the point at the waist to the bust, where it is met by the lace, and beneath it soft folds of lisse, which can be lined or left as they are. The arrangement of the lace permits the neck to be partly or entirely shown (if desired) in front, and the jewels can be attached in such a way as to effect this. There is a short square collar at the back of the neck with the lace within, but it is not sufficiently large to form a ruff. It is a graceful, picturesque bodice, the idea inspired by a painting of a lady in the past century, which hangs on the walls at the South Kensington picture gallery. The permission to wear such a style of court dress will, it is no doubt, be hailed with pleasure by many to whom a low dress is an insuperable difficulty in attending drawing rooms.





The new regulation does not, however, in any way change the fashion of bodice to be worn by the majority of ladies attending the drawing room, who are expected to wear the ordinary low court bodice. It is under exceptional circumstances alone that permission will be granted to wear high bodices; but it must be sought through the Lord Chamberlain only; a doctor's certificate will not now be necessary. No high bodices can be worn without permission. The new regulation has been made in order that those who are compelled to have the bodice high to the throat, should wear well arrayed and dressy ones.

TRUE LOVE.

True love still dwells upon the earth—
I must not, cannot doubt it;
But O, my God! how many live
To find their graves without it!

Have pity, heaven! on hungry hearts
In search of love that's lasting—
Alas! the sorrow and the pain,
The famine and the fasting.

Love! let me pillow on thy breast—
'Twine thy sweet arms around me;
I'd rather live in hell with thee
Than reign in heaven without thee!
—*Abram Lent Smith, in Truth.*

Religion and Charity Booming.

Stranger—Kissing sociables! What are they?

Rural Belle—They are never held except to raise money for some great religious or charitable object. The young men are blindfolded, and on the payment of a fixed sum some girl, whom he doesn't know, of course, is brought up to him and he is allowed to kiss her. He never finds out who he kissed; but by paying enough he can finally kiss every girl in the room. So, you see, he gets the one he wants, but he never can tell which one it was.

"I see. Is there much activity in religious and benevolent circles in a town like this?"

"Yes indeed. It just keeps every one of us busy hunting up objects to hold sociables for."—*Philadelphia Record.*

How Mexicans Bury Their Dead.

The Mexicans have a queer way of burying the dead. The corpse is tightly wrapped in century plant matting and placed in a coffin rented for about 25 cents. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go in a trot to the grave, where the body is interred, and the coffin is then returned. The wealthy class use the street cars as hearses, and the friends follow beside the car on foot.

Not an Infallible Rule.

"It's a great thing to get married young in life," said Mr. Smithers glancing up from the papers, "Harrison, I see, is in bed every night at midnight, while Cleveland never slept before two."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mrs. S. scornfully, "You were only 21 when we were married and if I remember rightly it was four o'clock when you rolled home last night."

A Logical Result.

"I hear that Rawlins had a bad attack of heart disease at the club last night, Benson," said Hart. "Can you tell me what caused it?"

"I can," was the prompt reply. "Do you kow Whistler?"

"The millionaire's son?"

"The same. Without a word of warning he went up to the group in which Rawlins was sitting and deliberately paid back $10 which he had borrowed. I almost fainted myself.

Beating the Devil Round the Bush.

"Why did you give your husband the letter to mail, he'll be sure to forget it?" said a nice old lady to her daughter.

"That's why I gave it to him. It is an invitation to that dreadful Mrs. Blank. I've got to send her an invitation to my reception, but I don't want her to come."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Not if They Were Women.

Miss Oftenlong of New Jersey—What is the cost of a marriage license in this State, Mrs. Gotthere?

Mrs. Gotthere—Just a dollar.

Miss Oftenlong—My goodness! One would think the men couldn't resist such a bargain.—*Burlington Free Press.*

First American Bank.

The first bank in the United States was the Bank of North America, chartered by Congress at the instance of Robert Morris, in 1780, and by the state of Pennsylvania in 1781, with a capital of $400,000. It is still in existence in Philadelphia.

Bright Boy, That.

Teacher of geography class—Where is Harrison's Landing?

Boy at the foot—In the White House.

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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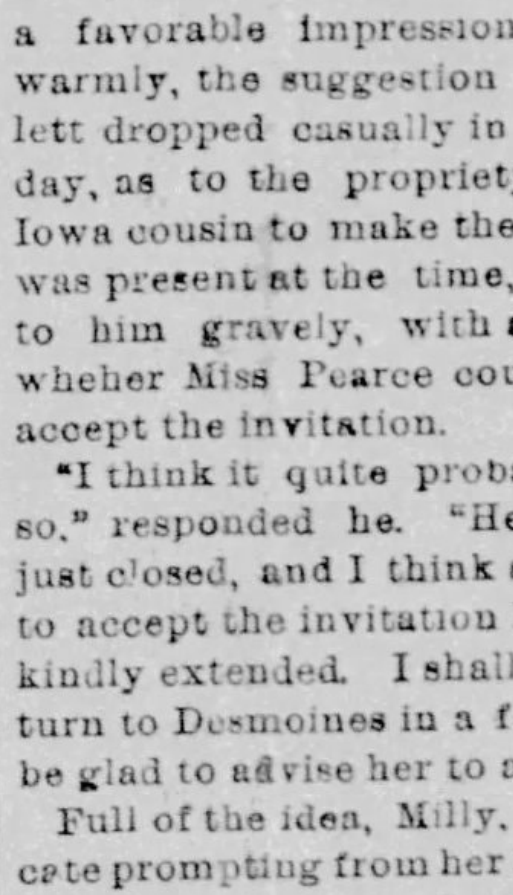
CHAPTER XV.

MR. MORRIS'S PROGRESS.



Good fortune seemed to follow the compact between Harry Follett and Morris. The latter was introduced to Milly as the friend and guardian of her husband's unknown girl cousin, Anna Pearce. He was perfectly well-bred, a good conversationalist, and produced a favorable impression. Milly seconded warmly, the suggestion which Harry Follett dropped casually in conversation one day, as to the propriety of writing this Iowa cousin to make them a visit. Morris was present at the time, and Harry turned to him gravely, with a question as to wheher Miss Pearce could be induced to accept the invitation.

"I think it quite probable she would do so," responded he. "Her school life has just closed, and I think she would be glad to accept the invitation Mrs. Follett has so kindly extended. I shall be obliged to return to Desmoines in a few days, and shall be glad to advise her to accept."

Full of the idea, Milly, with a little delicate prompting from her husband, sat down and wrote a very pleasant letter to her husband's cousin, warmly extending the invitation, and speaking incidentally in high terms of Morris. When the latter left, Harry put on his hat and strolled with him toward his hotel.

"Everything seems to be working nicely—eh, Morris?"

"Quite so. Mrs. Follett's kindness of heart has ably seconded my wishes. By the way, would it not be advisable to say nothing whatever of my aspirations to your wife? It seems probable that she will do all she can in the matter of her own volition."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He doubted very much, in his heart of hearts, whether Milly would lend herself to the scheme, were it explained to her; and he was only too glad to be relieved of the necessity of discussing the circumstances with her.

The result was, that Anna Pearce accepted the invitation in a very pretty, ingenuous note to Milly; and some three weeks afterward she arrived at Doncaster, accompanied by Mr. Morris, who had returned home a day or two after the conversation given above. They had traveled with a party of Desmoines friends going to Washington the greater part of the way, and Miss Pearce had completed the journey under Morris's care.

Anna Pearce was a quiet, shy, reserved girl. She was unused to society, inclined to be bashful, and seemed to prefer to sit with Milly and play with Master Jack, the baby, who soon developed a strong liking for her. She was undeniably pretty, and there was a general likeness in her face to Harry Follett, showing plainly the tie of blood between them. Milly found it very easy to love the shy, lovely girl, and enlisted Jennie Andrews as a coadjutor in her efforts to make the visitor's sojourn a pleasant one. Jennie, with her lively, impetuous ways, was almost an exact opposite to Anna Pearce, and, as is often the case, a strong friendship soon grew up between them.

Jennie had purposely kept out of Mr. Morris's way during his former visit, and it was some time after his return that the two finally met. She had been out calling, and on her way home she dropped in to spend a little time with her new found friend. Anna happened to be out giving little Jack an airing; but Morris was sitting in the parlor, chatting with Mrs. Follett. An introduction followed, and Jennie, by the exercise of considerable self-command, was enabled to avoid any facial expression of the mirth that filled her at the thought of their interview at the old cemetery. Morris's impassive countenance was perfectly non-committal, and the conversation grew lively. Milly was called from the room presently, on some household matter, and the two were left alone.

Jennie could not resist the temptation to refer to the matter. "Have you taken many trips to the country since you have been in Doncaster, Mr. Morris? There is some very beautiful scenery in this vicinity."

"I have seen but very little of it, I am sorry to say. I hope to be able to do so before I leave."

"You have not as much interest, possibly, in mere landscape views as in antiquarian researches? In old graveyards, for instance?" persisted Jennie, with a demure face, but with eyes dancing with fun.

A shade of annoyance passed over Morris's face. He deprecatingly waved his hand as he replied:

"I have ceased to have any interest in such researches, Miss Andrews. They are apt to be interrupted by young ladies 'dropping in' unexpectedly on one."

"How did you know I dropped in?" demanded Jennie, quickly.

Morris looked surprised. "I did not know it. I used the phrase 'dropping in' in its ordinary meaning of a casual visit. You told me, I believe, that you 'fell in;' but I hardly knew whether to believe it or not."

"Well, I did!" acknowledged Jennie. "I wanted to look inside that mysterious wall, and so had climbed to the top by the aid of an old tree standing close to it. I lost my balance, and actually 'dropped in!'"

Morris rose from his seat, took a turn up and down the room, and then stopping in front of Jennie, he began:

"I am afraid, Miss Andrews, that I must throw myself on your mercy in this matter."

"In what matter, sir?"

"Our previous meeting at the old cemetery. There are various reasons—and business ones, connected with my profession—why I do not wish anything said of what you witnessed there. I thank you for not having spoken of the matter heretofore."

A vivid blush rose to the girl's face. Morris noticed it with surprise.

"Have you told any one, Miss Andrews?" he anxiously inquired, bending over her.

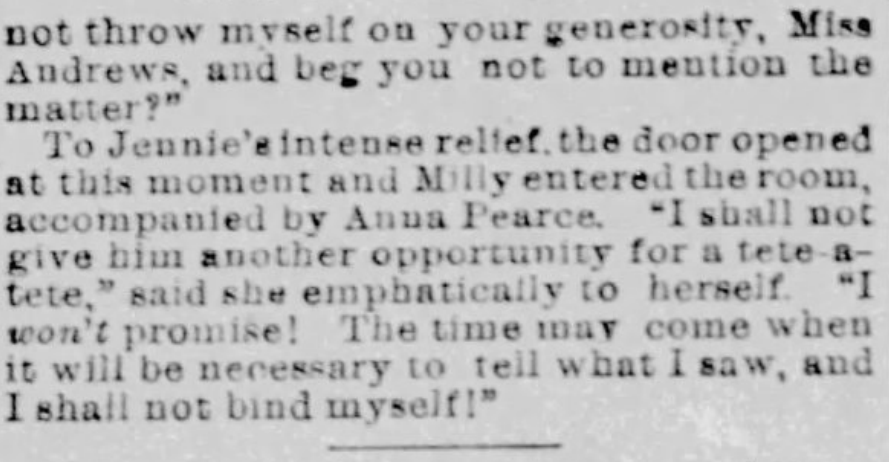
"I have," replied she, "but to only one person. It is safe for the present."

"Thanks for your kindness. May I ask the favor that you still continue to keep silence?"

"Mr. Morris," returned the girl, with spirit, "I shall not promise anything. I will not be bound. And do you think, sir, it is fair to attempt to exact a promise when you give me no reasons? I do not seek to know your errand there, nor what it was you carried away. I merely say you have not confided anything to me. What I saw I know, and that only. You have no right to ask me to promise anything, sir!"

Morris took a turn across the room and back, and then replied:

"I have no right, I know. I admit it frankly. And I cannot confide to you matters which belong to others. But may I not throw myself on your generosity, Miss Andrews, and beg you not to mention the matter?"



"HAVE YOU TOLD ANY ONE?"

To Jennie's intense relief, the door opened at this moment and Milly entered the room, accompanied by Anna Pearce. "I shall not give him another opportunity for a tete-a-tete," said she emphatically to herself. "I *won't* promise! The time may come when it will be necessary to tell what I saw, and I shall not bind myself!"

Frank Danforth had, without loss of time, communicated with Dr. Andrews, and preferred his request to become the accepted suitor of Jennie. But the old doctor was not at all inclined to yield.

"I haven't the least objection to you, Frank," said he; "I shall be proud to have you for a son-in-law—when the proper time comes. But Jennie is too young. Why, the little minx has hardly gotten accustomed to long dresses! Wait a while, Frank, wait a while! Come and see us as the friend of the family. Don't talk of marriage; don't regard it as an engagement, even! When Jennie is older, if she is of the same mind, you can have her, bless her! But take time, Frank, take time!"

"Must I be a Jacob serving for a Rachel, sir?"

"Tut, tut, Frank! Two or three years—what matters it to you? Get established in your profession; prepare a home for a wife! There's no hurry about your marrying!"

"Oh, if that is what you mean, Doctor, I agree with you. Jennie is young, I know. I am willing to wait a year or two. But why not consent to a formal engagement?"

"Don't urge me, Frank—there's a good boy! I have no disposition to put obstacles in your way. Let us leave things just as they are. Let us have no public announcement—no talk about the matter. Come and see us as a friend, not as a lover. My advice is good, Frank—better take it!"

"I have no other choice, Doctor," answered the young man, laughing in spite of himself. "You are in a position to command, and I must obey. Don't imagine I am unreasonable, for I shall not be. I thank you for the kindly sentiments you have expressed toward myself. Believe me, I am grateful, and I will not abuse your kindness!"

Frank was indeed happy. He was plunged suddenly into that Elysium, a genuine love affair; and he enjoyed it all the more for the strong reaction that he experienced after all his theological worries. He dropped the study of religious topics entirely for the time being. But the struggle was merely put off, not abandoned. Where doubt enters the human soul, it must be resolved one way other. There is no middle ground—no halting place, when the contest is between revelation and infidelity. But for the time the matter was held in abeyance, and Frank rested his mind and enjoyed the sunny, happy time that had come to him in its full perfection.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCIENTIFIC AGNOSTICISM.

Campaigning for the governorship was by this time in full operation all over the state, and Harry Follett led an extremely busy life. He was a member of the state committee of his party, and besides this he was in demand as an orator at political meetings. He bent every energy to favor the election of General Ewbank, and the tide seemed to be running that way. Those who had at first been skeptical over his chances, began to revise their opinions, and to speculate on the size of the majority he would have. The campaign was a hot one, but one fortunately devoid of personalities. Both candidates were men of pure lives, unstained by scandal, and the newspapers and stump speakers devoted their energies to discussing the principles involved in the struggle. As has before been mentioned, the leading issue dividing the parties was that of the financial policy of the government. The party to which General Ewbank belonged had adopted the theory that money could be made by mere edict of the government, thas there was not gold and silver enough in the world to furnish sufficient circulating medium for the people's wants; and that it was the duty of the government to issue paper money—not notes, redeemable in gold or silver coin, but simply bills, the face of which should declare that the United States decreed that each should pass for a certain sum. General Ewbank warmly espoused this idea, and all of his commanding talents, and the energies of his party friends, were devoted to the attempt to convert the people of the state to its support. The opposite party maintained that the only thing that enabled the government's notes to pass for money, was because they were promises to pay, and that the people knew the United States to be rich enough to meet these obligations; that mere "fiat money" would not maintain itself at par, and that to adopt this policy would be to enter upon a course that must inevitably end in financial disaster and universal bankruptcy. As the campaign went on, the popular interest deepened and the fight waxed fierce.

Harry Follett was sitting in his office one morning looking jaded and worn. He had just returned from a speaking tour through the mining region, and was resting a couple of days before starting out again. Frank Danforth sat at his own desk, busily at work. His school term had ended, he had been admitted to the bar, and was ready to embark in his profession on his own account; but Harry had persuaded him to remain with him until the close of the campaign and attend to business in his absences, which were necessarily frequent.

Harry finished writing some letters, lighted a cigar and threw himself back in his chair. An idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Frank with the inquiry:

"Danforth, you are in the attitude of a disinterested observer. How is this campaign going to end?"

"In Ewbank's defeat."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he is trying to force a financial heresy down the throats of the people. I have too high an opinion of the intelligence and common sense of the masses to suppose that this can be successful?"

Harry laughed. "Why, Danforth, don't you know that the strength of a political party lies in the fact that the masses do not think—in point of fact, that they can't? They take what is told them as truth, without examining it. Of course Ewbank's pet theory is a fallacy. But it is merely a stalking-horse to enable us to get into power—that is all."

"It will fail, though," repeated Danforth.

"Frank, really your faith in the people is touching. Now, I haven't any belief in them. In point of fact, while I believe Ingersoll's views on religion, I have so little faith in the masses that I should dislike to see his belief, or rather lack of belief, become general, because if the masses were emancipated from their slavery to religious dogma they would become positively dangerous. There would be an upheaval of the entire social fabric—a servile war. The only thing that keeps the devil chained is the fear of a hereafter. And there is none, as you and I know."

"You must except me, Mr. Follett. I cannot agree that there is no future life."

"But you cannot prove that there is, Frank—prove it as you would prove a fact in a court of law."

"Perhaps not; but can you prove there is none?"

"Shrewdly put, Frank. To be honest with you, there is no more actual proof of the one than of the other. But you are requiring me to prove a negative, and you know that is inadmissible by the rules of logic. Those who assert that there is a life beyond the grave are obliged to prove it. Unless they can do so, it is to be assumed that it does not exist. That is the true agnostic doctrine. We do not believe in a future state, because we have no proof that it is so."

"Pray, what is the belief of agnostics?" asked Frank.

"I will give you the statement of one of the leading scientific agnostics of the day—Professor Huxley. Here is a periodical which contains an article from his pen," answered Harry, fishing among a pile of magazines and periodicals until he found the one he wanted. It is not long—I will read it to you," and he read the following:

"Agnosticism is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in the rigorous application of a single principle. The principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, 'Try all things, hold fast by that which is good;' it is the foundation of the Reformation, which simply illustrated the axiom that every man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it is the fundamental axiom of modern science. Positively, the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far it will take you without regard to any other consideration. And negatively, in the matters of intellect do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable.

"That I take to be the agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him. The only obligation accepted is to have the mind always open to conviction. If you were to find an agnostic who never failed in carrying out his principles, and to tell him that you had discovered that two and two make five, he would patiently ask you to state your reasons for that conviction, and express his readiness to agree with you if he found them satisfactory. The apostolic injunction to 'suffer fools gladly,' should be the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am deeply conscious how far I myself fall short of this ideal, but it is my conception of what agnostics ought to be."

"I fully agree with Huxley," added Harry, when he had concluded the reading, "that there are very few agnostics who live up to his high ideal. I suspect, Frank," he went on, "that the average scientific agnostic it simply one who denies that there is anything supernatural, because there is no proof of it that is satisfactory to him. Here, take this magazine—you will like to read the article, whether you agree with it or not."

Further discussion was cut off by the entrance of some political friends of Harry. Frank Danforth read the article, and it revived in his soul the questions that had been agitating him in the past. He could not go to Jennie and forget them, for she had gone into the country on a two days' visit to some friends. Frank missed her sadly that evening; and for lack of her lively society, he wrestled with the question of scientific infidelity alone for a while, and then betook himself to the study of his pastor, Mr. Radcliffe.

The minister received him gladly, and was all attention when Frank asked him to answer the questions that were worrying him for solution. He read carefully Huxley's definition of agnosticism, and shook his head over it sadly.

"It is showy and pretentious, but it is a mere evasion of the issue. In the first place, it set up the finite mind of man as possessing the capacity to measure the infinite. What do you and I or any one else, know of the real nature of light, or heat, or electricity? Science tells us that they are but different modes of motion, and that the length, the rapidity, and the manner of vibrations of the molecules of matter give the effects that we call heat, light, or electricity. What do we know of electricity save through its phenomena? Science, with all its boasts, cannot tell me what electricity is. Yet I have seen men whose whole lives had been, up to that time, stained with sin of all kinds, under the mysterious workings of the Holy Spirit become as little children. Their whole natures were changed. From arrogant, self-seeking, selfish men they became humble Christians, recognizing all men as brethren, as different from their old selves as day is from night. Science cannot tell me what is the nature of the spirit of God, but do we not recognize that it exists through its wonderful effects, the same as we recognize the existence of electricity through its phenomena?"

"But, Mr. Radcliffe," returned Frank, "I wish you would make reply to the general argument of scientific infidelity, or agnosticism. The last time we talked, you showed me that Jesus was the Messiah, through the fulfillment of prophecy. The prophetic books all point unerringly to Him. But if the Old Testament itself is false? Its history is not true, in certain instances. If it errs in that, what shall we say of its prphecies? May not they also be false?"

"Stop, Frank! One thing at a time! Wherein is the history of the Old Testament false?"

I referred, of course, to the account of the creation in Genesis."

"Geology and Genesis are not incompatible. I believe that the first chapter gives a synoptic account of the evolution of the universe from chaos. Science can not prove its theories as to the mode of creation. The records left in the rocks, of fossil life, are not yet studied sufficiently to enable scientists to pronounce with absolute certainty how they are to be read. If you will but accept the account of the creation as a vision by an inspired seer, whose education did not enable him to realize to the fullest the marvelous scenes unrolled to his inward vision, and who had to express himself in a tongue which did not possess that precise, exact scientific terminology we now have, you will not find it hard to accept it as credible, and to hold it so until science is able to show clear and irrefragable proofs of its incorrectness."

"But the plea is that the Bible is filled with statements—the miraculous events, of course—which do not commend themselves to human reason. That is, I take it, what Huxley means in his definition of agnosticism, when he says that we are to accept things only as far as our reason takes us."

"It is the old cry, as old as Christianity itself. It is the pitting of the finite against against the infinite. Compare the intellect of Huxley with that of a Digger Indian. Huxley is a god as compared with the Indian. He uses a telephone, for instance, and believes unhesitatingly that he hears the familiar voice of a friend talking at the other end of the line. He understands the principle of the telephone, and comprehends the method of voice-transmission. But take an Indian who had never seen a telephone, have him use it, and he regards it as something supernatural. If he should recognize a well-known voice through the instrument, the phenomenon would be to him simply a miracle. He is totally incapable, in his low mental state, of comprehending the principle on which it works. Mr. Huxley denies that a miracle ever occurred, because he cannot understand how it can can happen. To him it is as unexplainable as is the hearing of familiar voices through the telephone to the poor Indian. With regard to the spiritual world, Huxley is much farther below it than the Digger Indian is below Huxley's plane."

"Then, sir, you think the agnostic error to be that of denying that any higher plane of intelligence can be reached than that which we now occupy?"

"That is it, precisely. It is as if the Digger Indian should deny that it were possible for any man to have greater mental development than he possesses. That is precisely the position which Huxley tacitly assumes."

"Yet is there not a difference?" persisted Frank. "Huxley stands in the most advanced line of scientific investigators. He sees the universe under the rule of law, and objects to miracles because they are in violation of law."

"Amend your answer, Frank," responded the minister, warmly. "Say, rather, because miracles are in contravention of the laws of nature so far as we know them."

"Then am I to understand that you believe miracles to be in accord with law?"

"Most assuredly do I believe it. We do not know the law; nay, it is probable that we could not comprehend the law, if we knew it. Again comes up the finite human mind endeavoring to probe the infinite, and rejecting it because it can not be understood."

"Then, sir, what is your position regarding modern scientific infidelity? Please sum it up in brief form."

"I do not know that I ever made a brief formula of it, but I will try. Scientific agnosticism assumes pretentiously that it has fathomed all the secrets of nature, and that what it does not know is false, because it can not be demonstrated in the light of the knowledge now possessed. Here is an error, and one that the true scientist should be ashamed of. The great Newton said, at the close of his life, that he seemed, to himself, to have been but a child picking up shells along the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before him. That should be the attitude of every honest scientific man. There is but little known now as compared with the vast truths yet to be explored, and which we are able to comprehend. Why shall we then draw a line at what we know, and say that all else is false, because we have not as yet reached the point at which we can discover the laws which govern them?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DREAM.

Behold! there was seen of my heart,
A place of great shadow and tears,
Shadows and trembling and fears,
Death and the pain of his dart.

Love in his grave clothes was there
Dead, with no smile on his face—
Dead, in that sorrowful place,
With scorn for a wreath in his hair.

He that had once been so great,
Mighty of wing and so fleet,
There, lying still at my feet,
There, at the feet of my hate!

Looking thuswise on him there,
I, being softened in part,
Touched for one heartbeat, his heart,
Leaving my lips in his hair.

But, as repentant I knelt,
Torn with the battle begun,
Shamed for the thing I had done,
Lo! on a sudden I felt

Warmth of his wings overspread—
Yea, of his lips and their smart,
Of his eyes, and his hands, and his heart;
Love had come back from the dead!
—*Amelie Rives in Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Luck in the Opal.

Good fortune goes with the opal. Last Christmas the wife of a well known coffee broker made him a present of a scarf pin set with an opal. At the time he had a mortgage on his house; his business was in a desperate condition. He was threatened with paralesis. Pretty soon coffee began to rise. It kept going up. He cleared a handsome sum, paid off the mortgage and had a substantial balance left. Some one slipped the pin out of the scarf, one day, in a crowd. The very next day he fell down stairs and broke two ribs; his wife upset a bottle of purple ink all over his new summer suit; his little boy played truant from school and got arrested for tying a package of firecrackers to a dog's tail; the parlor maid smashed the new chandelier; one of the horses developed glanders; the hired man upset a ladle of molten lead down his bootleg; the gas meter man brought in a bill of 767,000 feet for the month; the cook set the house on fire with a pan of melted grease, and moths got in the new parlor carpet. The owner was distracted, and sent for two detectives. The opal was found the next day in a pawnshop. He recovered it just in time to get out of the coffee market before the panic. Talk about horseshoes and four-leaved clovers, they count for nothing in comparison to the luck in an opal.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bright Messenger Boys.

Some thirty-odd years ago, when the earliest telegraph office in Pittsburg was opened, among the messengers employed there were four boys, known respectively as Andy, Billy, Bob and Harry. What has become of the quartette?

"Andy's" last name was Carnegie, and he is now one of the richest men in the country, and one of the most famous iron-masters in the world. "Bob" Pitcairn is general agent and superintendent of the Western division of the Pennsylvania railroad. "Billy" Moreland is city attorney of Pittsburg, while Harry Oliver is a wealthy steel manufacturer.

Johnny Waits for Them.

Johnny found himself alone with the visitor for a few minutes, and naturally he felt it incumbent upon himself to do the agreeable. After relating all the household matters he could think of, he paused for a moment, but it was only a moment.

"Did you know," he said, "that my papa'd got a new set of teeth?"

"Has he?" exclaimed the visitor, with well-feigned interest; "and what will he do with his old ones?"

"I don't know," replied Johnny, in dismal accent; "I s'pose they'll cut 'em down for me to wear."—*Boston Transcript.*

Very Comfortable.

The richest man in Berlin rejoices in an annual income of 2,700,000 marks ($1,190,000). There are, besides this Crœsus, 162 millionaires in thalers (at 3 marks) and 926 millionaires in marks.

Fine Nettle Thread.

Thread from the fiber of the nettle is now spun so fine that 60 miles of it weighs only 2½ pounds. The same fiber has for some time been used in Europe in the manufacture of rope.

Powerful Roots.

The foundations of a church in San Luis, Cal., have been shifted seven inches by the roots of eucalyptus trees, and the latter are, therefore to be cut down. The trees are perfect giants, their tops reaching 30 feet above the church's steeple.

Catholics in China.

A large Roman Catholic cathedral was publicly dedicated at Hong Kong. It holds 4,000 people and cost $120,000. The roof is made of cast iron from Glasgow. The main building is of blue brick, relieved by flying buttresses of red brick and cement.

The City of Homes.

Philadelphia has 847,000 people and 179,000 houses, while New York, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, is said to have but 92,000 houses.

The Largest Organ.

Sydney, Australia, is having an organ built in London, which is said to be the largest in the world, costing $75,000.

Recent Literature.

WHAT IS FOUND THEREON

Nature and Man—For Faith and Freedom—A Study of Man—The Physchic Life of Micro-Organisms—Anna Karenina—Dr. Ramean—March Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Nature and Man" is the title of a volume into which have been collected the fugitive papers and essays upon subjects of general scientific interest of the late William B. Carpenter. About one-third of the volume is occupied by a biographical sketch of the famous physiologist by Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter. This sketch seems to us the most interesting of the book's varied contents, giving, as it does, the story of a simple, honest, hard-working life, as valuable for its lessons as the lives of Faraday and Darwin. The essays illustrate nearly half a century of work, from "The Method and Aim of the Study of Physiology," published in 1838, to "The Argument from Design in the Organic World," published in 1884. They present, furthermore, nearly every phase of the writer's diversified activity. The volume is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"For Faith and Freedom" is a novel by Walter Besant, published by Harper and Brothers, New York. The time of its beginning is placed at the middle of the 17th century, and the opening scene in Somersetshire, in a country church whose rector, an Independent, was to preach his farewell sermon because the law prescribed the Episcopal form. The story follows this family. It is told in the first person by a son of the recor, in a quaint old English style, that renders it very fascinating. Those interested in the old church difficulties of England will find here a history given in a tale full of incident. The story is well worth a reading.

Robert Clark & Co, Cincinnati, have just published "A Study of Man and the Way to Health," by J. D. Buck, M. D. The motive which has produced this book is the idea that the study of man by himself should, first of all, point out the possibility of improvement, and then suggest the methods and indicate the means by which improvement may be realized. The writer has for many years been deeply interested in all that relates to human nature, or that promises in any way to mitigate human suffering and increase the sum of human happiness. He has no peculiar views he desires to impress upon any one, but he believes that a different use of facts already in our possession will give a deeper insight into human nature, and will secure far more satisfactory results than are usually attained. The work will be noticed more at length later.

"The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms," is a study in experimental psychology, by Alfred Binet, translated from the French by Thomas McCormack, with a preface by the author written expressly for the American edition. The subject of this little volume is a branch of comparative psychology of which very little is known, and what there is, is scattered in isolated reports, etc., and has never until now been presented systematically. The author contests the position of Prof. Romanes, who assigns the first appearance of the various psychical and mental faculties to different stages or periods in the scale of zoological development. To M. Binet there is an aggregate of properties which exclusively pertain to living matter, the existence of which is seen in the lowest forms of life as well as in the highest. The little work contains much valuable thought. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

T. Y. Carroll & Co., New York, publish in pamphlet form "Anna Karenina" by Count Tolstoi, translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. This work has won for itself a permanent place among the great works of fiction of the world. Written with the noblest purpose of showing the triumph of right over wrong as well as the danger of violating the moral law, it at the same time gives unequalled pictures of high life and low life among the Russians. Its truthfulness of delineation, of character-drawing and of description, has been confessed by all acquainted with the world of which the author writes.

"Dr. Ramean," by George Ohnet, the author of "The Forgemaster," is like that novel, a strong work of fiction. The character of Dr. Ramean is drawn with freedom and yet with strength. It is full of interest throughout, and the struggle between a faith which is superstition and a materialism which is really elevated, is a striking one. The translation is a most excellent one, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Pamphlet novels from D. Appleton & Co., New York, are "Constance and Calbot's Rival," stories from the pen of Julian Hawthorne; and "We Two," by Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "The Knight Errant," etc.

In the "Echo Series" comes "The Crime of the Golden Gully," by Gilbert Rock. Published by Pollard & Moss, New York.

Literary Notes.

The *Woman's Journal* of March 8, contained "A Baby's Cry," by Lucy Stone.

Edgar Saltus uses "as though" for "as if" five times in his story, "A transaction in Hearts."

Eliot Stock, London, has published an edition of Edgar Fawcett's poems, under the title of "Blooms and Brambles."

Thomas Whittaker promises immediately a collection of twenty new sermons by Archdeacon Farrar.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish shortly a book by Mrs. Woodman, a neice of the poet Whittier, entitled "Picturesque Alaska."

William Dean Howells, in *Harper's Magazine* for April, demands recognition for a new Canadian poet, Mr. Archibald Lampman.

Rebecca Harding Davis, the pioneer in the school of Southern literature, will contribute a short story, "Annie," to the April number of *Harper's Magazine.*

The author of "His Way and Her Will" denies that she has been photographing New York society people. She says she doesn't even know the ladies whom the gossips declare that she has "faithfully delineated."

A copy of the Guttenberg Bible was sold in London a fortnight ago for $10,000. It was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, and was from the library of the Earl of Hopetoun.

Charles Dudley Warner begins his new novel, "A Little Journey in the World," in the April number of *Harper's Magazine.*

Once a Week has been enlarged, and includes a greater variety of contents. The most noticeable thing in the current number is the first instalment of a Stockton story called after its heroine, "Ardis Claverden."

Paris Illustre for March 9 has for the frontispiece a delightful picture of M. D. Feraudy of the Comedie Francaise, dressed for the part of Scopin in a suit of rosy pink and white stripe. The bright and vigorous work is by P. Toussaint.

Griffith, Farran & Co., London, will publish shortly a new book by Mrs. Molesworth, entitled "Story of a Pincushion." It will be illustrated. They are preparing a "Mrs. Browning Birthday-Book."

Mrs. James T. Fields will tell, in the April *Scribner*, of some remarkable literary treasures in her late husband's library—memorials of the Edinburgh circle, Scott, De Quincey, John Wilson and Dr. John Brown.

Good Housekeeping has devoted considerable space, of late, to the practical points of etiquette, much to the satisfaction of people who like to be informed concerning recognized usage in social and family intercourse. The current issue, March 16, No. 101, contains two excellent papers of this nature, one on "The Etiquette of Travel," by Florence Howe Hall, and one on "The Etiquette of Correspondence," by Anna Sawyer.

Mr. Proctor left the manuscript of his "Old and New Astronomy" in a more advanced state than was feared. Its completion has been undertaken by Mr. A. C. Ranyard, who for some time was secretary of the Royal Astronomical society.

Alexander Black's "Story of Ohio," published by D. Lothrop Company, is finding the most practical of all endorsements in the Buckeye state—use. The book has already been adopted in certain schools of the state as text book or as part of the course of supplementary reading.

"A Virginia Plantation" is the subject of a bright and chatty article by C. W. Coleman in the April number of the *Chautauquan.* A charming description is given of life on a plantation which is taken as typical of a class, followed by a glance at the present condition and prospects of estates of the same grade.

Miss Laura Daintrey is known in bookish circles as the author of "Eros," a novel on the Amelie Rives order. She is a most attractive-looking girl of about three-and-twenty, and is the picture of health, being rosy-cheeked and full of vigor and animation. She is an enthusiastic pedestrian, and belongs to a walking club that keeps its members tired. Her father is a junior partner in the firm of Arnold, Constable & Co., N. Y.—*B. B., in the Epoch.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Bruises and Burns.
Fresh, Strong, Convincing Facts.

Best Results. East Providence, R. I., June, '88. While in the employ of the Barstow Stove Co. applied your St. Jacobs Oil to many bad burns of the moulders and always with best results. GEO. W. HORTON.

Ladder Fell. Galveston, Texas, June 28, 1888. Fell from ladder; bruised and sprained my foot and wrist; suffered five days; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOSHUA WYTHE.

Pitcher's Luck. Detroit, Mich., June 9, 1887. Pitching ball sprained and bruised my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. LOUIS RUSH.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

CHILDREN'S TALK.

Bright Things Said by Our Wee Toddlers.

A little friend at his devotions one night was seized with a sense of the ridiculous at a sublime moment. He was kneeling at the bedside—his two little hands devoutly folded—his bright eyes squeezed tightly together, and his whole small person piously intent. Reverently the dear old prayer proceeded:

"Now, I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake——My! Wouldn't that be a joke!"

Our own little boy had a fashion of holding "protracted" meetings in a corner of the big sitting-room, and preaching and exhorting with great unction. Now and then he would sing a hymn, or suddenly pop down on his knees and "wrastle" in prayer. Grandma was coaxed into "meeting" one day, and the season of prayer seemed to trouble her, insomuch that she interposed gently—"No, dear, I wouldn't pray so—it is making light of serious things." Wide open flew the wee minister's eyes, in righteous indignation and amazement. "Why, Gamma, Gampa says 'O Lord' like sixty!"

That suggests another "meeting," whereat two little maidens presided—one in the office of preacher, and the other as audience. In the course of the services, after the sermon, the small parson called upon her audience to lead in prayer. "O Lord," prayed the solemn little voice, "O Lord, bless the heathens. Thou knowest they have no such preaching as this."

Queer happenings happen on the occasion of little people's first "outings" at church—all of them suggestive of the startling innocence of childhood, and its bewitching talent for "hitting the nail on the head." A minister's little daughter was attending her first church service, at which her father presided. She had never seen him in the pulpit before, and, on his entrance there, in her presence of mind forsook her and she piped up, in a voice expressive of joyful recognition: "Why! t-h-e-r-e's my papa, up in that box!" Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the services were grievously long to such a wee worshipper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew and sighing audibly. Mamma whispered comfortingly, "Papa's almost through, dear," whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet; but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance; and, by and by, over the quiet listeners arose a little voice—clear and plaintive and coaxing—"isn't you most froo, papa?"

Fred's mamma was not at all well, and the doctor said she must "take a complete rest" at once. So presently the family took wing for Northport, in the wilds of Maine. The first night of their sojourn there, mamma was putting Fred to bed, and, as usual, called him to her side to say his prayers. The little fellow's face was an interrogation point of astonishment and dismay, and no persuasion could induce him to pray. Mamma looked puzzled and grieved; whereupon her little son, with an uplifting of his small pug nose suggestive of infinite disgust, proceeded to enlighten her mind: "Why, mamma! the doctor said we must take a complete rest!"

As Ralph was getting ready for church, he asked his sister how many white horses George Washington had in his chariot. Somewhat amazed, Minnie answered, "Why, I'm sure I don't know, Ralph. What put that into your head now?" "O, because," quoth our little philosopher, "I always want a subject to think about when the sermon is dull."

"Sweet Home."

"There is no place like home," runs the old song, and we know how true it is.

The impressions made in the home are lasting. A mother's words never pass from the mind. A father's counsels remains fresh so long as life lasts. The last benediction of parental love and solicitude—with what tenacity it clings to the memory when almost all else has gone.

How important, therefore, that the home be maintained intact as long as possible—a haven of loving counsel, of peace and joy to the growing children. How sad when death invades, when the fire goes out on the hearthstone and the family is scattered. What the children lose by the death of a parent only those realize who have grown up without that love and advice which a parent alone can bestow.

There are tens of thousands of parents to-day in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified with Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die, as though poisoned with arsenic.

Doctors publicly admit that they cannot cure advanced kidney disease; they are too bigoted to use Warner's Safe Cure because it is an advertised remedy; consequently, unless you use your own good judgment, secure and use Warner's Safe Cure, a specific, which has proved itself in tens of thousands of cases to be all it is represented, your home, through your death, will be broken up and your loved ones deprived of that which money cannot purchase or friends supply.

A Novelist on Matrimony.

If ever one is to pray, if ever one is to feel grave and anxious, if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them. The two people most concerned, especially the bridegroom, are on such a day willing enough to shrink from vain show and vain babble, but their friends and relatives insist on trotting them out and making them show their paces. Indeed, for a man of shy and nervous temperament to be married without chloroform is a very painful operation. He may be a strong man, but he feels like Samson when, for the sake of a woman whom he loved, he allowed his eyes to be put out, and heard the Philistines calling upon him to make sport for them.—*Ouida's Gossip.*

The Spring Equinox.

The most important astronomical event in the month of March is the "crossing of the line" by the sun. On December 21 last the sun began its apparent northerly career across the firmament, which will be completed six months later than that date. It dashes over the equinoctial on March 20, reaching at that time the half-way post in its journey, and on June 21 arriving at its farthest point to the northward, swings in its course and enters on its six months' march in a southerly direction.

The distance which the sun will appear to travel northward during March is, in angular measurement, nearly 12°. On the first day of the month it will be over 7° south of the equinoctial, or celestial equator, and on the last day it will be more than 4° north of that line. When March begins the sun will be in the constellation of the Water-Bearer, and it will be in the Fishes when the month ends.

"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody is calling my little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned the mother.

"Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning, he didn't bounce a bit."—*Exchange.*

HARRISON'S WELCOME TO HIS GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

AIR—*The Red, White and Blue.*

Ben Harrison, the pride of the nation,
The grandson of Tippecanoe,
With deep and profound veneration,
We tender a welcome to you.
The White House for you long has waited,
And also your grandfather's chair.
With hearts that are high and elated,
Your advent we all welcome there.

CHORUS.

Your advent we all welcome there,
Your advent we all welcome there,
With hearts that are high and elated,
Your advent we all welcome there.

With each worthy office and station,
Filled by loyal good men and true,
And you at the head of the nation,
Brave grandson of Tippecanoe,
Our rights then will all be respected,
Our fishermen guarded with care,
Our flag with devotion protected,
When you're in your grandfather's chair.

CHORUS.

When you're in your grandfather's chair,
When you're in your grandfather's chair,
Our rights then will all be protected,
When you're in your grandfather's chair.

And in ninety-two, in November,
With heart's that no fear ever knew,
Columbia's sons will remember
The grandson of Tippecanoe,
And then with supreme exultation,
And hearts light as pure mountain air,
We'll welcome the pride of the nation,
Again to his grandfather's chair.

CHORUS.

Again to his grandfather's chair,
Again to his grandfather's chair,
We'll welcome the pride of the nation,
Again to his grandfather's chair. T. F. L.

WHEN TO USE THE FINGERS.

Cases in Which Eating with a Fork Shows Bad Breeding.

It is said that Cardinal Richelieu detected an adventurer who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork, because it was the custom then, as it is now, to help one's self from the dish with the fingers, if an olive fork is not provided, rather than to use one of a different pattern. Forks for the dish alone are now manufactured and are very generally used, but after the olive has reached the plate it is alwas carried to the mouth by the fingers. Of course we are not referring to the stuffed olives which are bottled in oil.

Those who are very particular hold the large end of a spear of asparagus with a fork, while with the tip end of a knife they daintily separate the tender green tops from the white end, which is then put aside. Others take the white end between the fingers and carry it to the mouth. Both are correct, but the former is much more dainty and easily done.

Celery is always taken from the dish and carried to the mouth by the fingers. If individual salts are not provided, it is etiquette to use one-half of the butter plate for salt. If salt shakers are used, hold the celery in the left hand just over the rim of your plate and gently sprinkle it with salt, and the old custom of putting a spoonful of salt on the cloth is still in practice. When corn is served on the cob it must be taken in the fingers, only managed very daintily. We have seen pretty little doylies for the purpose of holding it, but it is a question if that is not carrying table linen too far. Many housekeepers, and especially in the South, serve corn as a separate course, when finger bowls are placed by each plate and removed with the course.

Lettuce when served without dressing is always pulled to pieces with the fingers. This is usually the lady's duty, and there is no prettier picture than that of a young lady preparing a plate of fresh crisp lettuce leaves in this way, for the tender green shows off to perfection her dainty white hands, and she may be as exquisitely neat about it as she likes, and it is one of the most fascinating and becoming of table duties that a hostess can possibly provide for her lady guests, to assist in helping the gentlemen at a social or informal meal.

Watercress is also taken in the fingers and the prettiest way of serving it is to obtain a long, low sided basket or dish, in the bottom of which lay a folded napkin, then heap the cress so as to fill the basket, and you have not only an enjoyable, but a very ornamental dish for the breakfast table.

When a slice of lemon is served with fish or meat it is much more correct to take the slice in the fingers, double the ends together and gently squeeze the juice over the article than to use a knife for that purpose, as is sometimes done.

It is always proper to help one's self to bread, cheese and lump sugar, if tongs are not provided, with the fingers. Never use your own knife, fork or spoon to take from the dish. It is also correct if a plate of hot unbroken biscuits is passed to not only break off for yourself with your fingers, but for your neighbor also.—*Good Housekeeping.*

DIDN'T WANT THE DIVORCE.

A Painful Climax Brought About By a Lawyer's Forgetfulness.

A lawyer's extraordinary forgetfulness is responsible for a painful climax in the household of Policeman James Field, at Providence, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Field quarreled some months ago, and the wife proceeded to get a divorce. She instructed Edward Hazzard, one of the oldest members of the bar, to make out the papers. It was done and she swore to them. The formal notice by advertisement was made, but the wife did not, unfortunately, see it. She became reconciled with her husband and there was no more talk of divorce.

The affidavit of Mrs. Field got astray and passed from the lawyer's immediate recollection. Months later, and at the time when the Fields were never more happy in their affection for each other, the lawyer pulled the papers out of a pigeon-hole and had the divorce granted. That night it was the anniversary of Field's birthday. A company of friends was at the house, when a letter from Lawyer Hazzard containing a divorce absolute arrived. Field had just kissed his wife in the presence of all their friends, and was made doubly happy by the presentation of a watch chain and charm. The beautiful picture was rudely shattered when Field read Hazzard's letter. Mrs. Field in speechless horror flung the letter from her and fainted away. It was picked up and read by the appalled husband and guests. There was no mistaking its import. Mr. and Mrs. Field were no longer man and wife.

Field then accused his wife of planning a theatrical humiliation for him. He put on his coat and hat and has not returned since, although more than a week has passed since that night so fatal to the happiness of their home. Mrs. Field is almost frantic, although the mistake could easily be remedied by another marriage or by applying to the court to vacate its decree, which it assuredly would do.

WHAT NOVEL READERS WANT.

His Tastes Are Apt to be Unwholesome and Bad.

The genuine novel reader detests what he calls tame stories—stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life, according to the *Book Buyer.* He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves, always to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one. No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenterhooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements.

The habit of dram drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart—i. e., excessive fattening around the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel-reading leads to a fatty degeneration of the literary mind—i. e, to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thoroughly into the solid interests of real life. So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram-drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one, almost cruel in its disillusionizing power.

That Tired Feeling

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attack of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

A Big Derrick.

The biggest steam derrick in the world is at the Hamburg docks. It can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive and place it on a steamship.

SPONGING A TIGER.

A Wonderful Tale of a Cossack's Narrow Escape.

When Pezon, the lion tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of a pantomime with the broom, sponge and water bucket. The moujik watched him closely and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given.

Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step on the previous day into two cages of harmless brutes, but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger, that happened to be stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in the corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might enrage the great beast and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.—*London Times.*

THEY ALL DIED AT 56.

Dante, Italian poet, born 1265, died 1321.

Hugh Capet, king of France, born 940, died 996.

Henry VIII., king of England, born 1491, died 1547.

Henry IV., emperor of Germany, born 1050, died 1106.

Nicol Paganini, Italian violinist, born 1784, died 1840.

Alexander Pope, English poet, born 1688, died 1744.

George Sale, English orientalist, born 1680, died 1736.

Marcus Aurelius, emperor of Rome, born 214, died 270.

Frederick I., first king of Prussia, born 1657, died 1713.

John Hancock, American statesman, born 1737, died 1793.

Maria Louisa, empress of France, born 1791, died 1847.

Philip Massenger, English dramatist, born 1584, died 1640.

Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, born 1137, died 1193.

Robert Stephenson, English engineer, born 1803, died 1859.

Scipio Africanus, Roman general, born in 185 B. C., died 129 B. C.

Helvetius, French philosopher and author, born 1715, died 1771.

Henry II, the first of the Plantagenet line, born 1123, died 1189.

The elder Pliny, Roman naturalist and author, born 23, died 79.

Caius Julius Cæsar, Roman general, born 100 B. C., died 44 B. C.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, English author, born 1819, died 1875.

Juan Prim, Spanish general and statesman, born 1814, died 1870.

Henry Knox, American revolutionary general, born 1750, died 1806.

Thomas Mifflin, American patriot and general, born 1744, died 1800.

Von Tromp, Dutch admiral, born 1597, died 1653.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, born 1809, died 1865.

Barry Edward O'Meara, Irish surgeon at St. Helena, born 1780, died 1836.

Frederick Marryat, English naval officer and novelist, born 1792, died 1848.

George Whitfield, English founder of Calvinistic Methodism, born 1714, died 1770.

Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, favorite of Queen Elizabeth, born 1532, died 1588.

Johann Gasper Spurzheim, German physican and phrenologist, born 1776, died 1832.

Frederick II., emperor of Germany and king of Naples and Sicily, born 1194, died 1250.

EXCESSIVE distrust is as hurtful as towering presumption in the declaration that Warner's Log Cabin HOPS and BUCHU REMEDY will cure dyspepsia by restoring the stomach to its normal healthy action. Use it once and you will distrust no more.

New York Sunbeams.

English fakirs paint sparrows yellow and sell them for canaries.

London is to have a mining exchange, separate from the stock exchange.

A bill "to regulate the sale of horseflesh for human food" is before the English parliament.

A German peasant has been detected in tapping a telegraph wire to cure his rheumatism.

Cycling has become the rage in parts of Spain, and large numbers of machines are being shipped to Barcelona.

English army authorities are considering a project for enlisting young boys and letting them grow up into soldiers.

The story that the microbe of diphtheria had been discovered by French scientists was a Paris newspaper canard.

The bishop of Gibraltar is considering whether he shall sanction the establishment of an English church at Monte Carlo.

The hair of King Otto of Bavaria recently turned white in a night, and two servants have to support him wherever he goes.

Women are being granted permission to practice medicine in Russia, with the restriction that they shall attend only women and children.

Col. North, the English "Nitrate king," is said to have given a $5,000 tip to a waiter at a London hotel where he recently lodged.

London has an electric omnibus. It carries twelve, and it is said that it can be guided with accuracy and ease by any man with intelligence enough to drive horses.

The oldest clergyman in England, the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, has died within a week of his 100th birthday. He had been rector at Ashill for 76 years.

A verdict rendered in the court of Assizes of the Seine has just been set aside and a new trial ordered because the foreman of the jury spelled the word majority with a "g."

Salvini recently presented his compliments to Bernhardt in the shape of a large silver vase, enamelled in many colors, and filled with the rarest flowers he could find in Italy.

Madame Louise Schiller, the daughter-in-law of the great German poet, has just died at Stuttgart, at the age of 85 years. She was the wife of Charles Schiller, the eldest son of the poet, who was forester-in-chief at Lorch.

Trades people and shopkeepers in Russian Poland are being compelled to sign an agreement not to use the Polish language among themselves are to customers. For the first breaking of the agreement they are fined, and if they break it twice their shops are closed by the police.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A little girl who was enjoying broiled partridge for breakfast remarked that she did not think it at all strange that Esau sold his birthright for a mess of partridge, for it was certainly delicious.—*Harper's Young People.*

ACHING Sides AND Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and weakening pains RELIEVED IN ONE MINUTE by the first Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25c.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

HOW THEY GOT RID OF HIM.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I believe, boys, we should "let up" on politics, parade rest under the shade of our victory, and have some fun; for the soldier could not get along without his fun in the army. And now, although his head is streaked with gray, he still loves his fun.

The winter of 1863-4 found us (3d Mo. Cav.) marching to a town (I will not name it for fear of being too personal) on White river, which was, at that point, the line between Missouri and Arkansas. We were ordered there to protect the citizens from rebel depredations. Our command reached their destination, went into camp, and had a good time until we run out of rations, the lack of which will make the boys restless and create a desire to get into devilment.

White river was frozen over, and the commander wouldn't let us forage, so we all began to look pretty gaunt. A hungry soldier is a confirmed grumbler, and some of the boys held a secret meeting to repair the evil and get something to eat. They decided to capture the commander and parole him in order to get him out of the way.

He was called out of his tent one night to see a sick lieutenant, and was captured by a masked mob and taken three miles below town, when the leader of the mob called a halt and struck a light. The officer surveyed the mob and said:

"Gentlemen, who are you, and what do you mean by this insult?"

"One question at a time, yank, will be less trouble to answer," was the reply. "First—We are confederate soldiers. Second—You are our prisoner. Now, which do you want to do, be paroled and swear you will not take up arms against the confederate states until exchanged, or die?"

"Gentlemen, this is not the gallantry of a soldier; you are gorillas."

"Do you want to die, yank?"

"I would rather die than be conquered in this manner."

"Well, yank, die it is!"

"See here, Johnnies, what have you got to parole me with? None of you can write, and I'll be blanked if I will write my own parole."

"That's all right; we will do the writing. Here, Deacon, bring that parole."

"See here, rebs," said the officer, looking at the parole, "how did you happen to know my name?"

"Well, yank, we always spot our man! Here, sign this, and take your parole."

The officer signed his contract, bid the rebels good-night, and arrived in camp about cock-crowing time—but it happened there were no cocks to crow, for they had all died in their country's cause. The officer's call came early that morning, and they made a rush for headquarters to see what was up. In about an hour they came filing out, trying to look very sober; but you could have seen a twinkle in their eyes that meant fun, and lots of it. The officers decided that the parole was genuine, and then visions of pork, chickens, honey, and everything good to eat appeared in bold relief before us.

Well, Captain Reed then took command. He it was (as has been related in the CAMP FIRE) over whom the boys chased a drove of hogs while he lay asleep in the bushes near the camp, one of the porkers putting its foot in his open mouth, and gashing his face badly. Captain's first order was for fifty men and a dozen wagons to go into the country on a foraging expedition. We succeeded nicely, and came back to camp with the wagons loaded down with all kinds of provisions, whisky and honey. The two latter when mixed made an excellent tasting beverage, and none appreciated it more than our captain. Soon after the ice in the river broke up and transports came crushing through, bringing a plenteous supply of rations.

I wonder if the comrades recollect the meetings old St. Peter, the negro preacher, held in town, and how happy some of the boys became—and how the "aunties" would hug them and shout. Does Comrade Travis remember about chasing a blue hen under a house, while out foraging? When he crawled out from under the building with the bird, the old lady received him with a hoe and compelled him to drop her chicken.—W. M. SECRIST, Hugo, Ills.

STOLEN SWEETS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The following incident occurred while Gen. Sedgewick was in command of our corps. Part of our force were out on a reconnoitering expedition, and as the rebs began to make it a "little warm" for us, we started for camp. About dusk we arrived at the house of an old planter, and on the premises were to be seen several stands of bees. A comrade named Flanders and myself concluded we would capture a hive, take it to camp and indulge in its nectarious and delectable contents. We fell behind the rest of the command, and selected a nice stand which weighed about 75 pounds. We smothered the bees by smoking them with brimstone. We tied the hive in a blanket, ran a rail through it, put it across our shoulders and started after the battery (to which we belonged), expecting to soon catch up and put our load on one of the gun-carriages. But the boys were retreating, and our load being so heavy we failed to connect, and the first thing we knew we were overtaken by the rear guard, under command of a little black lieutenant. He was supposed to be white, but he was dark of complexion and blacker yet of heart, for he made us two carry that bee-stand, and would neither allow us to throw it away or hardly set it down to rest and "change over" until we got into camp, about 2 o'clock that night. Along the route the obnoxious officer kept jeering and deriding us, and suggesting what a succulent feast he and the general would enjoy off of the contents of our beehive. When we reached camp the lieutenant took our prize to his own tent. Early next morning we were called up, and leaving that stand of bees in the manner in which it had been transported to camp, we were marched up in front of the general's tent. General Sedgewick came to the door, looked out, and, in a pleasant and affable manner, asked:

"Well, boys, how did you get that beehive?"

"Stole it, of course," answered I.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Our intention was to extract the honey for our own use, but as the lieutenant informs us that you and he will appropriate the honey for your own use, we have changed our minds."

"Keep it and return to your quarters; but don't let me ever hear of your trespassing in this manner again, or I shall have you punished," said the general, as he retired, laughing. We were not very badly frightened at the proposed punishment, and fully enjoyed our find of honey. The boys all liked the general well and used to call him the "old farmer."

I enlisted at Elmira, N. Y., in 1861, as a member of the 1st N. Y. Ind. Battery, 6th A. C., and served until 1864, when I enrolled as a veteran at Brandy Station, Va., and served until the close of the war. I was engaged in the following battles: Yorktown, Seven Pines, seven days' battle, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Burnside's stick-in-the-mud at Fredericksburg, second battle at Fredericksburg, under Hooker; Gettysburg, Battle of Wilderness, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Cedar Creek, under Gen. Sheridan, and was present at the surrender of Gen. Lee, at Clover Hill, Va. Was scratched with bullets on three different occasions—once severely wounded, as I carry the bullet yet.

I have resided in Kansas 21 years, settling on the frontier, and have had several skirmishes with the Indians, but still survive, and hope to live to see the time all the old soldiers will receive pensions. I enjoy reading the CAMP FIRE, but have noticed no letters from my old comrades. What has become of you all, boys?—CHARLES CLARKSON, Fairport, Kas.

DRINKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—When we left the "valley" to march across to Fredericksburg, and there unite with McDonnell and "on to Richmond." we considered ourselves a pretty fair sample of an army division—"Old Jimmy Shields" at our head. We went on through Warrenton, and other towns, getting more seedy-looking day after day. After we had gone about half way, I think, some one discovered the fact that Capt. Reid had a cantsen of whisky. It seemed that every man in the ranks was suddenly possessed of the idea that he ought to have a taste of that whisky, and all sorts of schemes to procure it were concocted—sudden attacks of colic, and various other ailments, but all failed to produce the whisky. To use a slang phrase, the captain was "on to us." We camped near a house, and I think in an orchard. We ate our supper and, all being tired, we turned in early. About 9:30 or 10 o'clock, the whole brigade were aroused by a series of blood-chilling screams, as of some poor fellow in the last agonies of a terrible death, and as it was in our company, of course we all rose up in an instant and rushed to the spot from whence the noise came. We found little John Marvin spinning around with his hand up to one ear. When asked what was the matter, he commenced to yell with all his might, "Bug in my ear! bug in my ear!" A number of us had had the same experience, and we knew it was simply awful. We offered all sorts of suggestions as to good remedies. The captain had appeared on the scene by this time, and finally John's "pard" said if he had a little whisky he could take him (the bug) out in no time. We all began to ask each other if he had any whisky. At last the captain said: "I've got a little you can have, if it will stop this yelling." He brought it out, and John held his head over to one side, so the whisky would run from his ear to his mouth. He then put his hand just close below his mouth and the captain commenced to pour; and as fast as the liquor filled John's hand he would "sop" it up. The captain would pour in a little and then stop and ask, "Is he coming out?" John would say, "No, he is kicking yet." After about a pint had been poured in, the captain happened to hear the sopping process, but he asked the same question, and John replied, "He's kicking yet." "Well," said the captain, "so am I," and he gave poor John a couple of terrible kicks, sending him some distance, sprawling on the ground. The captain then walked away to his quarters, saying, "I suppose you think you were —— smart." Marvin got up, rubbing himself, but feeling amply repaid for two such kicks. I should like to know if Capt. Reid is still alive. If any of my old company see this, I think they will recollect the occurrence. I have looked over the CAMP FIRE column carefully, and have failed, so far, to see a communication from any of the "Blood" 8th O. V. I.—H. G. RUST, Co. D, 8th O. V. I., Ft. Madison, Iowa.

CHIPS, KNOTS, AND RAILS.

SERVED THREE MONTHS:—Being a young man when the war broke out, and having no parents to consult, I concluded that my services were needed to aid in putting down the rebellion. When President Lincoln issued the call for 75,000 men I responded, enlisting as a volunteer in Co. B, 4th O. V. I., under Capt. Banning, of Mt. Vernon, O. We went to Columbus, where we remained two weeks, were mustered in, and sent to Camp Dennison. Being the first troops there we were obliged to build our own barracks. Acting on the advice of older men, I did not, after the first service, re-enlist for the three-year service, but was discharged and returned home. Would like to hear from some of my former comrades.—JOHN DEWITT, Gann, O.

FROM A NINE-YEAR-OLD.—I am a little girl 9 years old. My father was a soldier, and is a Republican. He belonged to the 7th W. Va. Cav. We take THE BLADE, and I love to read the CAMP FIRE, in which the old soldiers tell their war stories. My father often tells me stories about the war. He is broken down and not able to work, yet he does not receive a pension. I would like to hear from some other little girl.—MINNIE CART, Uniontown, Kan.

SONS OF VETERANS.—Joseph R. Stille, camp 82, S. of V., was organized in this city June 19, 1888, and we now have a membership of 26. We are endeavor to practice the principles of the order as nearly as we can. My father served four years in the late rebellion as a member of Co. D, 1st Mo. Vol. Cav., and came home badly crippled. He receives a meager pension. I always read the CAMP FIRE first, and think THE BLADE is the best temperance and soldiers' paper I know of. Would be glad to hear from more of the S. of V.—J. B. EARHART, Unionville, Mo.

* * *

RETROSPECTIVE.—I often think over past experiences, calling to mind the many battles we engaged in under the generalship of the old heroes, Grant and Sheridan, who have gone to their reward. I was a member of Co. E, 22d Iowa Inft., and I now belong to John W. Roser post 330, department of Missouri. Hope comrades of the 22d will let themselves be heard from through the CAMP FIRE.—J. M. DEPEW, Urbana, Mo.

HE OBJECTS.—I think it rather an injustice to the old soldiers to exclude from this department all discussion on the subject of pensions. Many of us who are not receiving or have never applied for a pension, are more interested in this matter than we are in the incidents we helped transact. I also believe it was one of the main issues which decided the late election in favor of the Republican party. The soldiers, generally, are loyal to THE BLADE, and we trust THE BLADE will help advocate our interests.—BOWMAN GANISON, Shickshinny, Pa.

* * *

A SKETCH.—As a member of Co. A, 174th O. V. I., I participated in a number of engagements. On December 4, 1864, occurred the battle of Overhalz Creek, which lasted until dark, when we made a furious charge and drove the rebs across the creek. There was a slight scum of ice on the water, but we plunged in, waist deep, carrying our cartridge boxes on the points of our bayonets, to keep them from getting wet. Our command was also engaged at the burning and evacuation of Decatur, Ala. Also at the battle of Fort Fisher, N. C., and other smaller engagements. Would like to hear from comrades of the 174th.—S. CREGLOW, Bonne Terre, Mo.

* * *

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.—I was a member of Co. D, 60th O. V. I. I was in the eastern army, and was in the hospital at City Point, from January 27 to March 23, 1865, afflicted with typhoid pneumonia. A lady nurse whom we called "Aunt Mag," was there. I think she was from the state of New York. I would like to know if she is still living. She was busy all day, and many nights all night. It appeared as though she never became tired ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers. I see there has been introduced a bill to pension all the nurses at the rate of $25 a month. I think it should pass. They are as deserving as the boys who carried the musket. The dainty fare provided, and cheering words spoken, kept a great many soldiers from dying.—Z. T. HICKS, Hunter, O.

* * *

A CAPTURED WATCH.—Mr. J. B. Fisk, of this city, has in his possession a fine American lever watch, Bartlet movements. The outside cases are engraved with Masonic emblems, above which appears the name, "COL. L. P. JOHNSON." In the center of the emblems are the letters, "C. S. A." The watch is supposed to have been captured at the battle of Pea Ridge, and Mr. Fisk is desirous of returning the time-piece to its rightful owner or his family. If any of the comrades happen to remember Mr. Johnson, and can give information by which said property can be restored to whom it belongs, they are requested to address this department.

* * *

A CHICKAHOMINY CHIP.—I am a soldier's son. My father belonged to the 1st Mich. regiment and is still living, now 69 years of age. He was engaged in the seven days' battle. I have seen nothing in the CAMP FIRE referring to that engagement. I have resided here seven years, near the bottom's bridge. There still remains part of the bridge built by McClellan; also portions of the corduroy road constructed at the time of the battle of Seven Pines, from Fair Oaks to Richmond. The battle-ground of Savage Station is almost barren, and is owned by an old native named Allen, who looks at a yankee with both eyes shut.—GEORGE HUNT, Meadow, Va.

A KANSAS S. OF V.—My father, Joseph G. McFarland, was a private in Co. D, 8th O. G., enlisting in September, 1861. He participated in several hard-fought battles, and was discharged November 11, 1864. He was taken prisoner and confined in that dirty hole at Richmond until almost famished. He was finally exchanged, but never fully regained health up to the time of his death, which occurred two years ago. I would like to hear from old comrades of his company. The Sons of Veterans should always honor the memory of their fathers who gave their lives to save the union.—J. W. MCFARLAND, Elmore, Kas.

* * *

AN INJUSTICE.—I have read the service pension law published in THE BLADE, as submitted by the G. A. R. committee. I think it would be an injustice to invalid pensioners, as those of us who are not drawing a pension now, would then receive as much as invalids; and hence I think there would be no justice or equality about the law.—J. W. SHAW, Co. A, 2d Ct. V. I., Bethel, Ct.

* * *

W. VA. S. OF V.—My father, Luther E. Hugill, enlisted in 1861 under command of Capt. William W. Skelton, as a member of Co. D, 6th W. Va. I. V. V. I., and served until 1863, when he re-enlisted December 27, 1863, under Capt. John Clark, and was discharged June 10, 1865. He would be pleased to hear from any of his old comrades through the CAMP FIRE.—SAMUEL F. HUGILL, Grafton, W. V.

* * *

TOP RAIL.—I experienced enough fighting during the late war to desire to live in peace the balance of my days. Some of the old "moss-backs" down here call union soldiers "government paupers," and when I hear too much such kind of talk, I feel like fighting the battles over again. I enlisted in Co. D, 8th Iowa V. I., was mustered in August 17, 1862, and was transferred to Co. C, 7th V. R. C., on account of poor health—am still afflicted. If comrades of either regiment should read this, I would be glad to hear from them once more, by letter or through the CAMP FIRE.

before I am called to answer to the last roll-call.—ANDREW MCMARLIN, Alexandria, Mo.

* * *

A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.—We left Colliersville for a raid to Holly Springs, and after one day's march went into camp. Afterwards 400 or 500 of the command advanced in a southeasterly direction, about ten miles, when we halted an hour, and then began to retreat. After traveling about five miles we discovered that we were riding alongside the enemy. They called out "Yanks!" and we yelled "Rebs!" and then both parties began firing. One of our thoughtful majors called out to the rear guards (only ten men), "Seventh Indiana cavalry—forward—double-quick—march!" The bugler began to blow, the guard squad came galloping up, and the rebels, hearing the order given and the tumult made by the few men, started on the run and we after them in hot pursuit. We chased them for a mile or two and returned to camp. Comrades of the 7th Ind. Cav. Vols., gather round the CAMP FIRE and let yourselves be heard.—GEORGE W. FORD, Geneva, Ind.

* * *

SHORT, SHARP, DECISIVE.—I would like to hear from some of the boys who took part in the charge at Sugar Creek, Ark. There was one battalion of the 3d Ills. Cav., and also the 1st Mo. Cav. I do not think the engagement lasted over five minutes. Gen. Price did a very foolish thing in making a stand. He cheered and encouraged his men, and among other things said: "Men, stand to your arms, now, for it is not the 'dutch' you are to fight, but the Yankees; and they know how to fight!" The enemy delivered just one volley and then run. It was a hot fight while it lasted, and we lost 80 killed and over 200 wounded. Just as the rebels flew, the 9th Iowa Inft. came trotting up and blessed us for not waiting until they arrived, before making the charge. The 9th were veritable grayhounds to travel. Let us hear from you, boys.—T. S. BUTTS, Montrose, Col.

* * *

A SHERMAN BUMMER.—As a member of Co. L, 1st Ala. Cav., I enlisted September 25, 1863. Had to travel through the woods and of nights, 110 miles to reach our men. I served my time and re-enlisted for three years more; served until October 20, 1865. I participated in several battles, being under Gen. Sherman during that famous march through Georgia, from Chattanooga, over the rough hills to Atlanta, and on to the sea. I was in the memorable battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. It seems but a short time ago; but then I was a beardless youth—now my hair is turning gray. I was in several battles in which we were the victors, but the result of the "battle of the ballots," last fall, pleases me as much as the result of any I was ever engaged in. Comrades of the North have no idea of the struggle that we of the South have had.—A. D. MITCHELL, Thorn Hill, Ala.

* * *

SURPRISED THE JOHNNYS.—While we (6th Ills. Cav.) were camped near a little town about 20 miles from Trenton, Tenn., a little boy came to Capt. Peck (who was in command) and informed him that Faulkner's force intended to steal through the woods and attack us at night. Well, the captain didn't wait until night came, but started at once to find the Johnnies. We came upon them and surprised them more than they expected to us, for we routed them and killed many. We took no prisoners, but captured all of their arms, horses, saddles and most of their clothing, for they had retired, and were only attired in their underclothing during the engagement. Our loss was only two men killed and three or four wounded. I hope some of the 6th Ills. boys will contribute to the CAMP FIRE.—G. W. DILLON, Benton, Ills.

* * *

READ THE NOTICE.—The attention of Comrades Robert Clem, Covington, Ind.; Edmon Hodges, Clyde, Ark., and Mrs. C. Chapman, Marietta, O., is called to the notice at head of this department, "To Find Comrades," in Weekly BLADE, March 7.

Thomas county, Kansas, was named in honor of Gen. George H. Thomas, and all the townships of the county were named in honor of soldiers of the Eighth Kansas Infantry killed at Chickamauga.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, [illegible]

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA
MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

If you are run down, or have that tired feeling as a result of overwork or the effect of the changing season, you should take that best of all tonics and blood purifiers, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach, rouses the torpid liver and kidneys, creates an appetite and builds up the system. Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

It is true economy to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, for "100 Doses One Dollar" is original with and true only of this popular medicine. If you wish to prove this, buy a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. This is certainly conclusive evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla

A fair trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it possesses great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of salt rheum, which I have had for years. I do think it is a splendid medicine. I am 40 years of age and my skin is just as smooth and fair as a piece of glass. I have six children, and when anything is the trouble with them I good for Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. LILLA CLARK, South Norwalk, Ct.

Stronger Every Day

"I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as mean as any one could, and be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had the headache, my food has relished, and seemed to do me good, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day. I thoroughly believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla." M. A. STEINMAN, 19 Grand Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine for women, or anyone who has bad blood." JENNIE E. SMITH, East Broad Top, Pa.

For That Tired Feeling

Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial this spring.

"This is to certify that I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for some time past and have found it to be a good blood purifier. It has been of great benefit as recommended, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are in want of any medicine of the kind." ROBERT A. SMITH, Justice of the Peace, Honosdale, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS—The great liver invigorator, purely vegetable, unequalled as a family physic and dinner pill. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail—25 cents per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Better than for Years

"I have been for years a great sufferer from severe nervous headache, but never found any relief till I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the second bottle was gone my headaches were not so severe nor so frequent. I am just beginning the fourth bottle and have not felt so well for years. The confused dizzy feeling in the head is absolutely gone, and my general health is wonderfully improved." MRS. W. S. CARTWRIGHT, Shelter Island, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Saved Our Children
Two Lowell Men Tell of Remarkable Cures by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Severe Sufferings with Salt Rheum—A Word to Parents.

The most efficient advertising in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that which comes from the medicine itself. That is, those who are cured by it, speak to friends suffering similarly, who in turn derive benefit and urge others to try this successful medicine. Thus the circle of its popularity is rapidly widening from this cause alone, and more and more are becoming enthusiastic in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla as it actually demonstrates its absolute merit. This is illustrated by the following facts: A few months ago we received this statement from a well known

Lowell Merchant.

"When my little boy was only a few months old, eczema, or salt rheum, appeared on his face, head and neck. It also came out on his body, but not so severe as on and about his head. Blotches and pimples would come out thickly, break and discharge a thin watery fluid, and then scales would form.

IT ITCHED INTENSELY,

and caused the poor little fellow a great deal of suffering for nearly five years. In that time we consulted several of the leading physicians but he did not seem to get any better. Then, about a year ago, we decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and as the result of a fair trial he is now entirely well, his skin being smooth and fair as can be. We also used Hood's Olive Ointment and found it excellent as an outward application. To Hood's Sarsaparilla and Ointment we attribute wholly the improved condition of our boy." M. F. GOOKIN, firm of Gookin Bros., furniture dealers, Lowell, Mass.

Shortly after receiving the above we were given the following

Voluntary Statement.

"A short time ago when I was working as foreman on a new house we were building for Mr. Gookin in Tewksbury, near Lowell, I saw his little boy, who had been suffering with salt rheum, but who was being cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was much interested in the case, as my own little girl, four years old was suffering in precisely the same way. Mr. Gookin earnestly advised me to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. He believed it would cure her, as it had his child. I at last consented to try the medicine. She had had this salt rheum, or eczema, as the doctors called it, since she was three weeks old,

ON HER FACE AND EARS.

It would break out in little sores, discharging a sticky fluid, which formed into scales, causing the most intense itching. The poor child suffered terribly, and her general health was so broken down that we feared she would never get well. We had to make a slip or jacket to go over her arms to keep her from scratching the sores on her face. We could not account for the disease, as no one else in our family was ever troubled like this. Well, we had tried about everything without good result. When we began giving Hood's Sarsaparilla it seemed to make the salt rheum worse, as it came out more freely for a while. But this was doubtless the proper working of the medicine, as she soon began to improve. The sores

GREW LESS AND LESS,

healthy skin formed, and she is now, after a few months treatment, entirely free from salt rheum, for the first time, almost, since she was born. Her appetite was also improved by the medicine, and she is now a fat, healthy girl. We think Hood's Sarsaparilla saved our child." J. A. READY, 61 River Street, Lowell, Mass.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
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100 Doses One Dollar

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Trusts and the Tariff.

A. J. D., Goshen, Ind., writes: "What are some of the largest 'trusts' in the country? Are the articles 'cornered' as a rule importations or home products? Does the tariff affect the trust in any way?"

The largest trust in the United States is the Standard Oil trust. You can readily see that the tariff cuts no figure in this, for petroleum can not be profitably imported from Europe, as it sells there higher than here. Then there is the "Cotton seed oil trust;" and you can see at once that the tariff has nothing to do with this. There is no duty on imported cotton seed. Then there is the great "copper trust," which attempted to corner the world's production of copper, and is about to fail in it; how could our tariff affect this trust either favorably or unfavorably? It was simply an arrangement to control all the copper mines in the world. Then there is the "cotton bagging trust," which will fail, because the planters will use other materials to wrap their cotton bales. There is the "binding twine trust," which is a combination among manufacturers of twine for self-binding harvesters; there is none of this twine made, save in the United States, we think. The "dressed beef trust" is a combination of beef-packers in Chicago and the West; how can our tariff affect this? The steel rail trust is dissolved, and also the nail trust. The anthracite coal trust is one of the most burdensome combinations, but there is no duty on anthracite coal. England is full of trusts or "syndicates," but they are not due to a tariff, for England has free trade.

Washington and Christopher Gist.

R. W. L., Underwood, Ind.: On reaching Will's Creek, now Cumberland river, in Maryland, Washington met Christopher Gist, agent of the Ohio company, and Jacob Van Braam, an interpreter, who was indifferently versed in French and English. He also secured the services of John Davidson, an Indian interpreter, four frontiersmen and two Indian traders. At Venango he met Shingiss, the king or chief sachem of the Delawares, whom he invited to the council at Logstown, and, using all his influence, secured a promise of friendship between the Indians and English. After three or four days' delay, the party started, augmented by an Indian hunter, the half-king, named Jeshakake and another sometimes called the "Belt of Wampum," with a small party of Indians, for the purpose of returning the "Speech belts," thus disowning all friendship with the French. But the Indians failed to do this. On his return, freshly equipping himself, Washington, anxious to deliver his message to Dinwiddie, hastened on ahead of the party, taking Gist with him. On arriving at Murdering Town, on the southeast fork of Beaver creek, they met a party of Indians, whom Gist suspected of treachery, and thought best to procure a guide, which they did, and who, after proceeding a few hours, tried to shoot Washington, but failed. After some weeks of suffering from cold and want of food, they arrived at Gist's residence on January 2, 1754. Washington proceeded on alone and delivered his message to Governor Dinwiddie on January 16, 1754.

"Detective" Associations.

A letter reaches us from Wasioja, Minn., which we herewith give: "Where is there a detective association I can join, that is reliable? If you know of such, send me the postoffice address and anything else you think would be of benefit to me. Answer me through the mail, for I am not a subscriber. I send stamp."

Here is a person not a subscriber, who writes to us for information as coolly as if he had some claim on us. He does not know that sending a stamp is not considered as compelling a reply. He apparently does not know that the QUESTION BUREAU is for subscribers alone, and that if he wants its benefit, he should send in his subscription, and not appeal to charity.

We shall answer the question here, however, because it probably will interest many of our readers. We know of no "detective association" that is not a humbug, intended to swindle such men as he out of a few dollars. There are detective agencies in all large cities, but they do not want "green" men, in country villages, as employes. If he wants to become a detective, he should remove to some city and get a place on the police force, so as the become acquainted with police duties. After several years' hard work he will be fitted to become a detective, if he is capable and efficient.

The "Year Without a Summer."

Mr. N. R. Locke, Toledo, O., now in his 97th year, writes as follows: "The question was asked in THE BLADE sometime since, "What year was the cold summer?" I answer, 1815. Frost every month that year. I was then living in Pennsylvania, twelve miles south of Broome county, New York. No corn raised, only a strip on the Susquehanna river, protected by fog. We saw some close times then. I had some experience that summer. I was, that summer, 22 years old. In those days laboring men wore linen and tow frocks and trousers. I was laying brick, with my father, on Oak Hill Union, Broome county. On June 6 there came a snow five or six inches deep; it broke down fruit and other small trees. I can't remember the time I suffered more with cold. In August I was mowing for an uncle, and left my scythe out in the meadow; out over night, and in the morning the dew had frozen it to the grass. Ice on little puddles of water. You should see pork, still fed, that we bought at Oswego, at $26 per barrel. We had to boil it, for there was not fat enough to fry it. The farmers on the river planted corn with their overcoats on. But the hardest wheat time was in '37. Musty wheat flour sold at $12.58 per barrel; flour that we would not eat now."

"Kirwan" Again.

The following note from S. P. G., Turbotville, Pa., must close the subject of "Kirwan:" "Mrs. H., of South Haven, Mich., is mistaken, I think in saying that 'Kirwan,' the late Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., of Elizabethtown, N. J., was educated for a priest. He was born in Ireland, of Catholic parents, and, when yet a boy, became utterly disgusted with Popery, rejected the Roman Catholic religion as false, believing it was all of religion, and drifted into infidelity. When he came to this country at 17 years of age, he had only a common school education, for the purpose of fitting him for the mercantile profession. Soon after his arrival he was converted, and was induced to study for the ministry, being aided in prosecuting and finishing his studies by wealthy members of Dr. Spring's church, New York city. The 'Kirwan Letters,' addressed to Bishop Hughes, were first published in the New York *Observer*. A second series followed, addressed to Chief Justice Taney. These letters have been widely circulated in book form. For proof of above see Memoirs of Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., by Samuel Irenaeus Prime."

A Home-Made Filter.

D. F. S., Bercail, Mont.: 1. To make a filter for water, take a clean cask; put in a faucet at the bottom; one-third the distance from the bottom put in a perfectly tight false bottom, perforated with ¾-inch auger-holes; over this tack a piece of canvas; above this lay a sheet of cotton wadding; put on this a bed of perfectly clean sand, 3 inches deep. Cover this with flannel; above this put a bed, 4 inches thick, of granulated animal charcoal, sifted and fanned from dust. Over this put another false bottom, perforated with ¼-inch holes; cover with a piece of cotton cloth. Cover the top of the barrel with a piece of Canton flannel, allowing it to bag in the center till it nearly reaches the false bottom. Pour the water in above, and draw off the filtered water for use by the faucet. 2. We know of no way of removing alkali from water to make it fit for household purposes.

The Railway Mail Service.

G., Harper, Kan., asks: "To whom should I apply for a position as mail agent on the railroad, and how?"

Write to John C. Doyle, secretary Civil Service commission, Washington, D. C., stating that you desire to be an applicant for a position in the railway mail service, and request that a blank application for a position be sent. This will be sent you. Fill it out and return it, and you will receive, at the proper time, a notification that civil service examinations will be held at certain designated points. You will then promptly notify the commission which examination you will attend. You will of course select the point most convenient of access to you, as they will be held at two points in each state (except Rhode Island and Delaware, we think). You will be examined. If you stand one of the three highest who pass, you will be certified for appointment. It needs nothing more than is set down here. Read also editorial in BLADE of March 14 (4th page) on "Harrison's Civil Service Policy."

New Moon in February.

M. L. P., Toledo, O., says: "In 1880, we had two new moons in the month of February. In 1889 we had no new moon in that month. When will it happen again?"

J. W. K., Perry, Dak., asks: "Have there been two new moons in February within the last century, and in what year did it occur? Or does it ever happen that two new moons ever come in February?"

The period from new moon to new moon varies slightly, the average being 29.53059 days. We have not an almanac at hand to determine whether the first correspondent is correct in stating that there were two new moons in February, but we are inclined to think it an error, even though 1880 was a leap year, and February had 29 days. Will some reader who is posted give answers to the above queries?

The Crimean War.

S. J. S., Elk Rapids, Mich.: The Crimea is a peninsula of Russia, on the northern shore of the Black Sea. It was the principal theater of the war, begun on the Danube in 1853, between Russia on the one side and the allied powers, England, France, Sardinia and Turkey on the other. This war began by a demand by Russia upon Turkey for certain guarantees as to the rights of Christians of the Greek Church (the state religion of Russia) in Turkey, which the Turkish government believed to involve its sovereignty over its subjects, and therefore refused to concede. Russia and Turkey went to war in 1853, and France, England and Sardinia in 1854 took the side of Turkey, on the ground that the existence of the latter empire, and the balance of power in Europe, were endangered by Russia.

Qualifications of the President.

Schoolgirl, Lawn Ridge, Mo.: The 5th clause of Article ii, sec. 1, of the U. S. constitution simply means that nobody could be President who was not either a native-born American, or a citizen at the time of the adoption of the constitution (in 1789.) He must be 35 years old, and if naturalized, he must have been a resident of the country for fourteen years. The portion concerning naturalized citizens is of course not operative at present, for a foreign-born citizen would now have to be 114 years old to be eligible to the Presidency. All the foreign-born men who were citizens at the time of the adoption of the constitution are long since dead. Hence, the only persons who are eligible to the Presidency are native-born Americans over 35 years old.

A Free Trade Fallacy.

C. R., Clintonville, Conn., says: "Free trade Democrats here say if it were not for the duty on coal we could get it from Canada at one-half we pay now. Has Canada any hard coal? Is there any duty on coal?"

This is a free trade lie that has been repeated over and over again. Canada gets all her hard coal from the United States. There are coal mines in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, but it is bituminous, not hard (anthracite) coal. There is no duty on anthracite coal. Hence you can see the ignorance of the men making the assertions you send us. It is a wonder they do not declare that small-pox, yellow fever and consumption are the result of the tariff.

The Christian Era.

F. L., Kimball, Kan.: Any event that occurred within the first year of the Christian era would be recorded as happening A. D. 1. We are now living in the 1889th year of that era, which will not be completed until midnight on December 31 next. It may be well to state that the Christian era was not adopted until several centuries after the time of Christ. To fix the probable date of Christ's birth calculations were made which were fairly accurate. But in later centuries these calculations were revised, and it was concluded that they were about four years out of the way. That is, that Christ's birth probably occurred four years before the date first fixed upon as the beginning of the Christian era.

Why Does Soap Make a Geyser Spout?

Mrs. T., Eureka, Nev., writes: Can you tell me why soap thrown into a geyser spring will cause it to act? I see the fact often spoken of in papers, but no reason or explanation given. The last account mentioned the killing of several Chinamen in Colorado, who had built a wash-house over a hot spring, which was in reality a sleeping geyser, and some malicious person having thrown soap in it, caused it to spout with the above result. Another item mentioned the arrest of several prominent men in the Yellowstone park for "soaping a geyser."

We are unable to answer. Will some scientific reader send us a brief discussion of the cause?

Why Jeff. Davis was Not Tried.

T. F. C., ——: Jeff. Davis's trial on the charge of treason never took place, for several good reasons. First, it would have necessarily occurred at Richmond, and it would have been impossible to find there a jury to convict him; second, the policy of the government was one of conciliation and mercy to the defeated participants in rebellion, and it was a wise thing not to attempt to punish Davis. That would have made a martyr of him, in the eyes of the Southern people; letting him alone has caused him to drop into obscurity. He was, of course, included in the general amnesty of December 25, 1868.

Gen. Boulanger.

C. C., Watertown, O.: Georges Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger was born April 29, 1837. After a successful career as a soldier in Algeria and and in the east (Tonquin) he became French minister of war in 1886. He introduced many reforms, insisted on the adoption of a repeating rifle for the troops, etc. 2.—Mrs. Margaret Oliphant is a somewhat noted English novelist, born in 1820. 3—Lord Dufferin is a noted English diplomat, born in 1826. He served with distinction as governor general of Canada, and was sent as governor general to India in 1884.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull.

J. H. E., Janesville, Ind.: Lyman Trumbull was born at Colchester, Conn., Oct. 12, 1812; at 20 he took charge of an academy at Greenville, Ga., where he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1837, and settled at Belleville, Ill. Member of the Illinois legislature in 1840, secretary of state in 1841-42, justice of the supreme court 1848-53; elected to national house of representatives, 1854; elected to U. S. senate in 1855; re-elected 1860 and 1866. Removed to Chicago in 1863. Republican in politics.

To Obtain a New Postoffice.

W. H. F., Mancelona: To obtain the establishment of a new postoffice, get up a petition to the Postmaster General, setting forth the need thereof, and obtain the signatures of all the people who would be patrons of it. Set forth clearly the distances to all the present offices, and make it perfectly clear that the new one is needed. Your Representative in Congress should be written to, and his aid secured in its favor.

Miscellaneous.

L. H. S., Bloomington, Ind.: We have not at hand a biography of the man you mention.

W. B. S., Sanger, Dak.: The word "wealth" is found first in the Bible in Genesis xxxiv, 29.

Schoolgirl, Lebanon, O.: The seven deadly sins are pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice and sloth.

Lizzie, ——, Iowa: The Declaration of Independence is kept permanently in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

M. E. O., Economy, Mo.: We have no idea who is the fastest writer with the pen. We never heard of a trial of speed.

B. W. Liberal, Mo.: There are two states which do not require marriage licenses: New York and Wisconsin.

Subscriber, ——: Col. Richard M. Johnson died at Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 19, 1850. We have no data regarding the Philadelphia riot of 1844.

Schoolboy, Pittsburg, Ind.: Glass bottles are made at Wheeling, W. Va.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Toledo and Findlay, Ohio, and at many other places.

J. W. B., Tipton, W. Va.: If you bought one box for 40 cents, and a second one for 60 cents, you paid one-half more for the second than for the first.

Subscriber, Byron, Ill.: See answer headed "Chestnuts" in BUREAU of March 14, for the vice president who took the oath two days before the President.

W. H. F., Nicollet, Minn.: The principal whetstone quarries of the United States are in Vermont. The stones are sawed out, and shaped by machinery.

F. L., Royalton, Minn.: If your question refers to the British House of Lords, they do not receive any salary; neither do the members of the House of Commons.

C. E. J., Atwater, Minn.: Address your inquiries concerning the Sioux reservation in Dakota to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

C. H. C., ———: You will find a recipe for rubber cement in the BUREAU for March 7, in answer to Mrs. M., Heyworth, Ill. Why don't you read the BUREAU carefully?

J. R., Platteville, Colo.: The act which made Grace Darling famous is given in answer to H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn., in the BUREAU of Feb. 14. You should read it more carefully.

C. H., Columbus, O.: Pronounce Jane Hading's name as if spelled Hayding, and "Nadjy" as if spelled Nahdyi. Jane Hading's father was French and her mother English, and she adopted her mother's name.

J. M. A., ——: The rennet of the calf is simply removed, thoroughly washed, and then packed in dry salt for a time. It can then be hung up to dry, and will keep indefinitely.

W. W. S., Ellensburg, Wash.: 1. No direct taxes are paid by the people to the United States treasury. Its revenue is from customs duties and from internal revenue taxation. 2. No.

F. L., Black Band, O.: It is impossible to silver plate knives, forks, etc., without the use of a battery. Better send them to some city to be re-plated. No solution to apply by rubbing is worth anything.

E. H., Mount Idaho, Id.: John Lothrop Motley, the historian, gives the primary causes of the Thirty Years' War in his "Life of John of Barneveld." At the time of his death in 1878 he was engaged in writing a history of that war.

T. A. S., Gallagher's Ranch, Tex.: It is capillary attraction which causes water to be absorbed by wood. The same force causes the ground to be kept moist in summer; as the moisture dries out under the sun's rays, more is drawn up from deeper in the soil.

W. N. S., Clearwater, Neb.: What do you mean by the "newspaper department?" There is no such thing. The various newspapers which publish Talmage's sermons pay for the privilege, but we do not imagine the total reaches anything like $18,000 per year.

Mrs. S., ——, P. Q.: There is no solution to be rubbed on that is of the slightest value in silver plating. The only way to do is to use a battery. This would not pay for the amount of plated ware in an ordinary household. Either get new ware, or send them to a silver plater.

S. F. H., Grafton, W. Va.: The QUESTION BUREAU is for the answering of questions of *general* importance, asked by BLADE subscribers or members of their families. We reserve the right to decide whether the question is important enough to take space required to answer it.

Amy, Grand View, Dak.: The Eiffel tower is an open, iron, pyramidal tower with a base covering several acres, and is to be nearly 1,000 feet high. The tower, at last accounts, was over 700 feet high, but it can be rapidly finished, as it is fast tapering to its comparatively small apex.

L. S., Plains, Mont.: 1.—See last issue for Talmage's denomination. 2.—Beecher was a Congregationalist. 3.—It would take over a column of the BLADE to give a list of the "leading historians, ancient and modern," which you ask for. See appendix to People's Cyclopedia for such a list, page 1907.

Student, Delaware, O.: The United States has now three mints in active operation: One in Philadelphia, one in New Orleans, and one in San Francisco. The other mints, one in Denver, and one in Carson City, Nev., are now used as assay offices, as are the former mints at Charlotte, N. C., and Dahlonega, Ga.

Husband, Ottawa, O.: You have no right to open letters addressed to your wife. The revised statutes of the United States, section 5471, say: "If any * * * person shall open * * * any mail * * * not being directed to him, and he not being authorized to open or receive the same, he shall be punishable by a fine of not more than $20."

F. T., New Hampton, Mo., asks: "How much money has the United States paid out for the presidents?" The question is vague. Do you mean in salaries? The salary of the President was $25,000 a year for 1793 to 1873–80 years; since then it has been $50,000 a year. So up to March 4, 1889, the United States has paid out $2,800,000 in Presidential salaries.

A. D. J.: 1.—Lincoln used the phrase, "that a government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth," in his famous Gettysburg speech. 2.—Columbus, Vespucci and Verrazzani are three Italians prominent in American discoveries, as any school history will inform you. 3.—We do not recall of whom that bit of ridiculously turgid rhetoric was said.

Reader, Barnesville: We were making a moderate estimate in saying that the five new states will give 13 electors in 1892. We doubt if the census next year will show the population claimed. Congress has to apportion representatives after the taking of the census in the summer of 1890; it will not meet until December; hence the Congressional elections in November of that year will be under the present apportionment.

N. P., New Windsor, Ill.: 1.—The word "Mikado" means "the Venerable," and is pronounced Mi-ka-do, accent on the second. The i in the first syllable has the same sound as i in *virgin*; the a in the second syllable the same sound as in *far*; the o in the third the long sound, as in *old*. 2.—You are mistaken; the the word "Charybdis" is in Webster's unabridged—not in the regular list, as it is a proper name; but in the table of "Greek and Latin Proper Names."

F. D. H., Round Lake, N. Y.: 1.—Stephen Johnson Field, brother of David Dudley and Cyrus W. Field, born at Haddam, Conn., 1816, graduated at Williams college, 1837; studied law, and became his brother's partner in New York; in 1849 went to California; in the legislature 1851; elected state supreme judge, 1857; became chief justice of the state, 1859; appointed associate justice supreme court of the U. S., 1863. 2, 3.—We have not at hand biographies of the two other persons you mention.

E. J. H., ——: There is much difference of opinion as to the mode of action of camphor as a medicine, when administered internally. Some consider it an immediate sedative, others as a direct and active stimulant. Its operation is prominently directed to the cerebral and nervous system, and this accounts for its stimulation of the circulation. Its effects vary greatly with the dose, and it should never be used except by a physician's advice. It is now generally administered in chemical combination, as a bromide, etc.

W. C. K., North Bergen, N. Y.: The first inauguration ball was that held in New York city when Washington was inaugurated first president, in 1789. The decorations, music, lights, printing, etc., cost a large sum, hence a price is put on the tickets. It is not to make money, but to meet the necessary expenses. The ball is not a government affair, but is managed by a committee of citizens, who guarantee the expenses. The late ball cost $50,000, and netted some $70,000. The $20,000 surplus is to be distributed in charity. As a rule, enough is not realized to meet the expenses.

E. G., Rushmore, Minn., asks: "Why is the sun slow at certain times of the year and fast at others?" The motion of the earth in its orbit around the sun is not at a constant rate. When nearest the sun (in winter) it moves faster than when farthest away (in summer). This causes the sun to appear to move along the ecliptic at a varying rate; and it is plain that the actual solar day, measured by the return of the sun to the same meridian, is not always constant in value. "Mean time" is the time the sun would mark if this inequality (and another, due to the obliquity of the ecliptic) did not exist; and the sun is "slow" or "fast" with regard to this mean time.

S.S.S.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old so-called remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison but relieved the Rheumatism, which was caused by the poisonous minerals.—GEO. BOVELL, 2422 Third avenue, N. Y.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lumps on her neck. We gave her SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt.
S. A. DEARMOND, Cleveland, Tenn.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.
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LIGHT, ELECTRICITY AND SOUND.

Experiments That Show the Velocity of the Three.

From an observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's first satelite in 1675, Romer, a Danish astronomer, first deduced the velocity of light, his calculations establishing for it a velocity of 190,000 miles per second.

M. Foucault succeeded in determining the velocity of light experimentally by means of an apparatus based upon the use of the rotating mirror, and calculated it to be 185,157 miles per second.

In 1849 M. Fizeau measured the velocity of light directly, by ascertaining the time it took to travel from Suresnes to Montmartre (a distance of 28,334 feet) and back again, making a total travel of five and three-quarter miles, nearly.

He made use of a toothed wheel, revolving at certain known velocities; a pencil of rays being transmitted through an interval between two teeth of the wheel, which was placed at Suresnes, was reflected by a mirror placed at Montmartre, through a series of tubes and lenses, directly back to the wheel. He found the velocity of light to be 196,000 miles per second.

The mean of the three values above given is 190,385 miles, and the value generally taken as the velocity of light very nearly agrees with it, being 190,000 miles per second.

Wheatstone, by the employment of a rotating mirror and an interrupted coil to give sparks, ascertained the velocity of electricity to be 288,000 miles per second.

Kirchoff estimated this velocity in a wire where it met with no resistance to be 192,924 miles per second. But according to MM. Fizeau and Gounelle its velocity with an iron wire is 62,100 miles, and with a copper wire 111,780 miles per second. These measurements, however, were made with telegraph wires, which induce opposite electricities in the surrounding media, thus producing a resistance which reduces the velocity. The nature of the conductor has some influence on the velocity; but not the thickness of the wire, nor the tention of the electricity.

Direct measurements to ascertain the velocity of the sound were made by Moll and Van Beck in 1823. Two hills near Amsterdam, 57,971 feet apart, were taken as stations, and cannon were fired at stated intervals simultaneously at both stations, and the elapsed time between seeing the flash and hearing the sound was noted by chronometers. From these experiments the velocity of sound was estimated to be 1,092.78 feet per second in dry air. But it has been found that the velocity varies with the temperature—i. e., at 32 deg. Fahr., the velocity of sound is 1,090 feet per second, and that for every degree of temperature above this 1¼ feet must be added to the velocity.

Fogs or rains, unaccompanied by winds, do not interfere with the velocity of sound, but wind alone will interfere with its velocity materially. There is some reason to believe that loud sounds travel somewhat faster than low ones, which was first remarked by Prof. Mullet while carrying on blasting near Holyhead.

In water the velocity is about 4,708 feet per second, nearly four times as much as in air; in wood, from 12,000 to 16,000 feet; in iron, 17,500 feet; and in copper, 10,500 feet per second.—*The Safety Valve.*

Cardinal Manning will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his Episcopal consecration June 8, 1890. A fund is being raised as a testimonial to pay off the $60,000 debt on his cathedral.

USE OF TOBACCO.

Dangers of Nicotine—How the Weed Affects the Heart.

C. W. Lyman, in a communication to the New York *Medical Journal*, discusses in a very entertaining way, tobacco, its use and abuse. Tobacco, he says, contains an acrid, dark-brown oil, an alkaloid, nicotine and another substance called nicotianine, in which exists its odorous and volatile principles. This description of the active principles of tobacco is of importance to smokers; for, when tobacco is burned, a new set of substances is produced, some of which are less harmful than the nicotine and are more agreeable in effect, and much of the acrid oil—a substance quite as irritating and poisonous as nicotine—is carried off. These fire-produced substances are called, from their origin, the "pyridine series." By great heat the more aromatic and less harmful members of the series are produced, but the more poisonous compounds are generated by the slow combustion of damp tobacco. This oil which is liberated by combustion is bad both in flavor and in effect, and it is better, even for the immediate pleasure of the smoker that it should be excluded altogether from his mouth and air-passages.

Smoking in a stub of a pipe is particularly injurious, for the reason that in it the oil is stored in a condensed form, and the smoke is therefore highly charged with the oil. Sucking or chewing the stub of a cigar that one is smoking is a serious mistake, because the nicotine in the unburned tobacco dissolves freely in the saliva and is absorbed. "Chewing" is on this account the most injurious form of the tobacco habit, and the use of a cigar-holder is an improvement on the custom of holding the cigar between the teeth. Cigarettes are responsible for a great amount of mischief, not because the smoke from the paper has any particularly evil effect, but because smokers—and they are often boys or very young men—are apt to use them continuously or at frequent intervals, believing that their power for evil is insignificant. Thus the nerves are under the constant influence of the drug, and much injury to the system results. Moreover, the cigarette smoker uses a very considerable amount of tobacco during the course of a day. "Dipping" and "snuffing" are semi-barbarities which need not be discussed. Not much effect is obtained from the use of the drug in these varieties of the habit.

Nicotine is one of the most powerful of the "nerve poisons" known. Its virulence is compared to prussic acid. If birds be made to inhale its vapor in amounts too small to be measured they are almost instantly killed. It seems to destroy life, not by attacking a few, but all of the functions essential to it, beginning at the center—the heart. A significant indication of this is that there is no substance known which can counteract its effects; the system either succumbs or survives. Its depressing action on the heart is by far the most noticeable and noteworthy symptom of nicotine poisoning. The frequent existence of what is known as "smokers' heart" in men whose health is in no other respect disturbed is due to this fact.

Those who can use tobacco without immediate injury will have all the pleasant effects reversed, and will suffer from the symptoms of poisoning if they exceed the limits of tolerance. These symptoms are: (1) The heart's action becomes more rapid when tobacco is used; (2) palpitation, pain, or unusual sensations in the heart; (3) there is no appetite in the morning, the tongue is coated, delicate flavors are not appreciated, and acid dyspepsia occurs after eating; (4) soreness of the mouth and throat, or nasal catarrh, appears, and becomes very troublesome; (5) the eyesight becomes poor, but improves when the habit is abandoned; (6) a desire, often a craving, for liquor or some other stimulant, is experienced.

In an experimental observation of 38 boys of all classes of society and of average health who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years 27 showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth, 32 showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough and craving for alcohol; 13 had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

A great majority of men go far beyond what may be called the temperate use of tobacco, and evidences of injury are easily found. It is only necessary to have some record of what the general health was previous to the taking up of the habit, and to have observation cover a long enough time. The history of tobacco on the island of New Zealand furnishes a quite suggestive illustration for our purpose and one on a large scale. When Europeans first visited New Zealand, they found in the native Maoris the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have from this cause alone, it is said, become decimated in numbers, and at the same time reduced in stature and in physical well being so as to be an altogether inferior type of men.

Called Back.

There is a famous novel by Hugh Conway entitled "Called Back." From a faceticus proneness we are indirectly reminded that this is also the name of the supporter of erect statue, the spinal column is "*called back*." Disease may weaken it—weariness wear it, health leave it; briefly, prostration may drive its vigor away, but we are pleased to remind you that vigor also may be "called back," by Compound Oxygen treatment.

Here is some encouragement:

PENSACOLA, FLA., July 25, 1888.

"I suffered from a very severe and obstinate case of bronchitis. I had tried a great many doctors' remedies, and while I am not entirely well, I am very greatly improved, and feel fully assured that the same is due to your Compound Oxygen Treatment."

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TER., April 9, 1888.

"I have now used your Compound Oxygen Treatment for two months, and feel much better than I did before using it. My lungs hold double the amount of air they did at the time I first tried it."

N. K. GABRIEL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 4, 1888.
No. 331 Decatur St.

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The Power of the Press.

The modern clerical custom of announcing subjects in Saturday's newspaper, is fairly illustrated by the conversation which took place recently in a well known clergyman's study. The divine was walking back and forth in his study on Friday morning, beating his brain and pulling his whiskers, when an intimate friend unexpectedly dropped in upon him. Noticing the minister's anxiety the friend asked the cause. The clergyman replied:

"I am racking my brain for a subject on which to preach next Sunday."

"Well, don't you know what you want to preach on?"

"Oh, yes; I know what I want to preach on."

"Well, don't you know what your people want?"

"Certainly, I know what my people want and I know what I want, but hang it if I know what the newspapers want. No man can count on an audience three days unless he has a topic indorsed by the newspapers."

Australia has just made to a projected railroad a grant of 16,000,000 acres, or 20,000 acres a mile. The grant to the Pacific railroads in this country amounted to about 6,400 acres a mile.

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And pants for the best Pants the pant market grants,
He panteth apparently until he implants
Himself in a pair of our Plymouth Rock Pants.

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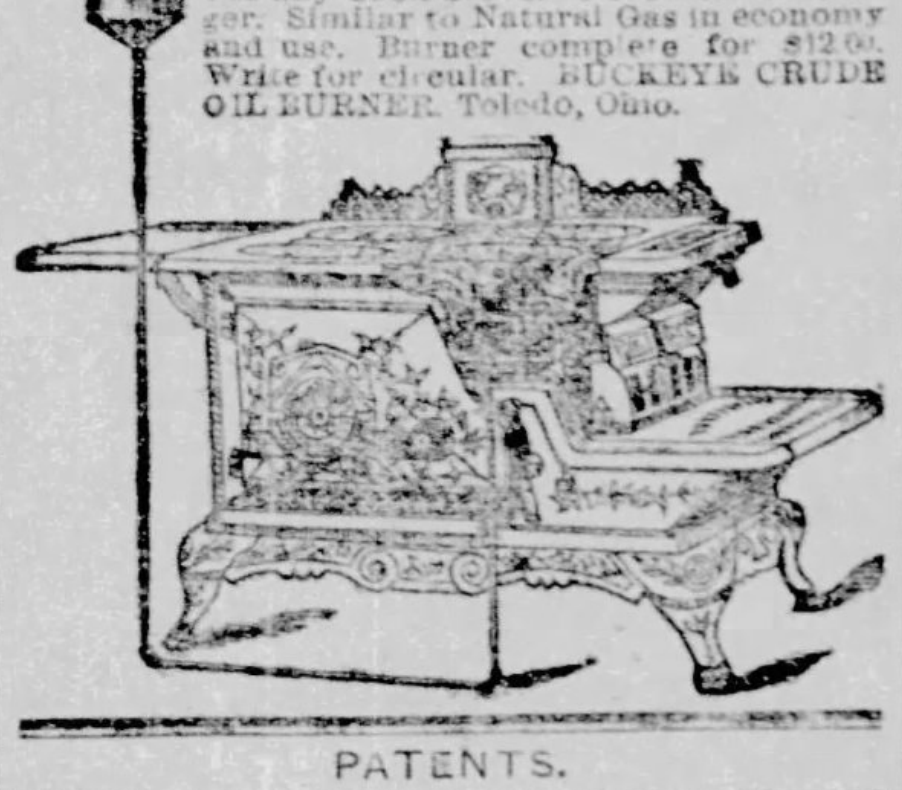
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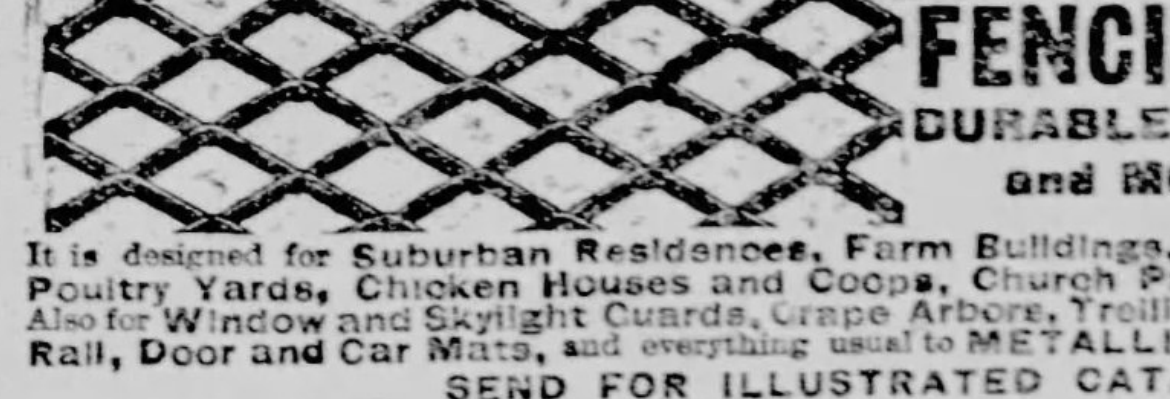
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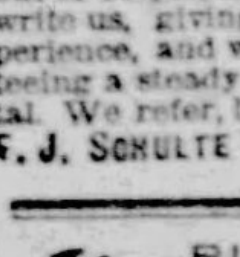
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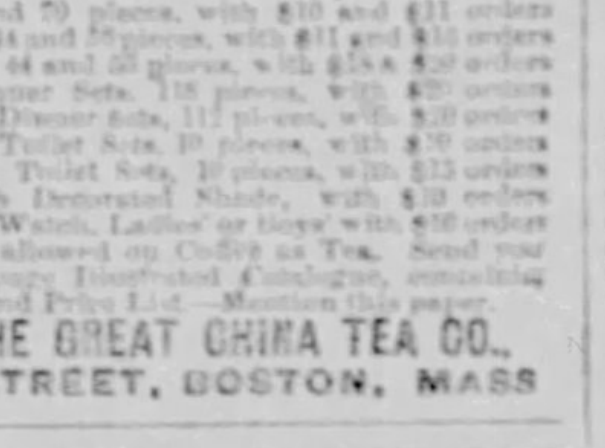
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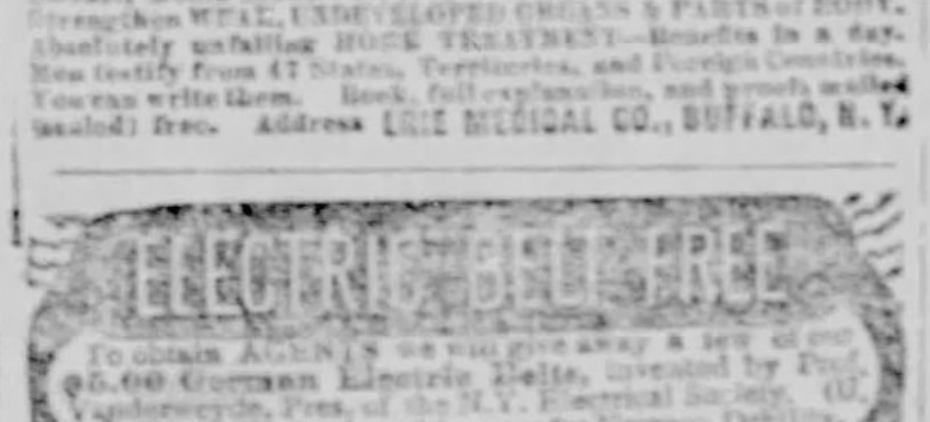
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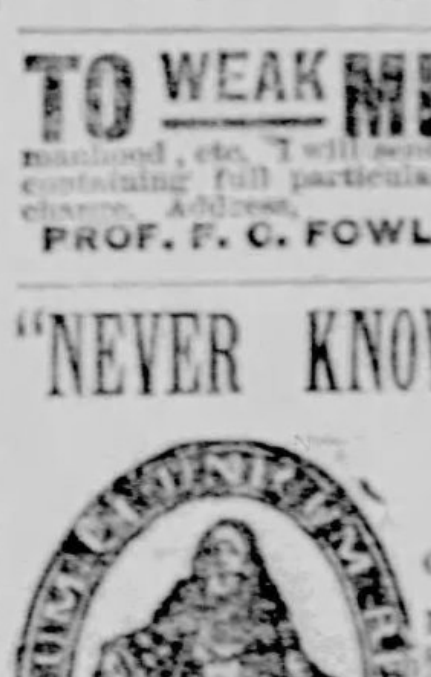
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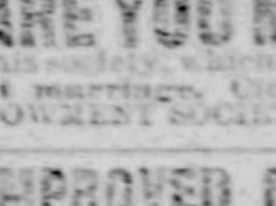
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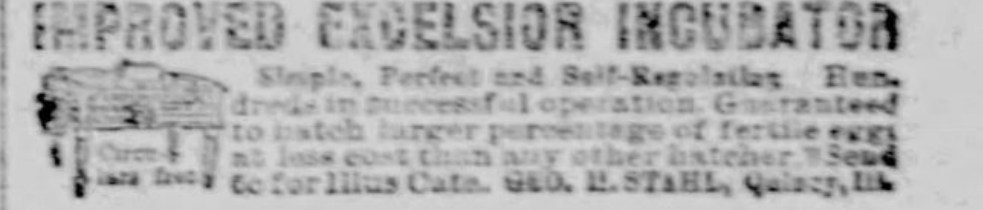
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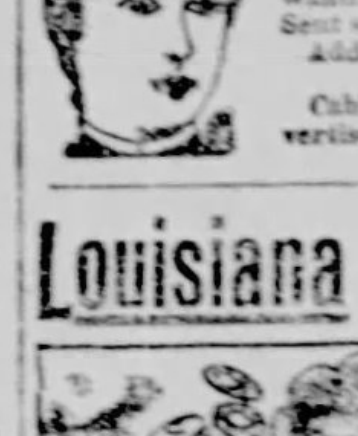
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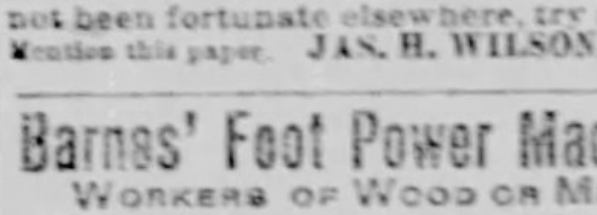
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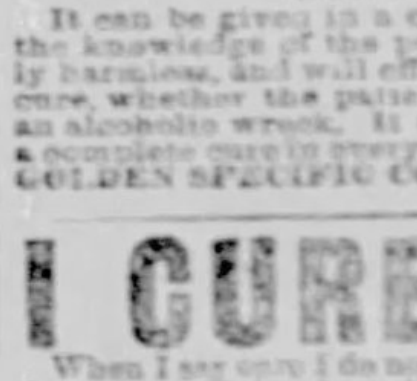
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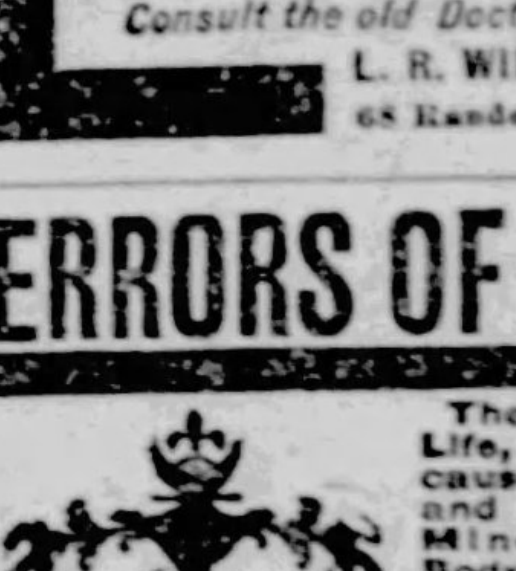
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THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1889.

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE BATTLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION.

On March 12, the people of New Hampshire voted on the question of the adoption of seven amendments to the state constitution. These seven propositions are:

1. Changing the time of meeting of the legislature from June to January.
2. Fixing the compensation of members of the legislature at $200 for the session.
3. Providing for filling vacancies in the same caused by death, resignation or removal from the state.
4. Providing that the speaker of the House of Representatives shall become acting governor in case of the death or absence from the state of the governor and the president of the Senate.
5. Prohibiting the manufacture, sale or keeping for sale as a beverage of alcoholic or intoxicating liquor, except cider.
6. Making Article 6 of the Bill of Rights nonsectarian by discarding the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical."
7. Giving towns having less than 600 inhabitants proportionate representation in the legislature.

Of course the fifth was the most important amendment of the entire seven, and public interest centered on the struggle for its adoption. It requires, in New Hampshire, a two-thirds vote to adopt a constitutional amendment. On this account, the friends of Prohibition were not sanguine of the success of the proposition, and their fears were fully realized. Not only did the amendment fail to receive two-thirds of the total number of votes cast, but it failed to even receive a majority. It lacked something like 5,000 votes of receiving half the whole number of votes cast.

The contest in New Hampshire was not between Prohibition and license, but between constitutional Prohibition and statutory Prohibition. For thirty years the state has had a Prohibitory law. It has not been, it is said, enforced in the cities. In the rural districts it accomplished its purpose of suppressing the open saloon, but in the manufacturing towns, where public sentiment was against it, it has been systematically violated. The people were called on to vote on the question of incorporating Prohibition into the state constitution. The amendment was framed by United States Senator BLAIR. It is hard to say exactly what prompted the effort to adopt the amendment. No constitutional provision is self-enforcing. It requires the enactment of laws providing for its enforcement, imposing penalties for its violation, and prescribing the steps to be taken to accomplish its purpose. If the state Prohibitory law is not regarded in a few cities of the state, what reason was there for supposing that a constitutional amendment would be one whit more effectual? It may be of interest to our readers to quote here the argument of Judge LADD, in a paper before a lawyers' association, against the amendment:

> To put the matter in plain words, it comes practically to this: You have prohibition now, furnished by a statute more elaborate in all its many extremely ingenious provisions than any other statute against any other crime, great or small, on the book. It amounts to nothing, you say; all say it amounts to very little. You have had this same prohibition for thirty years and more. It has amounted to nothing or very little, during that whole period, therefore the wise, statesman-like and cogent conclusion is, you shall continue to have this same prohibition for the future, indefinitely, forever. It shall be made a fixture in your constitution, beyond the reach of the legislature, beyond the reach of the people, except by the long and expensive process of a constitutional convention. The logic is not good and the statesmanship is a good deal poorer than the logic.

Now, how is this defeat to be accounted for? First, it is said that the total vote on the constitutional amendments is not much over half the total vote of the state at the Presidential election last November. But this does not account for the adverse vote. The campaign for the amendment was pushed in a lively manner. The ministers largely supported it, and the churches were active in its behalf. There was more work done in its favor than for all the remaining six amendments. Yet they all have been adopted, receiving over two-thirds of the total vote—except, perhaps, the sixth, which was opposed by many of the church people. The vote on it is close, but the official returns may show that it has been carried. Nor will it do to say that the cities outvoted the country. The agricultural districts did not support the amendment with enthusiasm, by any means, as the returns show. Nor was it made a political question. The vote shows an extraordinary crossing of political lines. Democrats and Republicans voted for it, and Democrats and Republicans voted against it.

It is well to look at the facts squarely, in order that we may, from a campaign that results adversely, learn needful lessons to our advantage in future conflicts. What do the facts show? First, that the people took only a languid interest in the matter—not enough to bring them out to vote. It is certain that the men who have a lively faith in Constitutional Prohibition must be in the minority in New Hampshire. Second, that as between a Prohibitory law and a constitutional Prohibition amendment, the majority believe it better to keep the matter in the hands of the legislature, so that any change in the method of dealing with the Rum evil which may be deemed advisable may be promptly made, rather than to place Prohibition in the constitution, and allow an era of free Rum to set in—for this is the case in the cities of the state under the present law, and it would have been the same under the amendment.

The lesson is the old one—that laws are inoperative if they do not have the backing of an intelligent majority of the people. If the Prohibitory law is a dead letter in certain localities of the state, a Prohibitory clause in the constitution would also be a dead letter. Laws and constitutional provisions will not enforce themselves. Officials, no matter what their politics, will not bestir themselves to execute a law which is opposed by a majority of voters. The reason is plain. Such officials are elective, and they know that such a course would defeat their aspirations for re-election or for future political advancement.

"But," says one, "why not have officers elected by a Prohibition party—men elected on the issue of the strict enforcement of the Prohibitory law?" Think a little, good brother; how can Prohibition officials be elected in the town of Portsmouth, N. H., for instance, which gave 2,185 votes against the amendment, and only 405 for it? Men would be elected who were understood to be against the enforcement of the law. This is a painful truth, but one that must be faced. The one thing necessary is to have a majority of the people in favor of Prohibition. Without it, neither constitutional provision nor legislative enactment can be enforced. It is one of the necessary results of self-government; the majority rules.

Prohibitory statutes are by no means the only laws which fail of enforcement because of the passive indifference or active hostility of the majority of the voters. The Sunday laws are a case in point. The road-working laws of Ohio and other states constitute another. The statute-books of every state are burdened with enactments that are simply ignored by the people. There is an erroneous idea abroad among a great many good persons that the only thing necessary in order to remedy an evil, is to have a law passed against it. Had the masses of the people of New Hampshire been convinced that the Rum traffic is an unmitigated curse to the country, that it should be destroyed root and branch, the present law of the state would not have been a failure, even in the cities. It would have been as well enforced there as in the country districts.

It is an unmixed evil to the cause of Prohibition that the result of the contest in New Hampshire was a defeat for the proposition to place Prohibition in the organic law of the state. It makes no particular difference to New Hampshire itself. The Prohibitory law still stands. But the defeat gives hope and encouragement to the Rum Power, and it will have its effect on the result of the contest in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, especially in the former state, where the election occurs on April 18. We are inclined to the opinion that there was not unadulterated wisdom in the course which forced the issue in New Hampshire at the present time.

The result emphasizes the counsel THE BLADE has steadily given to the friends of this great reform—that the work to be done is, first, to convert the masses of the people, and especially the laboring classes, to the knowledge that the Rum traffic is a curse, and that there is but one way to deal with it effectively, and that is, to prohibit it. There are two errors that mark the course of Prohibition effort: first, a too early appeal to legislation; and, second, if the legislation sought is enacted, to drop all effort, in the mistaken belief that the work is accomplished. The church, the school, the family, the press, should all steadily labor in the mighty work of bringing people to a realizing sense of the terrible evils of Rum, and of maintaining and quickening public opinion in favor of its suppression. The people must be with us, if our efforts are to be crowned with success in the work to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PEACE IN SAMOA.

The truth in regard to the rumors of trouble at Samoa has at last been told. There was no fight, the Americans and Germans there are dwelling in unity together and everything points to a peaceful settlement of the misunderstanding existing between the two governments. This news is good news. Still, one can not be blamed were he to show a trifle of curiosity regarding the source from which the startling rumors of last week sprung. They were first published in Germany and seemingly by authority. It may have been simply a stock jobbing scheme, as Secretary BLAINE suggests, or it may be—and the latter seems the most probable—a deliberate move on Germany's part to discover what the public feeling in the United States was on the question of a war. If the latter is the correct hypothesis, BISMARK ought to be satisfied. He has found out that while the people of this country are not going out of their way looking for a fight, they are not going out of their way to avoid one.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

A GENTLEMAN who is very near to JOHN WANAMAKER, has said: "I know that the Postoffice department was Mr. WANAMAKER's own choice. He wanted that position because he thought he could introduce some much-needed reforms in the postal service, and also because it would enable him to work for what he considers needful changes in the law. For one thing, he is heartily in favor of one-cent postage. He would also like to see the postage on fourth-class matter reduced from sixteen cents a pound to eight." Incidentally, the speaker mentioned that Mr. WANAMAKER pays $150 a day on his letter mail alone, while the mail order department at the big store employs forty persons. His mail goes to and from the postoffice in wagons, being altogether to bulky for carriers.

THE foolish stories that are being sent out by Democratic correspondents at Washington, regarding the differences alleged to have arisen between President HARRISON and Secretary BLAINE, bear their own refutation with them. They in effect assert that Mr. BLAINE, with all his acknowledged ability and conceded courtesy, has seized the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with his superior in office. The idea is absurd.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has issued instructions that no official matters, unless of the most imperative importance and pressing nature, shall be brought before him on Sunday. He is a practical, common-sense Christian, without being either fanatical or cranky.

SECRETARY WINDOM has a business-like way of keeping down the surplus. He takes all the bonds that are offered, not picking a few out of the many. The premium does not rise, however, and the government makes money out of each purchase.

THE burden of increasing years is telling upon the survivors of the glorious armies that saved the union. The number of inmates in the various national homes is steadily increasing, and they now are caring for between 15,000 and 17,000 disabled old soldiers.

REV. JUSTIN FULTON, a colored clergyman of Brooklyn, says if the negro will only acquire money he will receive more social recognition. Mr. FULTON has arisen to the full understanding of a great truth.

ST. LOUIS has a single brewery for which the owner has just refused an offer of eight millions of dollars. All the church property in the city combined would not amount to that sum.

IT is rumored at Washington that President HARRISON will appoint Col. FRED GRANT to some federal position, but will not give him the Chinese mission, to which GRANT aspired.

THE Tennessee Senate has passed a bill to provide a home for disabled and indigent confederate soldiers. There seems to be a general movement in the South in this direction.

AN EXPENSIVE PRESIDENT.

The cost of running the government of the United States is something enormous.

During the first session of the Fiftieth Congress nearly $307,000,000 was appropriated, the largest amount in twenty years, and for that year the permanent appropriations aggregated nearly $116,000,000, making the total expenditures of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, nearly $423,000,000.

During the second session of the Fiftieth Congress—that which has just ended—almost $282,000,000 was appropriated, thus making a total of nearly $589,000,000 (exclusive of permanent appropriations) which one Congress has taken from the Treasury in two years.

The following table shows the appropriations made by the Fiftieth Congress at its two sessions:

	1889.	1890.
Agriculture.......$	1,716,010 $	1,669,770
Army............	24,471,310	24,300,115
Diplomatic........	1,428,465	1,980,025
District Columbia	5,046,410	5,687,406
Fortifications.....	3,972,000	1,265,594
Indians..........	8,263,700	8,035,724
Legislative	20,758,178	20,840,535
Military Academy	315,043	902,766
Navy	19,942,835	21,692,510
Pensions	81,758,700	81,855,200
Post-office	60,860,233	66,605,344
Rivers & Harbors.	22,397,616	....
Sundry Civil......	26,320,804	25,277,341
Miscellaneous	10,170,862	5,500,500
Deficiency	19,563,383	16,423,360
Totals........	$306,985,544	$281,878,695

In some instances appropriatios for 1890 were larger than for 1889, but no river and harbor bill was passed at the last session. There was a decrease of $3,000,000 in the deficiency bill and of nearly that amount in the fortifications bill, and the total appropriations for 1890 are about $25,000,000 less than for the year ending June 30, 1889.

Appropriations are made in advance. The first bills of this character signed by President Cleveland were for the fiscal year 1887. The aggregate of the regular appropriation bill which he approved, compared with those signed by Presidents Garfield and Arthur, were as follows:

CLEVELAND.		GARFIELD-ARTHUR.	
1887...$	363,914,613	1883 ....$	297,314,388
1888...	248,730,511	1884	231,993,647
1889...	306,985,544	1885	195,710,588
1890...	281,878,695	1886	219,595,283
Total.	$1,101,509,363	Total..	$944,613,906

So in the four years of his term President Cleveland signed bills taking over one billion one hundred million dollars out of the Treasury, an amount $156,895,457 greater than the appropriations approved by the administration which preceded him.

For the year 1890 the permanent appropriations will aggregate $108,691,055, being for interest on the public debt, sinking fund, customs collections, drawbacks, repayment of importers, etc., thus making the aggregate disbursements for 1890 $390,569,750, as against $422,626,343 for 1889.

OUR NEW NAVY.

Secretary of the Navy TRACY has plenty of work of the most important character in his department. The plans for the eight vessels authorized by the act of 1889 are rapidly nearing completion. Bids for construction of these vessels will be called for in six weeks or two months, assuming that Secretary TRACY confirms the approval of his predecessor as to details, the general character of the ships having been fixed by the act authorizing them.

During the session just closed, Congress authorized the construction of five vessels. They are—one sea-going monitor of three thousand tons displacement, to cost, exclusive of armament, $1,500,000, to have engines of 7,500 indicated horse power, and speed of at least seventeen knots; one dynamite cruiser of twenty knots speed, two steel cruisers of from 800 to 1,200 tons displacement, and one harbor-defence ram of the general type approved by the Naval Advisory board in its report of November 7, 1887. The bill authorizes the expenditure of $2,500,000 for armor and armament.

The defence of our cities by fortifications as well as by fleets was not wholly neglected by the last Congress. The fortification bill carries with it appropriations to the amount of $1,205,594, of course additional to the sum set apart last year, and including $530,000 for submarine mines and torpedoes with cable galleries, casemates, etc. This branch of public defence appertaining to the War department will come under the direction of Secretary PROCTOR, of course.

IT is a matter for congratulation that President HARRISON is mindful of the pledges of the Chicago platform, and is carrying them out as opportunity occurs. He adheres firmly to the principle of selecting Territorial officials from the citizens of the territory itself, and not making such positions the reward of party service of politicians in the states. Of course other Presidents have fully realized the fact that territorial offices should be given to actual residents, familiar with the needs of the people and personally known to them, but the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon a President for lucrative offices has hitherto proved too strong for the incumbent. The territories have no direct vote for President nor Congressmen, and so they have been systematically snubbed. We are glad to know that Mr. HARRISON is a strong enough man to do his duty in this matter.

THERE is much interest taken in the outcome of the state election in Rhode Island, which occurs next month. Some seven thousand and more naturalized citizens will vote then for the first time, and the politicians are in a state of far from pleasing uncertainty as to the way the new element will take. The new voters are, of course, most numerous in the cities, 2,299 having been registered under the constitutional amendment in Providence, 640 in Pawtucket and 328 in Newport. The completed returns from the entire state have not been received, but twenty-seven out of the thirty-seven cities and towns have sent in their registration reports, and they show that the naturalized citizens are no slower than in any other state to take advantage of the opportunity to get their names on the voting lists.

PROF. TACCHINI, the well-known Italian astronomer, reports that the number of sun-spots has been decreasing during the past two years, and that it is probable that 1889 will show a minimum of spots on our luminary. It is a wide-spread opinion that the period of minimum sun-spots is one of drouth, crop failures and famine. Hence TACCHINI's opinion is of interest, because the theory the connection between drouth and an unspotted sun is one that should be proved either true or false, and which cannot be save by a series of observations extending over many years.

A STRIKING illustration of the way in which new words are brought into the language is shown by the fact that already in England the words "pigottry" and "to pigott" have passed into parliamentary usage. Lately the Speaker of the House of Commons mildly reprimanded a member for using one of the new words; but they will become as widely recognized as boycott and other words of like character.

THERE is something like eleven millions of voters in the United States. There are something like 150,000 offices to fill. The ten millions and over care not who obtain the offices, so that the business of the government is faithfully, honestly and economically administered.

A NEW YORK bank robber has been found to be insane. The evidence consisted in the fact that the last time he stole from a bank he only took $200. The jury is understood to have been composed of cashiers.

A CASE IN POINT.

Our friends of the third party (who arrogate to themselves the name of Prohibitionists, when the fact is that nine-tenths of the Prohibitionists in the country are in the other two parties,) always grow vehement in denial when they are charged with being, in effect, a tender to the Democratic party. The sting of the charge lies in its truth, however. The matter has a fresh and striking illustration in the state of New Jersey at the present time, and we call attention to it, not as a means of proving a fact which is already amply proved, but to show the sincere men who are in the rank and file of the third party that they are on the wrong tack in their idea that separate political action is the best thing for the reform they have at heart.

The Republican legislature of the state of New Jersey, a year or more ago, passed a local option and high license law. Under its operation one-half the state has already crushed out the Rum traffic and closed the saloons by prohibition, while in the remainder the high license provision kept the Rum Power measurably under control. This made the Rum Power furious. A bargain was struck between the liquor interest and the Democratic party, by which it was understood that all the influence of the Rum interest should be thrown for the Democratic ticket at the election for members of the legislature last November, in return for which the Democrats, in case they obtained control of the legislature, were to repeal the obnoxious law.

One would suppose that, under such circumstances, any man who really had at heart the best interests of Prohibition would have cast his vote for the Republican party, as a means of preserving what had already been gained. But the third-party voters of New Jersey fired their ballots in the air. The total vote of the state was divided as follows:

Democratic vote........................	151,493
Republican vote	144,344
Third-party vote........................	7,904

Had the latter been cast for the Republican ticket, the state would have been carried against the Democrats. But it was not. The legislature is Democratic, and the bill repealing the local option and high license law has passed the state Senate (by a strict party vote) and will pass the House. In the place of this law and to win the votes of two or three objecting Democrats, it is proposed to substitute a kind of local option law for townships, which is, admittedly, a much less stringent temperance measure than the one that is repealed. Some of the best New Jersey lawyers hold that the proposed new law is unconstitutional, and cannot, therefore, be enforced if enacted.

The third-party voters of New Jersey cannot plead ignorance. The compact between the Democracy and the saloons was well known during the campaign, and the voters were warned of what the result of Democratic supremacy would be. The third-party leaders, however, insisted on running their own candidates for the legislature, well knowing that not a solitary one stood the slightest chance of an election. They accepted the responsibility of making the state legislature Democratic, and have no one to blame but themselves. It is sad to see men who claim to be the friends of the temperance reform deliberately destroy the most hopeful work that has ever been accomplished in New Jersey against the Rum Power. We think the friends of Prohibition elsewhere will do well to ponder this object lesson. There's a moral in it for them.

JUSTICE MATTHEWS' SUCCESSOR.

The selection of Judge GRESHAM to succeed Justice MATTHEWS on the Supreme bench of the United States, in case the latter dies or is forced by ill health to resign, would be in many respects a most fortunate one. Judge GRESHAM combines he various qualities of probity, wisdom and moral courage that are so necessary to a man holding the position for which he has been so favorably mentioned. The question of locality, however, arises to defeat any such appointment. Justice MATTHEWS represents the judicial circuit composed of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee. Any one appointed in his place would have to be assigned to that circuit. Judge GRESHAM is the present circuit judge in the Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana circuit. Justice HARLAN is the Supreme court judge assigned to it. While there is nothing in the constitution prohibiting the assignment of a Supreme justice to a circuit other than the one of his residence. It has not been customary to do so, and it is extremely improbable that President HARRISON would take a judge from Illinois to preside over the Ohio circuit. Besides, Illinois is already fully represented in the Supreme court in the person of Chief Justice FULLER, and would hardly ask for another member of that body.

JAY GOULD, RUSSELL SAGE and other directors of the Missouri Pacific, have loaned the road six millions of dollars during the year. They explain that the drop in the stock market made it impossible to sell its stock at par, so they kindly advanced the money. It would be strange if investigation showed that they beared the stocks themselves for speculative purposes, and cleared up more than the six millions that the road will ultimately have to pay.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THERE has been a net increase of the total amount of money in circulation in the United States, within the past year, of about $33,000,000. The increase (not "inflation") of the currency more than keeps pace with the growth of population We are growing richer.

CYRUS BUSSEY, who has been appointed assistant secretary of the Interior, is an Ohio man, being born in this state in 1833. We violate no confidence in stating were it not for Ohio men this government would have a hard time in getting along.

THERE are only twelve hundred consular appointments and nine thousand Ohioans are seeking them. If President HARRISON is to meet this emergency to the satisfaction of all he will have to devise some new system of arithmetic.

GENERAL JERRY RUSK, secretary of Agriculture, can crack a joke with the best of 'em. He informed a friend the other day that he had the "seediest" department of the government under his charge.

THE Democrats are already discussing the question of who shall be their next nominee for the Presidency. It is perhaps just as well, they won't have anything else to do for the next four years.

THE Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed, by a vote of 41 to 25, a resolution to resubmit the prohibition amendment to the state constitution to a vote of the people.

DURING the past eight months there has been a falling off of immigration of 30,000, as compared with the corresponding months one year ago.

IT was a graceful thing in Mrs. GRANT to contribute toward the Confederate soldiers' home in Texas.

THE average age of HARRISON's Cabinet is 57 years, 5 months. "Old men for counsel."

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

While Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFORT, the new British minister to the United States, is not by any means, a diplomat of the first rank, there is no doubt that his long service under the English government has given him the technical ability necessary in order to handle the group of intricate questions now pending here. It is hard for us to realize it, but Washington is not much of a mission in English eyes. No man in the front rank of English diplomacy wants the place. It is out of the European atmosphere, and it offers no scope for work on the issues which interest the English public. It generally goes to a good second-rate man, and he keeps it until he has earned promotion by length of service.

In half a century Great Britain has been represented but once by a diplomatist of the first rank, Lord LYONS, except when one was sent over to negotiate a treaty. In fact, as it is not an embassy, no man eligible to that rank in the diplomatic service will take it at all. From a variety of causes, however, a number of important questions are now open at Washington. They are all legal and commercial, rather than diplomatic. Extraditions, the fisheries, transit trade, reciprocity, are all issues which call for the skill of a bureau officer rather than the tact of diplomatist. Under these circumstances Lord SALISBURY gives an over-worked official a good berth, and sends to Washington a man of excellent legal and technical training.

There is not the least doubt but that Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFORT is a capable official and a good lawyer. He has had colonial experience which will help at Washington, and he has made in our legation at London the impression of an agreeable, friendly and able man, singularly well versed in the issues open between this country and England. His selection may offend the men who are passed over in the English diplomatic service, but in this country he will have a warm welcome and a cordial reception. He will come here equipped for his work and acquainted with its difficulties, and while he will not be able to persuade President HARRISON's administration to repeat President CLEVELAND's surrender, he will be received here with the fraternal feeling due the representative of a friendly power whose mission has been vacant for reasons clearly understood, and which have left, fortunately, not a shadow of bitterness on either side of the ocean.

CLARKSON, OF IOWA.

JAMES S. CLARKSON, recently appointed first assistant postmaster general, will bring to that office great ability, untiring energy and an exhaustive knowledge of men and affairs. He has been closely identified with national politics for years, has shown a business capacity that has made him a rich man, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in a state that has never proven false to Republicanism. During the last campaign his counsels were largely followed by the executive committee of the national committee, of both of which he was a member, and his appointment is universally conceded to be a wise one. General HARRISON and Postmaster-General WANAMAKER are to be congratulated in securing so able a man to fill a position which, in comparison with his abilities, is a small one, and yet it is of sufficient importance to demand the best talent, as the first assistant is the executive officer of the department which the business men of this country rely on more and demand a better service in, than any other one connected with the government. It is worthy of remark that the man who held the position in GARFIELD's administration was also an Iowa man, FRANK HATTON, and the latter succeeded to the position of postmaster-general.

CHANGE THE DATE.

It is now stated that Gen. GIBSON, of Ohio, is very ill with pneumonia, the result of exposure in Washington, inauguration day. Congressman TOWNSHEND, of Illinois, is dead, of the same disease, contracted or augmented at Washington, March 4. How many others are sick or dead as a result of the exposure at Washington that day, is not and never will be known. The statement, however, that a thousand deaths will be the result of the exposure in Washington when President HARRISON was inaugurated is probably, however, under rather than over the limit. An ordinarily robust man can stand wetting without either danger or inconvenience when he has an opportunity to afterwards take care of himself. But when the crowd is so great that thousands have to go without rooms, and, as a consequence, a man who has been drenched by the rain has no opportunity to change his clothes or even procure a fire at which to warm himself, the resulting sickness is bound to be great. The best argument in favor of changing the date of inauguration day is perhaps a sanitury one, and it would seem to be the part of common sense to select some time in April when there is at least a chance of having good weather. The experience of many years is that there are always storms in Washington during the first week in March.

AN ERROR IN THE FIGURES.

In the WEEKLY BLADE of March 7 we printed an article comparing the white and colored vote in certain Southern states. The tables of figures were furnished us by an Eastern friend. Through the blunder of the compositor, or an error in the original figures, the totals do not foot up correctly. We have not at hand the original figures, and can not tell exactly wherein the error consists, but believe it to be in the figures of one or more states. We are tolerably sure the footings are correct—and hence the conclusions drawn are not invalidated.

SOME few Democratic journals of the baser sort are attempting the futile task of making political capital out of the failure of the Reading Iron company, which took place on the day succeeding HARRISON's inauguration. It would seem plain to even a Democrat that the failure was due, if due at all to the conduct of the federal government, to the period of business uncertainty following CLEVELAND's free trade message and its adoption by the Democratic party, then in power. The free trade agitation paralyzed our manufacturing industries to a considerable degree. Labor suffered accordingly. Idle capital accumulated and became unremunerative. Stocks and bonds declined, and the country was drifting into a state of things favorable to a panic. The failure above noted, and a number of others, are traceable to this source, and to none other. Had the free trade idea triumphed, 1889 would have been as memorable as 1837 or 1857 for being a period of general financial ruin.

THAT was a righteous act of Judge BAKER, of the New Orleans Criminal court, who granted a new trial to a man convicted of manslaughter, because it was proved in open court that the jury had played poker for four hours while trying to reach a decision. The judge, in deciding the application, said:

> Twelve men, supplied with a quart bottle of whisky, a deck of cards and a handful of beans, who played poker from 12 o'clock at night until 4 in the morning, could not possibly give the prisoner a fair trial.

AN excellent descriptive article on "The Nicaragua Canal" will be found on the seventh page, under "News of the Week." Read it carefully.

EX-GOVERNOR WILSON is holding on to Governor GOFF's job in West Virginia with a persistence that leads one to believe he needs the salary.

A SOUTHERN PAPER ON THE "SOUTHERN PROBLEM."

The Atlanta *Constitution* is perhaps the leading paper of the South. It much more nearly reflects the sentiments of the best class of Southern Democrats than the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which has degenerated wofully in this respect, and became the mouthpiece of the free trade crowd, instead of representative organ of public sentiment. The *Constitution* of the 17th has a strong article on the so-called Southern question, which we think gives the facts of the case as the progressive class of whites in the South view them. It is entitled "An Appeal for Judgment," and opens as follows:

> The public sentiment that will decide the next Presidential election, is being rapidly formed in the North. An attempt is being made to hold the Democratic party responsible for the Solid South, and to solidify the North by the argument that the South is solid because of resentment, estrangement, or the hope of political dominion.
>
> Let us put on record here two propositions that cover the whole matter:
>
> 1. The South longs for a breaking up of sectional alignment, with an earnestness the North can never feel. We are the minority section in every sense. To force a political division on sectional lines is political suicide. We need capital, immigrants, development, and to hinder the incoming of these, as any sectional division must, is to hinder our own growth and prosperity. We realize this perfectly. Hence we are more deeply interested in the wiping out of sectional lines, of every sort whatever, than our Northern friends possibly can be.
>
> 2. The South is forbidden to divide, and thus find her full emancipation, and the full restoration of the Union, in which she more than any section is interested, by a problem, the roots of which go deeper than politics or business can reach. The presence of this problem—the appalling import of which is understood even where it is not confessed—should win for her the patient and loving sympathy of all men, and should strengthen, not weaken, that political party which is pledged to give her this in fullest measure. Especially should it be so when this problem is not of her own seeking, and not even the orderly outcome of any series of events in which she had part.
>
> On these two propositions we stand. They do not need argument—for they are self-evident.
>
> But there is a question we would like to address to the editors of the North, and to have an answer written under each man's sense of his responsibility as an editor, that we may record it in these columns. Here it is—prefaced by a statement:
>
> There is not a state in the South in which a serious division of the whites would not give the negroes the balance of power. Not a state in which an unscrupulous minority of the whites could not by easy corruption of the illiterate, or by the easy misleading of the ignorant negroes, capture the state government. * *
>
> Now, here is the question—asked in fraternal spirit, and entitled to a frank and friendly answer:
>
> Is there a state in the North in which if, as in Mississippi, 181,000 negro voters, of which 145,000 are unable to read or write, were today settled, the white people would be or could be divided, under any pretense or by any power? Is there a Northern state in which although, as in Mississippi, there were only 121,000 white voters to oppose them, this host of black illiterates could capture and maintain the control of affairs, under any pretext or by any power? * *
>
> Would any political ambition, or could any external force, so divide the whites as to make it possible for a considerable minority of their number, by deluding the ignorant and bribing the corrupt of the negroes, hold the reins of government? Would they not rather, in Iowa or Vermont, do as we do—hold the intelligence and property together, administer affairs with just and equal hand, lead the ignorant to enlightenment, win the doubting to confidence, the disaffected into friendship—and, putting aside the minor considerations of politics, work out patiently, earnestly, in conscience and honor, under the guidance of God as He maketh it manifest, this enthralling and surpassing problem?

We have reproduced nearly the whole of the article so as to allow the *Constitution* a full hearing by the hundreds of thousands of readers of the Daily and Weekly BLADE all over the country. We allow it to state the problem as it wishes, and we shall endeavor to discuss it in the same spirit in which it is stated.

First, the question which the *Constitution* propounds is simply hypothetical, and can not be answered for that reason. No such condition of affairs exists in any Northern state, and will never occur. Any answer would be simply the theoretical opinion of one man, nor would it contribute in the least to the practical solution of the problem existing in certain Southern states.

The *Constitution* errs as to the feeling of the North with regard to the negro question. With us it is not a question whether the negro shall vote, but whether illegal and unconstitutional methods shall be allowed to be used to annul his legal right to do so.

Every state in which there is a free vote—and this includes all states in the Union save the Southern—has just grounds of complaint against methods which give to these states the full representation in Congress to which their voting population entitles them, and yet which, through the most scandalous and shameful methods, deprive at least one-half their voters—in some instances more than half—of the ballot.

If the negro vote is the danger, the menace, that the *Constitution* declares, then it is within the power of the legislature of Georgia, or of any other Southern state, to remove that danger by appropriate legislation. Its claim is that the danger arises from the ignorance of the negro masses. We agree that an ignorant proletariat is a menace to a free government. Pass laws making an educational qualification for the ballot, then, and exclude the ignorant!

We know such a law would exclude the ignorant whites as well—the 13,000 illiterate white voters along with the 145,000 illiterate black voters of the state of Mississippi, for example. But if the danger lies in ignorance, is not an ignorant white just as dangerous, *per se*, as an ignorant negro?

It is idle to say that the Fifteenth amendment precludes the enactment of such a law. That amendment simply declares that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." Any law that does not discriminate on one or more of these grounds is constitutional. An educational qualification, enforced equally against the ignorant of all races, would not traverse this provision.

Of course, under the Fourteenth amendment, the representation of such state in Congress would be reduced in the proportion the number of disfranchised voters bears to the total number of citizens in the state; but is not this a far less evil than those of negro domination, so graphically lamented by the *Constitution!*

Our Atlanta contemporary may rest assured that the people of the North will not consent to either the repeal of the constitutional amendments, or the illegal suppression of votes on the color line. The constitution takes no cognizance of a man's color in its enumeration of the qualifications of citizenship, nor does it allow it to be done by any state. The legal remedy for the domination of an ignorant majority is in the hands of the Southern states themselves, and they should avail themselves of it. So long as they use illegal and unjust methods, they need not expect either sympathy or assistance from the rest of the Union. When they set to work under legal methods, impartially executed, and earnestly begin the work of educating the ignorant of all races, so as to remove the danger, they may be assured of both, and in full measure.

THE Servian government has taken the lead of all the European powers in carrying out a measure which they should all adopt without delay. It is announced that an order has been issued from Belgrade for the reduction of the Servian army by one-half. This will relieve the people of that interesting country from a portion of the heavy taxes imposed upon them for military purposes, and will enable at least 80,000 men to return to the cultivation of the fertile fields from which grain, cotton, grapes and tobacco are raised.

NORTH CAROLINA is evincing signs of shaking off Bourbon domination. We doubt if it can be kept "solid" much longer.

THE "OLD WAR SONGS."

THE BLADE is making arrangements to begin the publication, in an early issue, of the war songs of the Rebellion—the glorious lyrics that were struck out when the nation was at a white heat of patriotic fervor, and that renewed in the people that unfaltering trust in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Union and Freedom. The old saying, "Let me but make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," has in it a great truth. The songs and ballads of the war era had a most powerful effect in moulding and fixing public sentiment, and we are sure that a complete collection of the more noted will be a feature that will be highly prized by THE BLADE's readers.

We are using all care to obtain absolutely correct copies of the words, and shall publish each entire and complete. We will announce the commencement of publication very shortly. One, or perhaps two, will be given each week until the series is complete.

PARNELL'S VINDICATION.

It is rare that a public man comes out of an ordeal with the credit Parnell has. Years ago when he and a few resolute and patient Irishmen started the parliamentery agitation they stood alone. Not an Englishman gave them a helping hand, not an English voice spoke words of cheer. But they persevered. As political crises came they took advantage of them. Their strength grew and the justness of their cause made them friends. Finaly PARNELL and his followers found the time that they held the balance of power in the English parliament. Then came the memorable day when GLADSTONE, representing the great Liberal party in England, declared that Irish rights must be recognized and Irish demands granted. At once PARNELL began to see the result that he had been working for near at hand. But as his success seemed to be assured, so did the bitterness of the opposing English party increase. Vituperation followed abuse, and libel was the result of perjured and boughten testimony. For a time it seemed as if the Irish leader would have to go down before the assaults that were made upon him. But out of this last ordeal he comes forth again victorious, and last night at St. James hall in London, he received an ovation such as it is not often the fortune of man to experience. It was a gathering representing the intelligence, culture and enthusiasm of the best class of the English people, and the Irishman who, but a few years ago, had hardly a friend for his cause in all England, was received with an enthusiasm and eulogized to an extent that would turn the head of many well-balanced men. It was a magnificent vindication.

WORSTEDS AND WOOLENS.

Secretary WINDOM has signified his intention to give an early hearing to the representatives of the National Wool Manufacturers' association on the custom-house practice of classifying worsteds as different from woolen goods. There is no doubt that Mr. WINDOM will examine the matter carefully and judicially, with the care and patience for which he is characterized, and will decide it in accordance with the law. Doubtless he will hope to find the law in accordance with the prevailing sentiment among woolen manufacturers that the classification is wrong and improper. But he will decide the matter on its merits.

The present classification is an admitted outrage. A Democratic secretary of the Treasury in an official report has declared that it was destroying a great industry, a free-trader in Congress proposed to remedy it by special enactment, and a Democratic President declared that it ought to be remedied. There is no doubt about it when such enemies of the protection system bear such testimony. The question with Secretary WINDOM will be one of the letter and spirit of the law. If that does not permit him to change the classification, it is certain to be changed by Congress at the earliest moment possible after it is organized by the Republican majority.

HE IS PRESIDENT.

The New York *Herald* is a Democratic paper, but that does not prevent it from telling the truth when it says:

> A week or two before Mr. HARRISON's inauguration we expressed the hope that—having been duly elected to the office by the people—he would be President.
>
> It is perhaps a little early to speak, because he has been in office only twelve days, but we have been watching his course with a good deal of care and interest, and so far, at any rate, we are glad to see that the new President is actually President.
>
> Few men in that high office—certainly not Mr. CLEVELAND, and scarcely his predecessors since LINCOLN—have been exposed to so vigorous and determined an attack, from all sides, as Mr. HARRISON. Whether it is because, as an exasperated Republican recently said, he is "the head of a party most of whom can read and write," or whether four years in the minority have made the Republicans ferociously hungry—it remains true that the onset of office seekers and their friends in Washington has been uncommonly savage.
>
> The country is greatly pleased that Mr. HARRISON has made what we may fairly call a gallant and effective resistance. There were many in his own party who dolorously prophesied that he would be the tool of Mr. BLAINE, the obedient servant of the imperious Senatorial set, the prey of the great herd of officeseekers, the victim of faction leaders. But so far he is none of these things. Mr. HARRISON remains President, and we may as well tell him that in this he has greatly pleased the mass of his own party and the people in general.
>
> He made his own Cabinet—"A poor thing, perhaps, but mine own," he is reported to have good naturedly replied to a great Republican leader who wanted a different kind of Cabinet altogether. He has evidently made his own foreign appointments. He has—in spite of pertinacious efforts to drive him from his purpose and the promise of his platform—appointed residents of the territories to the offices in them, instead of giving these places to a parcel of bankrupt politicians from the East, as his predecessors did. He has made a few excellent appointments to fill the higher department places.
>
> And on Thursday he gave notice that he would hear no more appeals for office for the present.
>
> So far, then, the President remains President. Let him go on in the same path. The people chose him to the office, and not an irresponsible set of party leaders. He, and he alone, is responsible to the whole country for the execution of his great office. He is not there to gratify one party leader's animosities or to reward another one's favorites. He was elected by the people to be President, and they are glad to see that he is President.

THE situation in West Virginia has developed the fact that a partisan court is a better thing to have than a majority of the votes, if you want to be governor. GOFF received the votes, but WILSON has set up a technical objection to their being counted, and the court has decided that he can hold until the case is fully adjudicated. WILSON has poor lawyers if they cannot make the case hang for the four years of GOFF's term, and the latter's chances to obtaining the office he was elected to are not brilliant. An ordinary man would suppose that a majority of the votes ought to settle it, but that is evidently not the West Virginia way.

IT has at last been decided exactly how much of a nuisance White Caps are. A court in Corydon, Ind., has fixed at $50 the price of a dog warranted to keep them off.

THAT the winter wheat never looked better at this season of the year, is the unanimous tenor of all reports from the great winter wheat belt.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Bishop Bedell is reported to be gaining health.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's family physician announces that she is unable to receive visitors. She is too feeble.

The census of New York state's public asylums shows the number of its blind, deaf and dumb to be decreasing.

Fencing has become so popular among ladies upon the continent that many convents include it in their curriculum.

Gen. N. A. M. Dudley, colonel of the First United States cavalry, will be retired for age on August 20, and will thereafter live in Boston.

Hans Von Bulow will sail for this country on next Wednesday. April 1, 2, 4 and 5 he will give matinee recitals at the Broadway theater.

President Harrison is the fourteenth lawyer to hold the executive chair of the nation. He is also the fourteenth of pure Anglo-Saxon blood.

The song called "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was taken from the Britishers, who have a song called "Old England, the Gem of the Ocean."

Dr. McCosh is to deliver a series of philosophic lectures before the students of Delaware college, and on March 15 he will speak to the students of Miami university.

The late Edmund Quincy, of Boston, on hearing much of a popular novel, and being asked if he had read it, said: "No! I have been waiting for it to blow over."

Peach stones find ready sale at $6 per ton in Vaca Valley, Cal. They are used as fuel, "burning as long as coal and giving more heat." Apricot stones are also burned.

An oyster recently dredged up in English waters measured seven inches in length, the same in breadth, and 20½ inches around the outside edge, and weighed 3½ pounds.

The richest man in Boston is Fred. L. Ames, whose fortune is reckoned at about $20,000,000. His grandfather, Oliver Ames, used to peddle shovels of his own handiwork.

A year ago the mayor of Minneapolis was not too good to act as referee at a prize fight in a theatre. Now the whole state has reformed and any kind of a boxing match is forbidden by law.

A clam was walled up in a building at Syracuse ten years ago as an experiment. When taken out the other day it was found alive and reasonably well, but not much given to talk.

The results just published of the census taken on December 1, 1888, show the population of Switzerland at that time to have been 2,934,057, an increase of more than 100,000 since 1880.

The Erie railroad has taken five dead tramps from its freight trains thus far this winter, and two or three more are looked for before spring. The great need of the tramp is a portable stove.

A representative of Massachusetts capitalists was in Fernandina, Fla., last week, with a view of establishing mills for making pulp from palmetto fiber and shipping the same to Massachusetts.

A girl who has been troubled for a long time with insomnia, was advised, by a Swedish woman, to wet a cloth in ice-cold water and lay it across her eyes. She did so, and was completely cured.

Christopher Columbus Choctaw Jordan, a semi-idiotic negro, has been for many years identified with the Georgia press. During all that time he has been the "power" of the Sanderville *Herald*.

On Tuesday last a whisky bottle in the breast pocket of a man at Spinville, Ala., stopped a bullet directed at his heart. The bottle was broken and the man escaped being even "half shot."

The young ladies of a Kansas town got together and decided that they would send their beaux home promptly at 10 o'clock. The boys are on a strike, and the girls are said to be weakening.

Arizona has made train-robbing a capital crime. Horse stealing has been punishable by death for years in Arizona, and the extension of the same protection to the iron horse is somewhat tardy.

Electric power has been utilized in the Galician forests to fell trees. The work is done by means of a drill, operated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it.

B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) is living at Chelsea, a Boston suburb, "waiting for the better life," as he says, "with pen, paper, pipe and pills." Still minding his p's, as it were. Mr. Shillaber is 74 years old, and is crippled by rheumatism.

The late Isaiah V. Williamson, the wealthy and charitable Philadelphian, was a most eccentric man. He was reserved, silent, abstracted, careless in his dress and utterly indifferent to conventionalities. The umbrella which he always carried was thirty years old at least.

In Ware, N. H., a big six pound cat saw an owl in a tree and decided to eat it. So it scrambled up the tree, and, after a short, sharp fight, fell to the ground dead. The owl's big claws had been too much for it. The bird was captured, and was found to measure six feet from tip to tip of its extended wings.

Boston boasts of a dog, the member of a family where fish is always eaten on Fridays, that for some time past disappeared on Thursday evenings and was not seen again until Saturday morning. Investigation showed that the intelligent but heretical brute spent Friday with a family where meat was eaten on that day.

According to a report from Sunderland, Mass., there is a certain farmer down there in very hard luck. A flock of partridge has taken possession of his orchard and its apple buds. They are so tame that he can't drive them away with a club, and, as the law won't permit him to kill them, he is at the mercy of the birds.

At a Spanish military review in Madrid the other day an artilleryman was thrown down and injured by a gun carriage, whereupon Minister Perry Belmont alighted from his carriage, which was near, had the wounded man put into it and ordered the driver to the hospital, some miles away.

They are talking of having omnibuses in London, especially for those who want to smoke when they ride. Apparently there is a Yankee in the scheme, for it is said that the vehicles will be fitted up with racks of newspapers, and also with drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines that will deliver cigars, cigarettes, tobacco and matches.

Before Mr. Cleveland has warmed his law office chair the New York *Herald* devotes a page to the publication of the opinions of representative New Yorkers upon the great question of tariff reform and National party leadership. Results are generalized as follows: In doubt as to choice, 52; for Hill, 72; Cleveland, 34; Randall, 16; Whitney, 12.

The jacket which the Empress of Russia wore at the time of the railroad accident at Borki, recently, has a hole as large as a hand torn in the left side, and the buttons have been crushed, evidently by a shock. She has ordered a duplicate of the garment, minus these reminders of her narrow escape, from the Paris dressmaker who made the original.

There has been a revival of religion at Moberly, Mo., and among the conversions was that of a man who had been a very hard case. When he went forward in the church to make a profession of his faith, he surprised the parson and people by handing to the former a bottle half full of whisky and a slung shot. He said that he proposed to renounce all his evils.

A newspaper in Vienna called the *Schwarzgelb* has just been suppressed for publishing the following paragraph: "Prince Rudolph was assassinated for political reasons, and the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who on the 14th of October, in a trip from Batavia to Singapore, jumped overboard and perished, was not insane, but was the victim of a political plot."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has taken a house at Hicks and Orange streets, Brooklyn, and will begin housekeeping in it in May. Although Mrs. Beecher greatly opposed the choice of Mr. Abbott as pastor of Plymouth church, she occupies her old pew there every Sunday, and is as active in church work as when her husband was living. Mrs. Beecher is in her 76th year, but is as full of energy as in other years.

The latest use of photograpy is to make a cannon ball take a picture of its own wabblings. An arrangement something like a camera is placed in the fore end of the projectile, and when it is fired directly at the sun the light traces lines upon the sensitive plate, from the direction of which it can be told whether the projectile has kept in one position or has wavered to and fro during its flight. The scheme is largely theoretical as yet.

Capt. George E. Lemon, chairman of the Finance committee of the inaugural ceremonies, has just completed his report. It is as follows: Receipts from sale of ball tickets, $58,220; from supper, $3,886. There were 15,807 persons who attended the promenade concerts on the night following the ball, and the committee realized from this source $7,903.50. Extra souvenirs were sold to the amount of $1,436.50, which, with the guarantee fund of $50,100 paid in previous to the ball, makes the total receipts from the ball $122,546. Adding thereto the amount received from the sale of privileges, $3,500, swells the grand total of receipts to $125,046.

A gentleman just returned from Indian Territory makes a curious contribution to the Harrison family history. He saw at Fort Reno, I. T., in the relic collection of Indian Agent Dyer, a silver pipe inscribed: Presented by Major General Harrison, U. S. A., on behalf of the United States, to the Shawanoese tribe of Indians, 1814." The Shawanoese have long been extinct, and the pipe was given to Major Dyer several years ago by Tom Blackhoof, their last descendant. The bowl is elaborately chased, and on one side contains a picture of an Indian and a soldier shaking hands, the military man in the full regimental of three-quarters of a century ago. The Dyers are said to have the finest collection of Indian relics in the country.

A year ago Oliver Wendell Holmes found it necessary to prepare a printed note, which set forth that—"Dr. Holmes regrets that impaired eyesight and the large demands made upon his time by distant and unknown friends oblige him to contract his hitherto extended correspondence and to avail himself of the services of an assistant in writing." To this Dr. Holmes has now found it necessary to add the following: "My correspondents with whom I have had no previous acquaintance must excuse me if, for the reasons stated above—which have grown more urgent since my first printed note—I answer their letters henceforth by dictation. Unless I follow this course I shall be unable to answer them at all. Boston, Feb. 1, 1889."

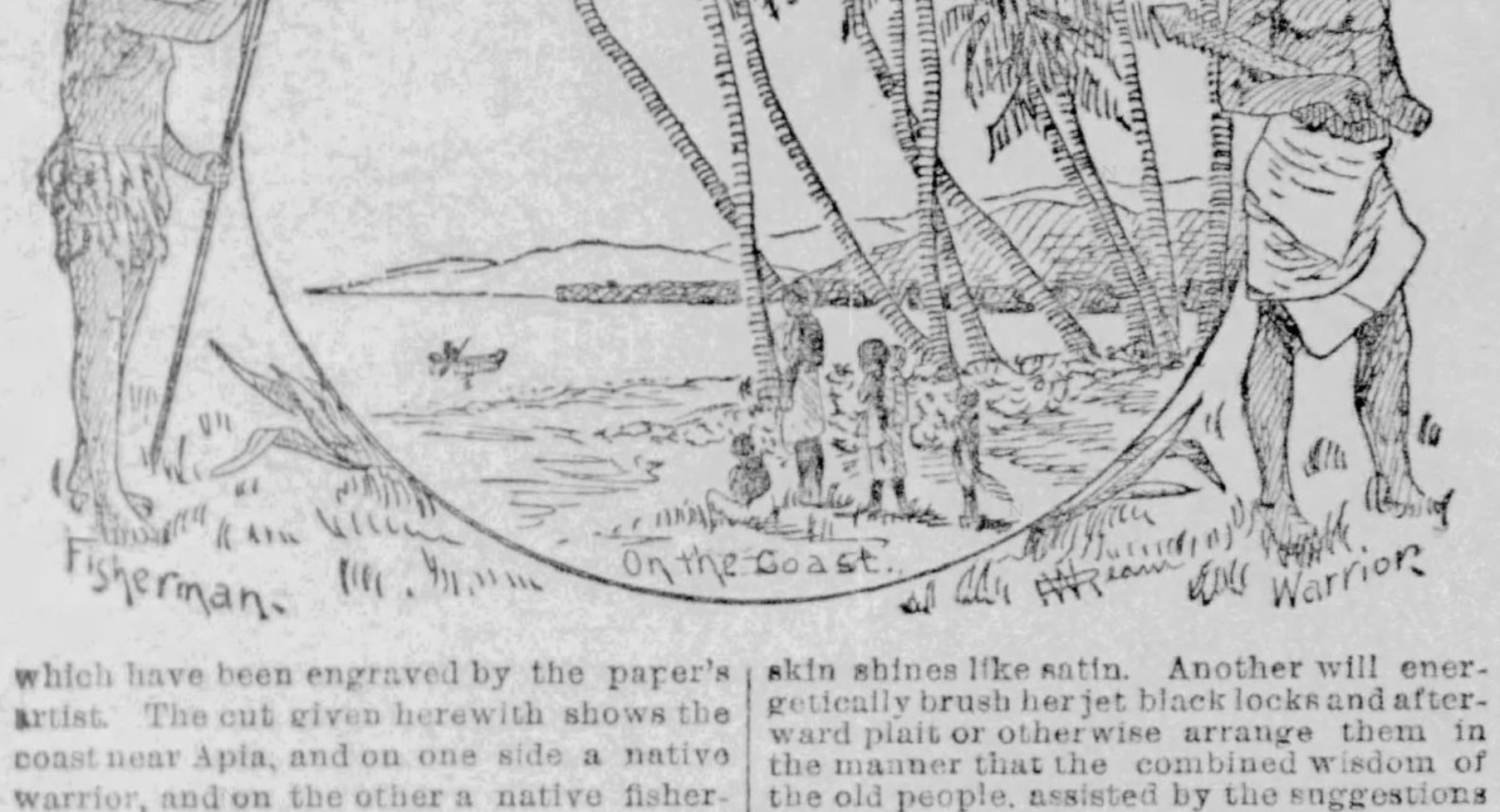
THE SAMOAN PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COUNTRY

Made by the Recent Photographs Received by Mr. H. B. Tillinghast, of This City—Something About the Islands and the Natives.

WITHIN the past few days public attention has been so often called to the recent troubles in Samoa, that the readers of THE BLADE will doubtless be interested in knowing some more about the country and its people. As was mentioned in this paper at the time, Mr. H. B. Tillinghast a few days ago received a large number of very fine photographs from Samoa, showing different views of the country and the people.

Mr. Tillinghast has very kindly loaned to the BLADE three of these photographs, which have been engraved by the paper's artist. The cut given herewith shows the coast near Apia, and on one side a native warrior, and on the other a native fisherman.



The scenery is beautiful to a degree, the graceful cocoa trees skirting the coast forming a pretty contrast to the background of sea flanked by mountains.

The natives, as shown in the illustration, are large, well-proportioned men, of splendid physical development.

The women of Samoa still love to dress *a la* Mother Eve, in nothing but the natural products of the native bush. Around their throats they wind necklaces formed of a dry scarlet berry or shells sewed upon a strip of cloth. Sometimes a fringe made from the rib bones of a fish is attached to this necklace, and often a spiral boar's tusk forms a handsome though barbaric ornament. Like their civilized sisters, the Samoan belles will endure any amount of pain and discomfort in order to be in the fashion, but, unlike them, they enjoy leap-year privileges all the time, and enjoy the right of choice, for time or for eternity, with perfect freedom from a suspicion of unmaidenliness.

The Samoan women, as a rule, are good looking, but every village boasts of its "beauty." "Tampo" is the Samoan name given to the village queen. Generally she is the ruling chief's own daughter, or one adopted by him. She is at all times a girl of high rank in the place itself, or in that of her parentage. From the first day of her installment to the day of her departure, marriage, elopement, or dethronement for bad behavior (which in quite recent times was affected with a club), she is virtually the queen of the place. It is she who receives strangers on arrival in her town, makes kava for them, and personally sees to their comfort and entertainment. Never, from one year's end to the other, is she permitted to be out of sight of her attendants. When abroad she is invariably accompanied by as many of her youthful companions as are available for the service. They follow her in single file wherever she goes. She heads all processions, and visits and takes the leading part in all "swas," or natives dances.

Her attire on gala days is of the gayest description that her town can afford, and everything is ungrudgingly sacrificed that can add to the glorification of her personal appearance. It is she, on these occasions, who has mainly to uphold the prestige of the town. It is only when dressing for any ceremony that she appears to have no will of her own. On such occasions, a long time before the commencement of the ceremonial, the old women take entire possession of her. On them devolves the exercise of the mysteries of the Samoan boudoir. Everything is done for the proud damsel, who stands patiently, suffering any amount of coercion, one tithe of which she would not permit for a second were it not part of her duty as the beauty of the town. She is first taken in hand by two or three of her attendants, who briskly shampoo her all over with sweet-scented oil until her warm-colored skin shines like satin. Another will energetically brush her jet black locks and afterward plait or otherwise arrange them in the manner that the combined wisdom of the old people, assisted by the suggestions of twenty or thirty of her youthful companions, may dictate. She will then be ready to entertain "the stranger" and prepare for him the kava.

Above all things the native women excel in the art of dancing and posturing. The most popular dance among them is the "Siva," which is performed by four or five maidens to the accompaniment of a tuneless song and drumming on the tom-tom. It consists of posturing and movements of the body and hands, which are made in unison and in time with the music. Some of the figures are executed while standing erect upon the feet, but in most of them the dancers sit cross-legged upon strips of matting spread upon the ground. The postures are many and varied. Sometimes the right hand rests upon the neighbor's left shoulder, and left hand upon the dancer's knee, and sometimes this motion is reversed.

One position is with the right hand spread upon the ground in front, and the fingers of the left hand touching the biceps of the dancer's right arm. Another is a more thoughtful attitude. The right hand supports the left elbow, while the left cheek rests upon the index finger of the left hand. Of all the graceful Samoan dancers none can compare with the daughter of Patua, one of Mataafa's most prominent chieftains. Her movements are so exquisitely graceful and full of such dreamlike motion that Europeans and natives alike have combined in naming her "The Dream."

BOYS IN THE NAVY.

Admiral Porter Criticises Our Naval Apprentice System—The Government too Negligent.

[Written for THE BLADE by David D. Porter, Admiral, U. S. N. Copyrighted, 1889.]

THE apprentice system, or school where boys are trained to become petty officers, seamen-gunners, and seamen, is one of the best institutions in the navy.

Like everything else in the navy, this appendage to the service has had a continued struggle for existence, and one would suppose that, instead of the training system being considered a necessity, the officer in charge, whose whole soul is enlisted in the matter, was receiving some private benefit from the appropriations necessary to keep this desirable institution afloat.

The training system is not only beneficial to the boys by giving them a practical education, but it is a most admirable school for officers. Nowhere else in the navy can young officers acquire so readily those habits of thought so necessary in the service and which can only be acquired in sailing vessels.

A different state of things exists on board a sailing vessel to what prevails on board a steamer. For the preservation of the former is required the quick eye, ready command and prompt obedience, and habits of prompt obedience on the part of the embryo seamen cannot well be obtained in any school but the sailing ship.

In some respects our apprentice system is better than that of Great Britain, particularly in our custom of using vessels propelled by sail alone, which keeps the attention of officers and men fixed upon seamanship, that most essential part of the naval profession. Without a complete knowledge of this branch neither officer nor sailor will ever be entirely efficient. The officer may be useful in ordinary times on board a steamship, and the sailor having passed a considerable portion of his apprenticeship in hoisting ashes, may answer to fill up a gap on a topsail yard, but neither will be equal to the emergency if left to his own resources in times of great need.

None but a thorough seaman is fit to command a ship of war. In time of danger all his resources will be called into play, and to enable him to manage his ship with dexterity, it is necessary that he should have the aid of the intelligent seaman—the product of the apprentice system—who perhaps a few years before was an idle city or country boy eating more than he earned.

We have experienced much difficulty in filling vacancies in the navy from the apprentices, owing to the fact that we aimed too high in the first place, requiring too much from the apprentice boy on his entering the service. He was to be of good stock, descendant, perhaps, of the Otises, Derbys, and Grays. Boys were selected who were the least fitted for the navy, to whose parents hopes had been held out that their enlistment was the stepping stone to high position in the service. When the fallacy of such hopes became evident, the parents moved heaven and earth until their boys were discharged from their uncongenial employment.

How many hundreds of poor boys in our large cities would have been delighted to obtain the positions at which their more aristocratic brethren turned up their noses, and how much more aptitude they would have shown for the service! True policy would indicate that the farmer's son should be left to till the soil and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, but a contrary policy has prevailed and the waifs in the streets of our cities have received no encouragement to enlist in the navy and fight for their country.

I by no means object to the introduction of the farmer's sons into the naval apprenticeship, with their sturdy limbs and moral attributes, but that has been run into the ground, to use a homely phrase. But 17 per cent of all that class of boys have up to this time remained in the navy—not enough, in fact, to make the necessary number of petty officers required for the naval service.

Leaving out the want of aptitude for the service which generally induces the boys to leave when their apprenticeship is at an end, there are too few boys allowed by law and not enough to supply the ships of war with a sufficient number to fill up their quota, for the more of these boys a commanding officer can get to leaven the crowd of foreign seamen now on board an American ship of war the better the commanding officer feels; for it would scarcely be believed that the crews of our ships of war are generally made up of sailors from every part of the world, but mostly from the Scandinavian race, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, etc., good, reliable men, who don't care what flag they sail under.

They ship for money, they have no sentiment for flag or nationality, and possibly, if it came to an action with a ship of their own nation, they would haul down the American colors and hoist their own.

This is a contingency we should provide against, and we have the means of doing it through the vast number of American boys who are roaming the streets at will, and who would consider Government employment a boon.

But a few years ago one of our sloops of war with a cosmopolitan crew was anchored in the harbor of Villefranche. The crew was composed of nineteen different nationalities, and so indifferent and inefficient was the organization that some wag painted on a board in large letters and hung it in the gangway, "*Ici on parle Anglais*," like the signs hung out in Paris.

When our finest ship, the Trenton, lately went to sea, as fine a body of Goths, Germans, Huns, Norsemen, Gauls, Chinese, and other outside barbarians, softened down by time and civilization, as one could wish to see went in her. Out of the whole crew no more than eighty could speak the English language. Is not this a commentary upon the American navy? is it not a defect to be corrected?

The thing wanted is a larger number of native apprentice boys, and an enlargement of the conveniences for their introduction into the navy. The English have five line-of-battle ships, with one brig tender to each. There is also a hulk attached to each ship-of-the-line for newly entered boys and for various other matters.

We have but one regular receiving ship at Coaster's Harbor Island, and if our navy is to be enlarged we should have larger accommodations for apprentice boys.

We have three sloops of war in which the apprentices are trained previous to being transferred to a regular ship. This is the best feature of our training system, for here the boys receive a training in seamanship. There is no steam here to interfere with the exercising.

With a steam capstan and steam winch half a dozen men can get a vessel under-way. An officer on deck, a man at the wheel, and one at the lead, with a half dozen on deck for general purposes, and the ship can go to sea with the rest of the crew in their hammocks.

The simplicity of this maneuvre may, perhaps, be cited to show the advantage steam has over seamanship, but in the case of the sailing vessel the entire crew, officers, seamen, boys, and all, must be on deck at their posts of duty, and be keenly alive to all that is going on, quick to comprehend, and full of alacrity and life to obey orders.

There is a spirit of life here which is never seen in a steamship of war, the difference between a well man and a paralytic; for while in the practice ship there is a soul beaming from the eyes of every one on board, the seamen and boys in a steamship of war look on in apathy and idleness at machine work in which they have no part, and which excites no enthusiasm.

Although the service performed in these practice ships of ours—which sail to the coasts of Europe and all through the West Indies—is not exactly that which is performed in the new-fashioned ship of war denuded of sail power, yet the qualities developed by this service, be it remembered, are of the utmost value to the navy on board the modest cruiser.

The officer who can properly handle one of these ships of war can safely be trusted with the deck of the largest commerce-destroyer. To apprentice boys who have been trained in these ships the work of a steamship is mere child's play.

There is not an officer in the navy who has served on these training ships of war who does not congratulate himself on the service he has passed in them and the experience he has gained, such experience as could be gained nowhere else, and although the original intention of establishing this little squadron was for the purpose of training boys, yet it has the double effect of serving as a training school for officers; and it goes without saying that in the years to come, those officers who have received this training will make the best commanders of steamships afloat.

The sailing ship of war has no rival as a school of instruction. It is the school that has made the sailors of years gone by proverbial for strength, activity, readiness of resource, adaptability to circumstances, patience under severe trial, and contempt of danger. These are the qualities absolutely necessary in a true sailor, which will be essential in the future as heretofore in any class of vessel that may be used in the navy.

What was it that gave the volunteer officers in our civil war such great value but the early training they received on sailing vessels? That training produced as fine a body of men as ever went to sea. We could not have done without them any more than we can do without them in future wars, where they will prove to be a powerful factor.

Notwithstanding the training system has stood the test of time, and is without doubt the best of the kind afloat—although on a small scale—and has received the approval of some of the oldest and most distinguished officers who have spent a lifetime in the study and practice of the apprentice system, it is proposed to abolish the time-honored training ships of war and put the whole system under steam.

It has taken some years to build up this system on its present plan, and so far it has been properly cared for and the navy is just beginning to reap the advantages of it. The greatest demand in the service is for seamen-gunners, and the high estimation in which that class of men is justly held proves conclusively, not only the value of the plan hitherto pursued, but that it is necessary to consider carefully before making changes that may mar the service if they do not destroy it.

Some persons may think that by making radical changes in a system they are making themselves the father of it, but they should reflect we cannot afford to surrender the high character for practical seamanship enjoyed by our navy from the time of Paul Jones up to the present.

If officers of the navy do not try to maintain that character for the service, who will?

A steam bark is no doubt a good thing to produce lazy boys and hybrid seamen, but give me

> "A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
> A wind that follows fast,
> And fills the white and rustling sail,
> And bends the gallant mast."

DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 113, Augusta, Maine.

LABOR MOVEMENT.

A Synopsis of the Chief Matters of Interest in Industrial Circles.

Bradstreet's, March 16.

With the exception of two blast furnaces the entire plant of the Reading iron works has been shut down, rendering 2,000 men idle.

Large stocks and dull markets have caused curtailment of operations at a wagon factory at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Indiana coal operators have withdrawn from the joint convention of coal miners and operators at Columbus, Ohio, giving as a reason that they could get their mining done cheaper without an agreement. The Indiana operators want to reduce the wages of miners, and a strike is considered likely.

About one-half of the nail machines in the west are reported idle.

An order reducing the wages 33⅓ per cent. has, it is reported, been issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company.

Building hands in Cleveland want an increase in wages and threaten to strike.

LIST OF MARCH STRIKES.

Number of strikes previously reported	6
Number of strikers previously reported	500
Omaha, Neb.—Laborers and teamsters, for advance, March 3	....
Kansas City, Mo.—Ice-cutters, for advance, March 5	....
Syracuse, N. Y.—Clothing hands, for advance, March 3	....
Danville, Va.—Laborers (colored) on railroad, for advance, March 12	700
Philadelphia, Pa.—Barrel-makers, for advance, March 11	100
Fall River, Mass.—Cotton-mill weavers in 50 mills, for advance, March 11	10,000
Allegheny, Pa.—Stove-molders, against reduction, March 3	60
Philadelphia, Pa.—Printers in tapestry mill, against reduction, March 12, succeeded same day	95
Philadelphia, Pa.—Upholstery weavers, against reduction, March 11	30
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Building hands, against non-union men, March 13	25
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Iron workers, against reduction, March 14	50
Bellefonte, Pa.—Puddlers and helpers in iron mill, against reduction, March 13	100
New York city.—Workers in label factory, unionism, March 12	....
College Point, L. I.—Silk workers, for advance, March 12	....
New York city.—Cigar makers, against reduction, March 12	....
New York city.—Upholsterers, against reduction, March 13	50
Total number of strikers in March	11,710
Total number of strikes in March	22

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Mohammedans call intoxicating liquors "shame water."

The Kansas legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of tobacco or other narcotics to minors under 16 years of age.

The Wisconsin W. C. T. U. has sent a letter to Mrs. Harrison asking her influence to banish all kinds of alcoholic liquors from the White House during her residence as mistress.

A senator asked Mrs. Sallie Chapin why women did not leave the temperance work to men, to make the laws; they would be responsible and take the consequences. "Because," she answered, "you do the work now, and women take the consequences."

Senator Wilson, in a speech in the United States Senate upon the Frye bill as to imported liquors, stated that since prohibition became the law of Iowa illiteracy has been reduced to one and two-tenths per cent, Iowa being thus placed at the head of the educational column not only of this country, but of the world.

R. W. McLaughry, for many years warden of Joliet (Ill.) prison, at the annual meeting of the Illinois State Bar association read a paper in which he said: "Statistics carefully collated show that there are nearly or quite half a million of criminals in the United States and only about 50,000 of these in 'durance' of any kind. We are further confronted with the startling fact that of this half million a little more than one-third are under 20 years of age—a little more than one-half under 21, and something more than two-thirds under 22."

The report of the secretary of the Iowa state Temperance alliance, rendered February 1, 1889, should put the much vaunted argument, "It can't be enforced," to ignominious and final flight. Of 99 counties, 89 reported. The law is dubbed a failure in two. Four report no change in two years. In 83 the law is pronounced a complete success. An increase of crime is reported in three, no change in thirteen, and a decrease of from 20 to 60 per cent in 73. The sheriff's office is fast becoming a sinecure. Fifty jails might be offered for rent.

J. M. Sherwood, in the *Missionary Review* for March, presents some startling statistics. He says that although the population of Brooklyn has advanced in half a century from a few thousand to at least 800,000, the relative strength of the church to-day is tenfold less than it was three decades ago; that in New York 10,000 saloons, or one to every 150 inhabitants, stand over against 355 Protestant churches, or one to 4,464 inhabitants. He continues: "They increase in ratio faster than the churches and schools. They are open day and night. They make legislators, aldermen, district attorneys and judges. They modestly claim to control 40,000 votes in this city."

His Name is Dinnis.

Baltimore American.

Mr. W. J. Dinnis, 1936 East Chase street, received the following letter from Secretary Halford yesterday morning:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1889.

W. J. Dinnis, Esq., Baltimore, Md.:

MY DEAR SIR:—In the pressure of his duties I am directed by the President to thank you for the respect you evidence in naming your infant son Benjamin Harrison Dinnis, and to express the hope that he may be a comfort to his parents and an honor to his country. Very truly yours,

E. W. HALFORD, Private Secretary.

DR. WM. ROBERTS, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen, while urea, uric acid and the extractives are unduly accumulated in it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood.

THE JUDGE AND THE THIEF—A FABLE.

BY HENRY T. NILES.

A thief with his skill and soft, stealthy step,
May steal half you have while you quietly sleep,
But whenever he's caught you can make the rogue smart,
In spite of his skill and his thievish art.
But a Judge on the Bench may serve you the same,
In Justice's temple and her sacred name,
And be from all damage and danger exempt.
Indeed you scarce dare to express your contempt,
For you know by an old, but a very strange rule,
The law doth exempt both the Judge and the Fool.

This truth to his sorrow learned Barnaby Blank,
Who owned all the stock of a National Bank.

A very smart rogue, with a very deft pen,
Had drawn up some notes—a series of ten—
And to each forged the name of Barnaby Blank,
Who was then just as good as a National bank.

A very smart lawyer bought all of these notes,
And then bought the rings that controlled enough votes
To make him a judge of our Common Pleas,
(A thing that is done with the greatest of ease).

Now the matter is simple, as you plainly see.

What? Try his own case? No, never! Not he
But Smith, honest John, another had got
From the very same rogue who forged the whole lot,
And Smith brought his suit: John Smith vs. Blank,
And the lawyers soon scented the funds of that bank.
The case it was earnestly, learnedly tried;
They argued, they quarreled, they quibbled, they lied;
Then the jury was charged; that charge beat poor Blank,
And that very same Judge owns that very same Bank!

PART II.

John Jones, pale as death, stood before him one day,
And the Judge sternly asked what he might have to say
Why the law's heavy sentence should longer delay.

Poor Jones had no money, and scarcely a friend,
And it's not hard to guess how this scene must end.
But his pitiful story had touched every heart
But that of the judge, if he had such a part.

"I know it was wrong, but my babes cried for bread;
Poor Mary was sick; judge, now she is dead,
I could not get work to *buy* them their food;
Judge, it's awfully hard for the poor to be good!"

Poor Jones, if alive, in prison must be,
That judge, in his robes, you may any day see.

O tempora, mores! the old Roman cried,
The Times, oh the the Times, the Ages replied;
But it is not the Times, it is poor human greed,
That in all times and countries is apt to succeed.

JILTED GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A Virginia Girl Who Narrowly Escaped Becoming Mother of Her Country.

Savannah News.

George Washington was once a rejected lover. The fact is testified to by his own hand in a letter given to the world a few years ago by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Gen. Lee, writing to the editor of a Virginia paper about the matter, said:

"At the request of many persons, I send you and thus permit the publication of the enclosed letter. It is, as you see, from Gen. Washington, written over 120 years ago, and is addressed to 'William Fautleroy, sr., in Richmond, the brother of 'Miss Betsy,' referred to so tenderly. I think it reveals an affair de cœur on the part of the 'Father of his Country' (for it is not said that he was the father of anything or anybody else) not heretofore known. Washington, at the time this letter was written, was some 20 years and 3 months old, and is represented by all historians and biographers as a quiet, dignified, bashful and reticent young man; but, alas! it seems in that, as in this day, those particular kind of young men always did the most courting."

Washington's letter inclosed is as follows:

"SIR—I should have been down long before this, but my business in Frederick detained me somewhat longer than I expected, and immediately after my return from thence I was taken with a violent pleurisy, which has reduced me very low; but purpose, as soon as I recover my strength, to wait on Miss Betsy, in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor. I have inclosed a letter to her, which I should be obliged to you for the delivery of it. I have nothing to add but my best respects to your good lady and family, and that I am, sir, your most ob't humble serv't. G. WASHINGTON."

Shrewd Advertisers.

Readers of the newspapers of the day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the modern advertiser is progressive.

The value of printers' ink judiciously employed cannot be overestimated; it is the medium whereby a meritorious discovery is raised from local fame to a position in the public esteem. Hence the columns of the newspapers are daily used by hosts of advertisers, and in the competition which is indulged in to attain the desired end, the reader is oftentimes amused.

The greatest of American advertisers, and it may as well be said in the world, is H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., whose name has been made everywhere familiar in connection with Warner's Safe Cure, widely advertised because of its merit in the prevention and cure of kidney diseases.

By printer's ink this great discovery has achieved world-wide popularity and thousands feel grateful for the knowledge thus acquired of this greatest of modern remedies.

Furthermore, the public has been taught that disorders of the lungs, brain, heart and liver, which have hitherto been regarded and treated by the profession as distinctive diseases are not so in fact, but are the attending symptoms of disease of the kidneys; therefore, the consumptive, the apoplectic, the paralytic, and the sufferer from nervous disorders can be restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the true cause by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

The advertising methods employed by this greatest of advertisers are invariably instructive and, although the reader may sometimes be "caught" in reading an advertisement, which was not at first supposed to be such, there is nevertheless no time lost, since useful information is invariably gained concerning life's great problem.

Delays Are Dangerous.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic, as he caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private office. "I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply. "But a second is all I want," persisted the caller. "I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness. The visitor took a seat in the general reception room, read the afternoon paper through, looked at the pictures, played with the dog, and took a nap. After thirty minutes or more had passed the medicine-man came out of his den, and with an air of condescension said to the visitor, "Well, now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?" "Oh, nothing in particular," was the reply. "I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the barn and are having a picnic in your garden and backyard flower-beds."—*Buffalo Express.*

He Knew Her.

Foreman of the Jury—Well, how much damages do you think the young man is entitled to?

First Juryman—As I understand it, he ain't suing for blighted affections nor anything of that sort, eh? Just merely wants to get his money back that he expended for presents, ice cream and the like?

Second Juryman—That's all.

First Juryman—Well, I ain't in favor of giving him a cent. If the fun he had didn't amount to more than his presents, that's his lookout. I courted that girl myself once.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Money-Making Brewers.

A banker who has a brewer or two among his customers—most bankers have them, so I violate no confidence—tells me that the brewers' profits are very handsome—$2 to $2.50 a barrel, possibly. Anyway, most brewers get rich rapidly. He knew one who less than ten years ago was a borrower to the extent of $20,000 to $40,000 to carry on his business. Now he makes from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels of beer a year and has money to loan. Possibly it is figures of this kind that tempt the English investor to put his money into American breweries in spite of high-license laws and prohibition agitation.—*Chicago Times.*

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

Changes That Have Been Made in the Star-Spangled Banner, and What They Signify.

It is 13 years since there have been any alterations in the United States flag. The admission of Colorado in 1876 increased the number of stars to 38. The addition of four stars for the new states will not interfere with the symmetry of the flag. Had the original intention of Congress (of adding a star and stripe for every new state) been carried out, our flag would now be a curious combination.

When the colonists first came to America they brought the flag of Great Britain. This was formed of a union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, and marked the union of England, Scotland and Ireland.

When the colonies began to rebel against the pressure of British laws, they constructed a plain flag without bars or crosses and placed upon a rattlesnake cut into thirteen pieces, representing the thirteen colonies, with the motto in large capitals, "Unite or die." But after the thirteen colonies became more united and determined to resist British tyranny, they placed a well-formed rattlesnake on the flag, with a new motto, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin, on being asked the meaning of that emblem, wrote as follows:

"In inquiry and from study, I learned that the ancients considered the serpent an emblem of wisdom, and, in some attitudes, of endless duration. Also, that countries are often represented by animals peculiar to that country. The rattlesnake is found nowhere but in America. Her eyes are exceedingly bright and without eyelids—emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack and she never surrenders—emblem of magnanimity and courage. She never wounds, even her enemies, till she generously gives them warning not to tread on her—which is emblematical of the spirit of the people who inhabit her country. She appears apparently weak and defenseless, but her weapons are nevertheless formidable. Her poison is the necessary means for the digestion of her food, but certain destruction to her enemies—showing the power of American resources. Her thirteen rattles, the only part which increases in number, and yet so united that they can not be disconnected without breaking them to pieces, showing the impossibility of an American republic without a union of states. A single rattle will give no sound alone, but the ringing of the thirteen together is sufficient to startle the boldest man alive. She is beautiful in youth, which increaseth with her age. Her tongue is forked as the lightning, and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

The next form of the United States flag was the stars and stripes. The proportions were perfect when properly made, the first and last stripe being red, with alternate stripes of white. The blue field for the stars is the square of the width of seven stripes. On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The stars of the flag representing the idea taken from the constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the banner of the Covenanters of Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the united colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. Both the thirteen stripes and the stars showed the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to, and their dependence upon, the Union as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the previous banners, namely, the red color, which in the days of Roman glory was the signal of defiance, denoting daring, and the white purity.

On January 13, 1794, by an act of Congress, the flag was altered to 15 red and white stripes, and 15 stars, there having been two new states added to the Union, and the flag thus altered and enlarged was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. On April 4, 1818, Congress again changed the flag by returning to the original 13 stripes, as adding a new stripe for each additional state would soon make the flag too unwiddy.

Now, a new star is added to the flag on the Fourth of July following the admission of a new state into the union. The perfect flag, with its thirteen stripes of white and red, and its blue field, with its fifteen white stars, was unfurled for the first time at the battle of Saratoga, October 7, 1777 by Benedict Arnold, who bore the flag during that important engagement. After his desertion of the American army he carried his uniform and the same flag to England, where the died in poverty and distress in the year 1801.—*New York Mail and Express.*

PURELY PERSONAL.

John B. Fry, of Sidney, N. Y., who was once Henry Clay's private secretary, is looking for a consular appointment.

A lady recently boarded a street car and when a friend advised her to sit down, she replied that she was in a hurry and hadn't time to sit down. Her destination was several blocks away.

Tennyson still preserves his interest in the events of his time, and reads his daily paper. The aged poet is yet weak from his recent illness, but is getting along wonderfully well.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British minister, is much pleased with his appointment, and says the position has been the ambition of his life. His daughter is a favorite in London society.

Justin H. McCarty, M. P., who is about to publish a novel with the terse title of "Polly," expects to make over $10,000 by the sale of the book to American and Australian syndicates.

Cardinal Mazella, who has just been made Perfect of the Congregation of the Index, is the only American who has ever occupied that exhaulted position. The Cardinal comes from Woodstock, Md.

Ex-President Arthur's grave in the Rural cemetery at Albany is soon to be marked with a beautiful monument, consisting of a sarcophagus copied from the Egyptian tombs, and resting on a granite platform.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is greatly refreshed and improved in health by his South Sea cruise. Captain Otis, of the yacht Casco, says Mr. Stevenson is one of the most social and agreeable gentleman he ever met.

A pony is being daily sent up in a balloon, and being let down by a parachute a la Baldwin, in London, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is being agitated by anxiety to know whether the pony is scared or not.

What purports to be the skull of Darnley, the husband whose violent death history charges upon Mary Queen of Scots, has been found in an English museum. It indicates that Darnley was a coarse libertine, and afflicted with a loathsome disease.

Russian statesmen, from Count Tolstoi down, are aiding in the organization of societies for the prevention and suppression of inebriety. Total abstinence, except from light cider and kvass, an acid drink with little alcohol, is the rule they seek to establish for too hard drinkers.

There will be a sigh of relief when the present minister to Italy, Mr. John B. Stallo, takes his departure from Rome. He has made himself notable in that courtly city by his disregard of the amenities of diplomatic life, and the change from Stallo to Porter will be a most grateful one.

An interesting incident took place in the diplomatic gallery of the House when Speaker Carlisle declared the sine die adjournment. A visitor in the gallery, not familiar with the prominent men on the floor, leaned over to the doorkeeper and asked: "Who is that gentleman who has just declared the House adjourned?" "That," said the doorkeeper, instantly, "is ex Speaker Carlisle." Mr. Carlisle had been an ex-speaker about ten seconds. The doorkeeper had profited by his association with diplomats.

Dr. Richard M. Gatling, the inventor of the famous gun, is now over 70 years old, with a full, grey beard and such a kindly face and mild pair of eyes that no one would ever suspect him as the inventor of murderous war weapons. He dabbled in patents and new discoveries of every kind from the time he was a farmer boy in North Carolina, where he was born. He tried steam plows, railroad brakes and a dozen other of the usual new things, but he never won fame and fortune until General Butler got some of his guns down on the James river during the rebellion and showed that they were worth using.

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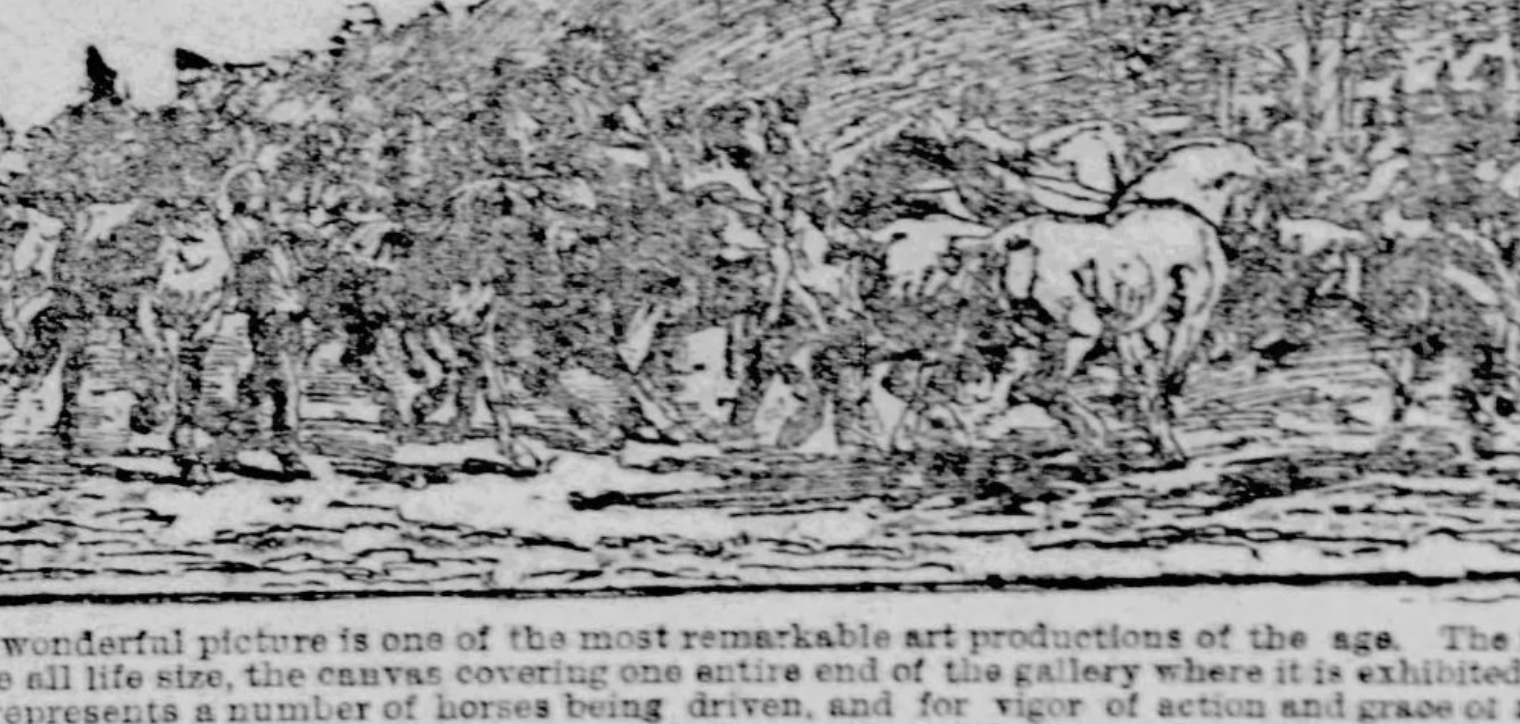
"THE HORSE FAIR."

BY ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. The scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equalled. In the whole work the pose is so life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. T. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 34 inches long, by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO THE NEXT MEETING.

BY MAY PROBYN.

If we had known—how many a thing
We would have said and done!
Who wandered idly questioning
Unto the set of sun.

If we had guessed—if we had known,
If I could read aright
And recollect the very tone
In which you said good-night!

Oh could your lonely vigil tell
What more the silence meant,
Or know the faith unspeakable
That to the hand-clasp went?

We looked for doubt to disappear,
Uncertainty and dread;
"And everything will be made clear
Next time, next time"—we said.

Oh, if the hour were incomplete,
What need to be perplexed?
It was so easy—we should meet
The next day, or the next.

But when the dawn came still and gray
There was no word nor sign—
So deep the sunless river lay
Between your life and mine.

—*From "Dreams to Sell, and Other Poems."*

Equal to the Occasion.

They were telling experiences the other night, and Col. Granniss told one of his. He made the trip through the southern country here just after the road had been opened. The festive cowboy had just begun to enjoy the sport of running the train in the rough region, and at one of the stations a formidable specimen of that tough human boarded the cars. The conductor came along punching the tickets, and this cowboy did not pay any attention to him. At last the conductor laid his hand on the cowboy's shoulder, and said, "Ticket, please." The cowboy turned in true cowboy style, pulled out his revolver, and pointed it at the conductor.

"Here's my ticket."

The conductor walked on and punched everybody else's coupon. Then he disappeared. The little incident had been forgotten by almost everybody on the car. The cowboy was in a quiescent state, and the car was still when the conductor came in. He walked leisurely up the aisle, and suddenly stopped before the cowboy, placed a great big knife dangerously contiguous to the vital part, and said, quietly:

"Lemme see that ticket again."

The cowboy paid his fare.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

New Kind of Game.

A native Hoosier, fresh from the Wabash, and who wants to be postmaster at his cross-roads, was telling a boarding house acquaintance this morning about a supper he had at John Chamberlain's last evening as a guest of a member of congress. "We had a new-fangled game supper," remarked the Hoosier, "and it beat any cookin' I ever saw in Injeanny." "What kind of game was it?" "Twas what they called a Welsh rabbit, cooked into a thin paste and spread on toast, and it was mighty good eating, I tell you. There was no bones in it. These Welsh rabbits must be different from our Injeanny cotton-tails, or maybe it's the way Chamberlin has of cookin' 'em," continued the Hoosier, as he lapped his long tongue over his lips in memory of the good taste left in his mouth.—*Washington Critic.*

The Dog and the Bees.

A dog being annoyed by bees ran, quite accidentally, into an empty barrel lying on the ground, and, looking out at the bunghole, addressed his tormentors thus:

"Had you been temperate, stinging me only one at a time, you might have got a good deal of fun out of me. As it is, you have driven me into a secure retreat, for I can stop you up as fast as you come in through the bunghole. Behold the folly of intemperate zeal."

When he had concluded he awaited a reply. There wasn't any reply, for the bees had never gone near the bunghole; they went in the same way as he did, and made it very warm for him.

The lesson of this fable is that one can not stick to his pure reason while quarreling with bees.—*Current Literature.*

Their Religions.

President Harrison and every member of his Cabinet, excepting Secretaries Proctor and Rusk, are Presbyterians. Secretaries Blaine and Windom attend the church of the Covenant. The New York avenue Presbyterian church will number a few Cabinet officers among its attendants for the next few years. President Harrison has a great admiration for the Rev. Dr. Fullerton, who preaches to a small congregation in Georgetown. As Senator, the President used to go over to Georgetown nearly every Sunday morning, even though he had a pew in a Washington church.

A Helpmeet Worth Having.

A good story is told about a man on the East Side who has twelve acres of land to sell. He asked $850 per acre, and finally found a purchaser at that figure. His wife, however, refused to sign the deed, and the sale was off. Then he offered the land for $1,000 an acre, and again a purchaser was found, and again the good wife exercised her royal prerogative and refused to sign the deed. The property is now for sale at $20,000 for the twelve acres. Fortunate is the man who possesses a wife who knows how to refuse to sign deeds judiciously; her value is greater than rubies; yea, verily, above fine gold.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A Useful Suggestion.

Mr. Cleveland—Mr. Harrison, you are new yet to the White House, and I feel it a duty I owe to you and the nation to give you just one hint that may be useful to you during your administration.

Mr. Harrison (cordially)—Mr. President, I will be only too happy to avail myself of any advice your experience suggests.

Mr. Cleveland—Get the chimney fixed, Mr. Harrison; it smokes like blazes.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Realized His Loss.

Miss Ann Teak—"I met your old friend Mr. Warble last evening. We had quite a conversation about you. You were engaged once, I believe." Miss Fatandforty—"Yes." Miss Ann Teak—"He grew quite reminiscent, as it were. Said he never would have quarreled with you if he had realized how much he was losing." Miss Fatandforty—"Really?" Miss Ann Teak—"Yes. He said you only weighed about ninety pounds then and you must weigh at least 175 now." Miss Fatandforty—"Oh, you hateful thing!"

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. THE BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SOMETHING ABOUT PET ANIMALS.

Questions Which Cannot be Easily Answered.

I WAS reading not long ago of a New York woman who so loved dogs that she had filled the house full of these animals, and happily spent all of her leisure hours among them, studying their various characteristics or greatly enjoying their companionship. When she sat at her desk writing, two of these noble animals lay at her feet, watching her every movement and content if she paused now and then to give them a pleasant word. She somewhat cynically declared that she took a great deal more comfort with them than with human beings, for no matter what they might *think*, they could not say anything to hurt her feelings. She had no need to wear a mask in order to shut her inmost self away from the world's cognizance, and yet the creatures made her understand in their dumb way that they knew when she was glad, and when sorrowful.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

This idea of brute sympathy being sweeter than that of human beings can really be entertained only by those whose confidence has been betrayed again and again, until all faith in humanity has gone utterly out of the heart. Yet it is true that there are animals that seem to possess more good sense and nobility of character than some men and women. I can recall now a dog of royal blood, a Gordon setter, out of whose eyes it really sometimes seemed as if a prisoned human soul were looking, eager to make itself understood, and intensely despairing that it could not do so. I could no more have struck that dog a blow than I could a person whom I respected. And, *en passent*, I have often wondered how any one could beat or abuse in language a faithful animal. The only explanation lies in the natural tyranny of the stronger over the weaker, which makes itself visible in the person in a way that accords with the character. Given a weak, cowardly, or cruel disposition, and the offending or unoffending animal suffers. There is no truer index than this. The hands upon the dial plate point no straighter to the hour than the treatment of animals to the good or bad traits predominating in the individual. That girl is wise who will fight shy of the man, who, no matter how intellectual, polished, agreeable or rich in pelf he may be, will yet kick an unoffending dog or cat, or carelessly whip a horse which he is driving. She may rest assured that he will just as remorselessly trample her rights under his feet and hurt her mentally, if not physically, with as small reason.

THE REASON WHY.

I have made one discovery in regard to pets and that is, like plants they do not flourish alike for all people. The reason, it is hard to tell. I have watched flowers grow and thrive under one hand, and fade and die under another, yet the love and care given seemed equal. I had thought until this fact was made evident to me, that plants were endowed with a sort of senitiive, ness that enabled them to know their friends. Now, however, that theory is destroyed, just as it has been in regard to household pets.

EXPERIENCE WITH CATS.

I am reminded just now of my own experience with cats.

I like cats, as in duty to time-honored traditions I am bound to do, having arrived and passed that period when women are supposed to transfer their unappropriated affections from the nobler and sterner sex to the feline creation. I had never possessed a cat of my own, probably because I had never felt the need of something to love which belonged to me individually.

The first essay in this direction was a very beautiful, well-behaved kitten, belonging to an aristocratic family of cats with unstained lineage which ran back probably to the time of the landing of the Puritans.

I shall never forget the agile, graceful creature that held us in a state of constant and active exercise in order to keep her out of mischief. I bear her no malice even now, though she scratched holes which it took many dollars to fill up; she broke dishes, and was usually everywhere, where a cat should not be. However her antics were a great source of amusement and the little thing owned a large share of the good will of the family.

I have my theories of government, as who has not, and when that little creature, still in the youthful springtime of life, undertook to assert her independence by staying out until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then come rapping at a window for me to let her in out of the cold, I thought it was high time to administer a little wholesome discipline, and so I allowed her to entreat in vain. The result was a disgusted and angry kitten, and we saw her no more. Past kindness had no effect upon her cat-heart, but she deliberately deserted her best friends.

Our next experiment was with a young black and white member of the feline family which seemed to be of something the same nature of Mary's lamb, for it followed us home one day, and we took her in. Again our affections were poured out *ab libitum*, and we hoped that now, indeed, we were to have a family cat that would be always roosting and purring contentedly somewhere about the house giving it the homelike look that we read of. Of our trials with that animal, I cannot even now think with calmness. It appeared to be of a good disposition, and yet was constantly getting mauled and battered, coming home in such a distressed condition as to at once enlist our sympathies. This went on for weary weeks, and then an untimely end came to her misery and her life, leaving us with two offspring not yet advanced enough to dispense entirely with a mother's care. We undertook to bring them up by hand, and the result was that both committed suicide—at least that was our supposition, as one disappeared entirely and never was heard of again, while the other was found, one bright morning, stretched out in the back yard, cold and lifeless.

THEY CAME AND WENT.

I shall not pause to describe the procession of cats, small cats and large cats, gray, black, maltese and white cats, that have come and gone through our house since that time. I have learned to know every varying phase of the cat-nature. I have come to feel of each one that

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

They have come and gone, one by one, leaving but a memory behind them. So often has this been repeated that I had come to the conclusion that for us no household pet of the feline persuasion was possible. There is, however, a legend that if one waits long enough the heart's desire will be gratified, and it has proved true in this case. We have another cat. It followed one of the family home a few weeks ago, and joyfully cast in its lot with us. I shall not describe this beautiful creature, lest somebody may recognize the glowing picture, and ruthlessly claim this latest object of my garnered and well-preserved affections. Meanwhile I laugh to scorn Owen Meredith's declaration in "Lucile" that

"Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have;
But as though by some strange misfortune in fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.

Whether this cat will stay with us and fill a long-felt want or quickly hie herself away, time alone will determine. What I want to know is, why plants and pets will thrive and be happy in one place, and refuse to exist at all in another where the sunshine of kindness and good-living is equally as bright and enduring?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

NOW that the time is coming when every housekeeper wants the prettiest and newest things possible for house decoration, let every member of the HOUSEHOLD send a description of whatever she has that she thinks others might like. Little, inexpensive things are particularly welcome. There are some of our correspondents whose names have now become familiar to our readers because of their numerous helpful suggestions. They are doing a world of good, whether they realize it or not.

DURABLE SCREEN.—Some one wished directions for a cheap and durable screen. Have a carpenter make three frames, 3 feet by 4½, and fasten together with hinges, so that they may be folded together if desired. If no carpenter is available, do it yourself. Nail small braces on both sides of the outside frames, and fasten in small castors. Cover both sides of your screen with paper muslin, in any shade to suit the fancy. Red is pretty, and does not fade as quickly as the more delicate shades. Cut pictures from papers and cards, or use the cards alone. Paste them on in groups to suit your taste, and then sit down and admire your pretty, cheap screen.

PRETTY PICTURE FRAMES can be made by covering pasteboard strips with glue, and then dropping over it as much round tapioca as the glue will hold. Gild or paint in oils.

Easels and frames made of wood are lovely covered with plush. They come much cheaper than those we buy, and if the colors are nice, are far richer in appearance.

A lady friend has ornamented her ceiling paper in a very unique manner. The design on the paper is a very small vine with a gilt star every three or four inches. In the center of every star is a brass-headed tack such as are used for upholstering. It must be seen to be appreciated.—NELLIE.

DECORATIVE EMBROIDERY.—Concluded.—The yellow daisies or sunflowers are made the same, only the centers are brown. Work the stem in outline stitch with the lightest shade of chenille or green silk. Stem stitch is simply taking a long back stitch from you, bring the needle up each time half way back into the last stitch. A good way to shade the leaves is to use one shade for half (lengthwise) and another shade for the other half. I do not like arrasine, as it twists so badly and is coarse-looking. Instead, if possible, use chenille No. 2. Begin at the bottom at the center, and work outward, slanting up. When one side is done, work the other. Do not work over and over as it takes so much chenille, but instead work from the center to the edge, then from the edge to the center. When there are several leaves near, always remember to bring a light side next to a dark one, as the effect is better.

In roses, the whole design can be stamped. Work the leaves as before, and the stems of fine, reddish-brown chenille or silk, not forgetting an occasional outward stitch to represent thorns. For a wild pink rose, take two or three shades of No. 7 pink ribbon. There are two ways of making the petals. Some like one way, some another; so will give both. A quarter of an inch or less from the outer edge of a petal, cut a tiny slit crosswise of the petal. Fold one end of the ribbon, push it through the hole and fasten it on the under side. In the centre, or near it, cut another slit; cut the ribbon half an inch longer than is needed for the petal and push the loose end through the second slit and fasten. It must be long enough to "lay over" at the outer end; with the needle tuck the selvage under and fasten into place with fine pink sewing silk. Have the darkest petals at the bottom, and if only two shades are used have two dark and three light to each full blown rose. Buds are made in the same way, using one or more petals, according to the size, and working over with green at the base and sprigs at the top. Double roses require very wide ribbon or satin, and are left "baggy," and caught down into places. These require no centers, while the former have a row or two of French knots in yellow, with a very large brown dot in the center.

Pansies are made like wild roses, of two colors of No. 7 ribbon, with a brown dot in the center. The other way is to sew the ribbon on at one end, hem it over, turn under the rim end, and gather and sew at the center. Forget-me-nots are made of four or five blue petals, with a white dot in the center. Cypress vine is pretty, and is made of four petals of scarlet, a third of an inch long, and between the lower two is a petal two-thirds of an inch long, a white dot in the center, and a stitch of green at each side of the lower end of the long petal where the stem begins. Pink and white fuchias are made of a petal of No. 7 pink, with two petals of half-inch white ribbon over it. The neck is also of the half-inch ribbon. The stamens are made in stem-stitch, of fine sewing silk, with a French knot at the end. Green ribbon, or braiderie, is used for fine leaves, such as ferns. Pond lilies are worked with half inch ribbon. Avoid stiff, heavy ribbons for them. White Taffeta ribbons, such as is used to bind waists, is nice for pond lilies and fuchsias. Many other flowers can be represented, but the olive looks the most natural. Will the lady who asked directions please let us know how she succeeds. Will try to make plainer if any one fails to understand.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A BEAUTIFUL IMITATION OF MALTESE LACE. Crochet a chain of 13 stitches; 1st row—t sk 5 st—1 d c in 6th st—ch 3—1 d c in same st—ch 3—1 d c in same st—ch 3—1 d c in same st—ch 1—1 sl st through 10 st foundation ch—ch 5 and turn. 2d row—sk 2 d c—1 d c o ch of 3 connecting 2d and 3d d c of preceeding row—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3 and turn. 3d row—like 2d to "ch 3" at end—instead of 3 ch 1 at end—then work 1 d c over ch of 5—connecting 2 preceeding rows—ch 1—repeat 1 d c and 1 ch 9 times—1 sl st through 13th st of foundation ch—turn. 4th row—ch 5—1 s c over next ch 1—repeat ch 5 and 1 s c 8 times—ch 1—1 d c over ch 3 connecting 2d and 3d d c of preceding row—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3—1 d c over same ch—ch 3—turn. 5th row—like 2d except ch 5 at end—turn. 6th row—like 2d. 7th row—like 3d except after the 9th d c—work 1 sl st over ch of 1 at base preceding scallop. 8th row—like 4th—repeat from 5th row. This makes the upper or scalloped edge of pattern. A second row may be added, which will be given next week.—MINDA, of Puget Sound.

FANCY BAND FOR STOCKINGS OR MITTENS.—Make the number of stitches divisible by 6. 1st round.—K 1, over, ntw., (narrow twisted, or, in other words, insert the needle in the backs of two stitches and knit as one), k 1, n, over. Repeat. 2d and every alternate round. Plain. 3d and 5th round. Like 1st. 7th round.—K 2, over, k 3 together twisted, over. k 1. Repeat. 9th round—K 1, n, over, k 1, over, n. Repeat. 11th and 13th rounds.—Like 9th. 15th round.—Slip the last stitch of the last needle on to the first needle. Then k 3 together, over, 3 tw, over. Repeat. Begin again at first row.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DAINTIES FOR "THE HOUSEHOLD" (No. 1)—PUFF PASTE.—Make a rich puff paste as follows (When I say rich I do not mean heavy with lard. In concocting anything dainty I ignore lard as much as possible): Take 1 qt. of sifted flour, sifted through a fine hair sieve into a broad deep pan. Lay aside one-quarter of it on your kneading board, to roll and sprinkle with; take 1 pt. of nice, sweet butter, with very little, if any, salt in it. If much salt, wash it out. Divide the butter into four pieces, as nearly as possible the same size. Cut one of the four pieces of butter into the pan as small as possible, using a chopping-knife. Wet the contents of the pan gradually with a very little very cold water. I use ice water in summer. Too much water will make it tough.

When the dough is shaped into a lump with the point of a large case-knife sprinkle some of the flour you laid aside on the middle of the board, and lay the dough upon it, not handling it, as the real French puff paste is not touched with the hand from first to last except when rolling out or shaping to the baking tins. This may seem foolish to those who make lard pie crust, working the lard in with the hand, sometimes pouring boiling water over, and then defying any one to say better was ever made. After the dough is passed upon the board, flour the rolling pin and lump of paste lightly, rolling out thin, quickly and evenly. Then take your second piece of butter and stick it in little bits all over your sheet of paste. Sprinkle on some flour and fold up the paste. Flour your board and rolling pin again, also the paste, and roll out the second time.

Repeat this process until you have used up the remaining two pieces of butter. Now fold your paste together and set away in a cool place, but not where it will freeze, as that will make it heavy. You can prepare the day before, lay on a plate and set in refrigerator in summer, and a suitable place in winter. There is a great deal in the baking as well as the preparing of the paste. If the oven is too slow it will be soft and clammy, if too quick it will not have time to rise as high as it ought. Many of you perhaps paid as high as 20 cents for the little patty shells bought from the expert caterer, and unless you have had it explained to you, you will hardly believe that anything so light, puffy, and perfectly delicious, can have nothing but flour, cold water and butter in its formation. It is best to use fresh or washed butter, as anything but a little of the finest salt will make it heavy. The way to make the patties will be given next week. L. B.

TEACHING MUSIC.—It has been said that "it requires years of constant practice to acquire an easy, graceful position, and movement of the hands and arms while performing on an instrument of the organ or piano kind." Will years of practice accomplish that without there is natural ability, natural grace and natural self-possession? Experience as teacher of all classes, from the dainty lady of leisure to the girl and boy who work early and late in order to gain time and money to carry on their studies—has taught me that they will not. There has to be ability, grace, and self-possession to begin with. And these are as often found with the red hands of the boy and girl who work, as, with their more fortunate sister. If one has ability or talent for music let him cultivate it. He may have that, and lack grace and self-possession that others are endowed with. In such a case let the teacher overlook to a certain extent the position of the hand and arm. My experience is they will invariably make a mistake in the passage they are playing, when you correct the position of their hand, then become confused and more mistakes will follow. Then the teacher is apt to say, "take this lesson over," and "you must practice more." The child will then go away feeling down hearted, and in a complaint against the teacher will say: "I don't see why I can't have a new lesson. I knew this one before I went, and could play it all good." Now, I ask, where is the trouble? Was it not correcting the position that caused the first mistake?

I would like to talk with all the readers who take an interest in music, either through the columns of this paper, or if not allowed that privilege, through letter. If this finds its way into the paper I may come again, but I warn you all I shall talk about music. GIRL.

AN OLD FRIEND.—In the BLADE of January 17, I saw an article from Miss Sadie E. Owen, in which she inquired after some of the former members of the HOUSEHOLD, and among them "Silver Locks." A few years since, while visiting the home of his childhood, among the snow-clad hills of the Empire state, by a strange coincidence, or by the intervention of Providence, he met a lady who consented to share his joys and sorrows through his declining years, and the twain are now enjoying all the happiness of married life that can be found between two loving souls, each working for the happiness of the other, in their home at Maple View farm, in southern Michigan. And now, dear friends of the HOUSEHOLD, let us have an experience meeting. Let each speak through the HOUSEHOLD of the dear old BLADE. Many thanks for kind remembrances.

How I long for the words from the pen of the Household,
They inspire my heart, and I would not evade,
As I con them over, the truths that are spoken
From the columns we find in the dear old Blade.

Though I feel that age is fast on me creeping,
And I'm going down the hill, on the side of the shade;
Yet my age is renewed by the kind words of greeting
I so often find printed in the dear old BLADE.
—SILVER LOCKS.

INQUIRIES.

Will some kind friend of the HOUSEHOLD please give directions for crocheting a cap for a little boy.—Box 522, Chariton, Iowa.

I have a brown silk dress that got wet, and the black lining has stained on one side so that I cannot wear it. Will some kind sister please tell me how to remove the stain, and how to make it over in a style suitable to an elderly woman? MRS. I. W. HATCH, Dayton, Valasia Co., Florida.

Can some one tell me what will remove freckles?

I would like to correspond with some fellow school teacher, either lady or gentleman. MISS MILDRED HARRIS, Black Walnut, St. Charles Co., Mo.

I have often wondered why the Temperance Legion did not contain more of the names of the children of Iowa, and also why the pledge reads "till I am twenty-one years of age." Of course, the reasoning is if they abstain until that age, there is scarcely any danger of their forming the habit of intemperance after that, but yet, I think a pledge for life would be better. A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

The Legion was intended for the young folks only, who, becoming interested, would be very likely to sign the pledge as grown people when they arrive at mature age.—ED.

Will some one please send recipe for making dry yeast and light corn pone and soda cake?—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Will some sister please send me a recipe through THE BLADE for Graham and white flour gems?—BELLE STILWELL.

Can any one tell me where I could get a copy of the *Lamplighter?* Would like to have some one send me something to read to a sick brother. Also, does any one know of an orphan child who would like a good hame and kind and loving adopted parents? SYLVIA GAYLE, Palmer, Christian Co., Ills.

About five years ago, while at the South, I made a drawing of an orange branch with fruits and flowers. Wishing to do it in oil colors, I find that I have forgotten what color the stems and thorns were. Will some one please tell me whether they are green or brown; also if the under sides of the leaves are very light, and if the unripe fruit is not a greenish yellow, or, rather, a yellowish green? An early answer will greatly oblige MONTANA WAY.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where to find market for herbs, sage, etc; if one can find market for them, how they would have to be prepared, and if any one has ever tried that plan to earn money and been even in a small degree successful?—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Will "Montana May" please explain chocolate tea entertainments or any other church social entertainment?—A. B. H.

I want to try a change of climate for myself and children in order to rout, if possible, our enemies—catarrh and throat troubles—but I am undecided what particular spot in this great United States would most benefit us. I do not care to go further west and imagine I would like Kentucky or West Virginia. Will some of the HOUSEHOLD write to me from Kentucky or West Virginia in reference to the benefit of the climate, and help me to a decision as to where to take my family. Please let me hear from you immediately as I want to make a change this spring. I will gladly refund postag Address L. A., 1316 Perry street, Davenport, Iowa.

Would any of the HOUSEHOLD like directions for a spider web tidy? If so, will send them. I have a very pretty one. Will you please tell "Vina" the syrup I use in preserving citron is the kind made of sugar cane? I use it for all fruits that do not turn a deep red when preserved with sugar, and always with pleasing results. I suppose sorghum molasses would do as well, but I never have tried it. MOLLIE.

Will Mrs. J. T. Ferris send me her address? I would like to correspond with her for mutual benefit. MARY, P. O. Box 67, Bronson, Fla.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The lady whose castor is black can clean it, or any other silver ware, as follows: Get good whiting or French chalk and mix to a paste with equal parts of alcohol and common ammonia. First apply the paste and rub well in with a soft tooth brush. Place the castor and brush where both will dry well. Then brush off the paste with the brush and polish with canton flannel or chamois skin. It is a good plan to first brush well with clear ammonia and rinse in warm water before applying the paste if the article is very black. I have used the above for years, and always with perfect success.—MONTANA MAY.

If the lady whose castor is tarnished will go to a drug store or jeweler's and get a box of cleaning powder—especially for silverware—and take a soft flannel cloth, slightly damp, and dip in the powder; then rub her castor until clean, then polish with a dry flannel, she will find it looks almost new. It is splendid to keep spoons and all silverware bright.—LIZZIE.

Reply to "Widow:" Get from a drug store five cents worth of fish berries (crushed), put them in a pint of whisky, let them remain a day or two before using. Wet the hair and head well with it, binding a cloth around the head. It is best to apply it just before going to bed at night. Be careful not to get it in the eyes or mouth, as fish-berries are poison. Use some in a little water to wash the body. Be careful not to get it on any clothing that have lice on them. I have seen it used several times. One or two applications will surely destroy all.—A READER OF THE BLADE.

In THE BLADE of January 31 a member of the HOUSEHOLD, signed "Melvina," inquires how to get a book to learn German. If she will send me her address I will tell her how I learned that language.—GESIMA JOHANNES, Hiawatha, Kans.

If "Mrs. L.," Rockville, Ill., will wash her kid gloves in sweet milk I think she will be pleased with the result.

I notice in THE BLADE of February 14 an article, entitled, "Ways for girls to earn money." As I am in search of some way to earn money, and am so situated that I could raise flowers very easily, I would like to be informed where I should apply for the sale of these flowers. Please give the address of some florist who would want such goods if you can.—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

THE BLADE can give no business addresses as a free advertisement. Get the names of different florists in the nearest city, and either go to them or write and see if they want them. You might find a good market among private families, by a little patience and perseverance. You will have to go ahead yourself in such matters, for no one can do it for you.—ED.

B. F. W.: Your question in regard to silk worms was answered last week. There are several good poultry papers published. Among them are: *Poultry Journal*, Chicago; *Fanciers' Gazette*, Indianapolis; *California Cackler*, San Francisco; "*The Chicken*," Denver City, Colorado; *Monitor of Poultry and Pets*, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; *National Poultry and Pets*, Toledo, O.

"Mrs. C. H. B.:" The seventh day, Saturday, was kept as the Sabbath, because it was so given in the commandments to Moses, but Christ changed it to the first day of the week. The first was called the old dispensation; the second, the new. You are, doubtless, aware that Jews who reject Jesus, still keep Saturday as the Sabbath.—ED.

SNOW TEAS.

An entertainment of this kind is only appropriate for the winter season, but some of THE BLADE readers who live in the more northern regions, may still find it useful, while others can remember it for another season.

It is an object to make everything look as white and snowlike as possible. At one that was recently given in Toledo, a layer of white cotton batting was twined about the chandeliers, wound around the balustrade of the stairway, tacked to the window casings, in short, was in every conceivable place where it would present the appearance of drifted snow.

All the flowers used for decoration should be white and put in glass bowls, etc. Candles burning in white candlesticks give a soft light to the room, but of course these can be dispensed with. A pretty effect is made by slightly sprinkling the cotton with diamond dust. Have the appointments of the table all white, if possible.

MENU.

Scalloped Salmon. Pickles. Rolls.
Cabbage Salad with Cream Dressing. Crackers.
Salted Almonds.
Lemon Jelly and Whipped Cream.
Russian Tea.

Those who do not like tea *a la Russian*, which is clear tea with a little lemon squeezed in it, may, of course, be served with cream and sugar without the lemon. The latter is sliced and passed to the guests to use as they please.

RECIPES.

TO PREPARE MEAT.—Try this sisters all of THE HOUSEHOLD, and you will have something an epicure would relish. Take a hogshead, cut it lengthwise in four pieces. Cut out the tongue, cut off the ears, scald it all, scrape clean, wash in cold water and set it on to boil in 1 qt. more water than will cover it. Then add a heaping tablespoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful black pepper and 1 onion whole, and boil until the meat falls from the bones. Then take it off and with a skimmer take out all the meat and put in a shallow pan to cool. Meanwhile strain the juice, and if very greasy, with a spoon dip out as much fat as you can. When the meat has cooled sufficiently so it can be handled, pick out all the bones, and squeeze the meat with your hand to reduce it to a pulp. Those parts that will not mash by squeezing must be cut up fine. Then set it on to boil in the juice, and if not quite salty enough add more salt. Now take 1 scant quart of sifted flour and mix it smoothly with cold water to the consistency of cream, and pour it gradually into the boiling meat stirring the meat with a large iron spoon all the while. It will get rather hard, and perhaps it will require both hands to stir. After the batter has all been added, let boil for at least five minutes, while stirring constantly to prevent burning. Then remove from the fire and with a skimmer dip it out into bowls, and be sure you flatten the top of each bowlful and set away to cool until next morning. If any fat has gathered on the top scrape off carefully. With a knife loosen the meat all around in the bowl, then turn it upside down on a tray and it will slip out easily. Now cut slices, as many as you wish, ¼ of an inch in thickness, and have the fryer hot, with just enough lard to grease the bottom. Fry each slice on both sides until a crisp, and send to the table hot.

This is fit for a king, and will keep well in a cool place for a week. Besides it is very convenient, as it can be served in a few minutes.—MOLLIE.

COOKIES.—Take 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with lemon; do not knead very stiff; roll thin and bake in a hot oven. I have tried making my own lemon extract, and I think it is better than what we buy.—NEW COMER.

TO PICKLE BEEF.—Here is a very excellent way to pickle beef. We have used it two years, and find it splendid: To 100 lbs. of beef take 6 lbs. of salt, 3 lbs. of brown sugar, ½ lb. soda, 4 ozs. saltpetre. Put all together in water enough to cover the beef; put in your boiler and boil until all is dissolved. Pack beef in barrel and pour the brine on boiling hot. Put on weight and cover and let stand 10 days; then pour off the brine and boil again and skim it well, and return to beef when cold. Beef pickled in this way will keep any length of time if covered with brine.—NEW COMER.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK VERY TENDER.—Put meat drippings in spider; let get hot; cut the steak across the grain if possible, season and set it in oven and bake half hour; try it. Beef can be cooked and put down in jars and hot drippings or lard poured over it. After it gets cold melt lard or beef drippings and cover an inch deep; tie paper over, and it will keep sweet six months. Beef drippings with the water cooked out and strained, is as good as lard for frying crullers in.

STEAMED CORN BREAD:—Two cupfuls of corn meal; 2 cupfuls of flour; 1 cupful of molasses; 2 teaspoonfuls of soda; a pinch of salt, and cold water enough to make a batter about as thick as griddle cakes. Take three of your pound baking powder cans, grease the inside, cover and all; pour in your mixture and place in a kettle of boiling water. Boil steadily two hours. If you wish, you can then remove the covers and brown in the oven, but we prefer it without. Try this, sisters, and see if John doesn't say it is good. MRS. E. W. T.

TO KEEP MAPLE MOLASSES THE YEAR ROUND—Prepare the cans same as for fruit, fill with the cold molasses and seal.—ELLA MEADOWS, Ina, Mo.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AMO, IND.
Ida May Hodson
RED ROCK, MONT.
Alice Wadams
DECATUR, ILL.
Guy Vance
Claude Vance
TIRO, O.
Vinton C Melchior
Eva Tussing
UNION, ILLS.
Llewellyn D Crandall
Elbert G Crandall
Jean A Crandall
George H Crandall
GRANVILLE, O.
Mamie Philipps
Vickie Philipps
Philip Philipps
Pearl Philipps
Bertha Philipps
Susie Philipps
T Warren Philipps
COLWICH, KAS.
Charlie C Swift
Albert C Maine
Ollie F Roberts
Coriand C Cunning
Oscar F Roberts
Floy Steenrod
Leroy O Steenrod
Allie Van Horne
Rena Van Horne
Dora Tryon
Susie Childs
Joseph Hedrick
Nellie Hedrick
Rillie G Adams
Effie G Atherton
Willard Haskins
Fred Haskins
Arva Pore
Otis R Glass
Ella M Reynolds
PATTERSON, IOWA.
Fred C Runkle
Lyra M Freeman
Clara J Freeman
Elmer Freeman
Flora Guilliams
Maude Guilliams
Charlie C Guilliams
Ernie Guilliams
MIDWAY, IND.
Jackson Lloyd
Willie McVey
Harry Bauman
Charley Nix
Leonard Brown
Sam Nix
John Rhodes
Theodore Hall
Maggie White
ELK LAKE, PA.
James W Rogers
A Lee Estes
John Thomas Rogers
Levi Edward Rogers
Elbert S Brodhead
Jennie Brodhead
Maude Henry
Grace Henry
Lillie Palmer
Lena Tyler
Belle Jacoby
Hattie Jacoby
Hattie Doloway
Julia Arnold
Harry Hay
Truman Hall
Grace Young
Emma Griswold
Ella Ball
Allie Hall
TOLEDO, O.
Florence A Gates
WOLF LAKE, IND.
Walter Baker
Olda Baker
Sadie Baker
ALDEN, KAS.
Nettie Mudge
Leoni Compton
Metta Seward
Florence Murphy
Sarah Murphy
Nettie Foster
Minnie Marshall
Lena Currier
George Kiady
Sadie Keeler
Anna Stupp
Ada Stupp
Jennie Caul
Alice Chatterson
Mary Chatterson
Belle Chatterson
Carrie Steinmetz
Mattie Evans
Eva Werner
Judah Jackson
Aller Keeler
Harry Caul
Will Engle
Waldo Currier
Joe Werner
Earl Kibby
Mason Stout
Victor Sardt
Elbert Seward
Smith Currier
George Murphy
James Murphy
Andrew Murphy
Harry Godshalk
Carl Godshalk
Emma Compton
Nellie Stevens
Mary Strueby
Effie Strueby
Ada Davis
Will Vincent
Ray Welden
Fanny Mills
Allie Mills
Katie Willett
William Steinmetz
Freddie Engle
Ramie Engle
John Stevens
Mark Stevens
Inez Caywood
Sadie Stout
Delphia Willett
Roe Willett
Hugh Willett
Emma Sardt
Lottie Sardt
Leora Caywood
Jimmie Fair
Vallie Fair
Charlie Compton
Ed Davis
Mary Werner
Cassie Werner
Jennie Stout
Will Caul
Guy Selfridge
Harvey Mills
C James Jackson
Alfred Jackson
James Stout
Irvin Ritter
Charley Mills
Nellie Davis
Eddie Kerfoot
Jessie Mills
Ollie Ross

Names this week, 155. Total 25,931.

The above embraces all names received up to March 14.

HER NAME.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,
The stone has scratched her dimpled knees,
I stopped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiney-eyes," she said:
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiney-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says," (the culprit owns):
"'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"
—*Judge.*

For the Young Folks.

FROM NEW YORK TO MICHIGAN IN 1844.

BY PHEBE E. ROBERTSON.

FIFTY years ago, reports of an ideally beautiful and fertile land lying between the blue lakes in the West, came to New York.

Though the lands of Southern Michigan lay to a great extent, in the state of nature, they were owned in large tracts by men living East, who, in search of desirable locations, had tramped on foot in twos and threes, over the plains and through the forests, before any general settlement had begun.

Succeeding these excursions, came the settlers in their white-covered wagons, until little clusters of houses stood for villages, and the isolated farmer broke the land into furrows of cultivation.

In the month of April, 1844, a family by the name of Gray, consisting of husband and wife, and baby George, two years old, living in Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y., left that place and started on a home-seeker's journey, their destination being Albion, Calhoun county, Michigan.

The fog of an April morning hung around the steamboat landing at the head of Cayuga lake, as these people with anxious faces—like those seen in pictures of the Puritans leaving their homes in England—accompanied by their nearest kin, approached it.

It was easier to follow, than to precede their old-fashioned leathern trunks, the boxes and the blue chest—a historic and sacred picture in the memory of many people—on board the boat.

The canal boat on which they had engaged a passage to Buffalo, was towed down the lake by a steamboat, and poled across the marsh to Montezuma, where it was launched upon that peaceful tide, the Erie canal. Then followed three days on the canal. At night the bed was unrolled from a blanket and spread upon the cabin floor. They brought their food with them, which was cooked and eaten in the dining-room of the boat. The passage up lake Erie was made on the first trip of the Nile, a boat which has done good service, and but recently abandoned. At Detroit the party took the cars to Jackson over the Michigan Central. The seats in the cars were around the sides like those of an omnibus. The cars were so narrow that after the passengers were seated there was no room for the conductor to pass through to collect the fares: which was provided for by a walk around the outside and the custom of collecting the fare through the windows. The railroad terminated at Jackson.

Mr. Gray engaged an Irishman with his team and wagon to take them on to Albion the next day, a distance of twenty miles.

In making the first roads through Michigan, as perhaps in other new countries with a supply of timber, the low, marshy places were made passable by felling large trees and cutting them into logs about fifteen feet in length which were laid closely together, side by side across the track desired for a roadbed. Perhaps a little earth was thrown over the logs, but it never seemed so to those passing over them in a lumber wagon. These roads were called "corduroys."

In the days of this history, there was a good deal of low land lying about Jackson and more than a mile of road of the above description was ridden upon by our travelers. Polly Fox, one of the horses, danced and plunged and jumped side-ways as though the harness of pioneer life was specially galling to her. The uneveness of the road was thereby seemingly doubled.

Mrs. Gray's fears were aroused for the safety of her crockery in one of the boxes, but Pat reassured her by saying: "Shure, mam, its me own bones that ye hears knocking togither."

At noon they had gone more than half the distance and now halted for dinner in the edge of the wood, upon the north side of the road, that they might be protected from the wind and feel the rays of the sun.

Soon they heard voices from within the woods, and discovered the blue smoke arising from a camp-fire but a few rods distant. Pat ventured the opinion that it was a band of robbers, but Mr. Gray said: "O no, Pat, the workers and honest men will precede that class in this country by a good many years."

Presently a man from the camp approached and greeted them with genuine frontier cordiality.

He and his party were at work in a "sugar bush," the name given to the maple trees in one body, from which maple sugar is made. This was the maple sugar season, as the sap runs on warm, pleasant days before the buds have started and the frost is yet in the ground.

The Grays were invited to the camp where their first dinner in Michigan was eaten, under the benign influence of early Michigan hospitality. This camp, with the steaming coffee and the warm maple syrup—the freedom and good-cheer expressed in every feature of their intercourse and the kindly interest manifested in the new home to which they were going. all live in memory to this day.

At four o'clock they were in Albion. Mr. Gray hired Pat to work for him through the summer and bought his horses and wagon.

In three days the men had a log house built for the family to live in. When the wife and baby were once inside its walls, it made at least the beginning of a home.

Some of the land was bare of timber, and only needed breaking to be ready for the seed. In June a green patch of corn was growing on the new farm. A log stable had been built for the horses and cow. They had pigs and chickens. These, with an occasional letter from the folks at home, which cost twenty-five cents postage, made their venture seem prosperously begun.

There stood an Indian, one day, by the spring which flowed from underneath a large ledge of rocks at the foot of a hill near the house.

Mrs. Gray had descended the shadowy slope for a pail of water, and it was, of course, an unexpected encounter. He stood erect and motionless and splendid. She halted an instant and then advanced, when the Indian addressed her, calling her "pale squaw," which was true enough, for the color had all left her face. He advanced, and taking the pail from her resistless grasp, held it underneath the gushing stream until it was filled, and then returned it to her.

As she turned to go to the house where she had left her baby, her back was pierced by a thousand arrows of fear, and, while fear prompted her feet to run, fear compelled them to tread slowly and composedly.

While relating the incident to her husband at dinner, the same Indian with a companion approached the house and seated themselves in the doorway. Their names were Monico and Fleetfoot. They were on their way north for the summer and would return in the fall. They knew the country all about. They were young men, but the traditions connected with this part of Michigan had been given them by their forefathers. They told Mr. Gray where the strawberries, blackberries and blueberries were to be found in their season—where the winter-green patch lay in the woods—how the shadowy forms of the Indian warriors were at times visible in the darkling forest, or skimming their phantom canoes over the glassy surface of the lake.

Soon they arose silently, and with only a glance falling separately upon each one seated at the table, turned and were gone. There were at this time no settlement of Indians in this vicinity, but an occasional visit from one or more that had wandered from the main body, was not an usual occurrence. This class would naturally pick up quite a vocabulary of English words.

The long days of summer were filled with work. Honey, which the wild bees had stored, was taken from the trunks of hollow trees, Partridges and quails came in flocks about the door and many of them were killed and cooked for the table.

Baby George grew sick in October. For a few days he was able to toddle about some, but at the last he lay either upon his mother's lap or upon the bed, with his arms straight down by his side.

After that there came a time at the close of a day, when the gathering darkness seemed to double the foes of fear and anxiety which stood at the door of their hearts. The parents dare not go through the night alone and it was decided that the father should go to the town for the doctor. He laid the child in its mother's arms and was off on horseback in a few moments. Her thoughts choked her as the alarm and anguish of the hour sent her again and again to the window, only to look down the path that led to the road which had never known the approaching step of any of her own kin. The doctor came at eleven o'clock and stayed till morning. He attended the little sufferer faithfully, but when the sun arose there was no improvement and but little hope.

Mrs. Gray cooked the breakfast and spread the table but there was little eaten. At ten o'clock there glided through the open door way the stalwart forms of two Indians, unannounced by even so much as the sound of their feet upon the doorstep. It was Monico and Fleetfoot returned. They glanced from the mother to the child and understood it all. One of them said: "Ugh! Pappoose sick! Pale-face 'fraid! Pale-squaw cry! U-g-h!" with a rising inflection, and in a singing tone, while his hands made an outward and upward movement accompanying his voice. He then spoke a few words in his own tongue to Fleetfoot, who at once left the house. Monico approached the bed, lifted the child, too sick to fear him, from it, and deftly wrapping a blanket which lay thereon, about him, held the sick baby close to his own person across his breast. Fleetfoot returned in half an hour with a handful of roots, washed clean at the spring, which he gave Mrs. Gray and directed her to put them in a basin, cover with water and set upon the stove. From this basin, after the contents had steeped, a teaspoonful of the tea was given to the child at short intervals. The giant red-man all that day carried the tender child upon his breast. The baby was unconscious and limp when he took him in the morning. At eve he was still quiet but asleep, and about his forehead the curls were moist. It was a change for the better. Monico asked for another light covering as night came on. Save this, he maintained an unbroken silence and an unchanged demeanor until morning. Fleetfoot ate his supper and after an hour's absence from the house, returned to roll himself in his blanket and lie down upon the floor for the night. The parents rested. In the meantime, the baby's hand had found its way to its head and lay under his cheek.

When Mrs. Gray awoke in the morning and came on tip-toe to the side of the watcher the child raised his head with eyes open and natural, and, putting out his arms was laid upon the shoulder of his mother.

The work of the Indian was done. His manner seemed to discourage expressions of gratitude; but he consented to return for breakfast after going out of doors into the fresh air for an hour. With some, nature's friendship is cemented as firmly by rendering, as by receiving, any of her gracious gifts. It was so with Monico and Fleetfoot. They felt themselves thereafter bound to the Grays—father, mother and child. Gratitude and integrity are natural characteristics of this race. The Great Spirit leads them safely when He leads them by these, even though they follow the path to extinction.

Little George was well again.

A five acre lot of wheat had been sowed. The chickens which were hatched in the early summer under the supervision of Mrs. Gray and Pat, were now large enough that the young roosters began to try their hoarse voices at crowing in the early morning. The calf, which Blossom had found down by the willow hedge, was so great a pet that he bawled when deprived of human society. Pat took his gun to the field each day while husking corn, and twice brought a wild turkey to the house swinging over his shoulder. When the fall's work was done he left them with a promise to return in the spring.

Through the winter, the sound of chopping in the woods told the listening wife and child that he was unhurt, and the blue smoke which he could see curling from the chimney-top of the little log cabin, tightened his grasp upon his axe and kept him company. It is thus that settlements were begun in Michigan. The date of these beginnings are so recent that many who witnessed and participated in them, still live to see her great advance and prosperity.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Useful in all forms of Dyspepsia.

Christian Science.

A correspondent of a New York paper has taken occasion to note an exception to the teachings of the Christian science people, who get their name from and profess to be carrying out the precepts of the Prince of Peace, and he does it in this way:

Jesus spent a great deal of time on the mountains, in the sunshine, drinking in the pure air and other forces. These new theorists make light of all natural elements, and consider correct hygiene and food and external conditions as hardly to be thought of, spirit alone being the essential power. There is another respect in which these people differ greatly from Christ; they charge immensely for teaching their tenets, and expect a good price also from those they heal, while Christ gave His power freely to all. In this city a common price is $50 for twelve lessons, while Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, charges $300 for the same, or $25 a lesson, and has further mystical theories, for which she charges several hundred dollars more. Rather materialistic practice, is it not?

In 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

The Sunday School

First Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1889.

Golden text for the quarter: Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.—John 14:11.

I. THE MISSION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.—Mark 1:3.

II. A SABBATH IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.—Luke 4:16.

III. HEALING OF THE LEPER.

As soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.—Mark 1:42.

IV. FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases?—Psa. 103:3.

V. THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.—Mark 4:23.

VI. THE FIERCE DEMONIAC.

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.—Mark 5:19.

VII. THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH.

Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5:36.

VIII. THE GREAT TEACHER AND THE TWELVE.

And they went out, and preached that men should repent.—Mark 6:12.

IX. JESUS THE MESSIAH.

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark 8:34.

X. THE CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.—Mark 10:15.

XI. CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—Mark 10:14.

XIII. BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.—Mark 10:48.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

This is one of the quarterly reviews which may be used as a class exercise in the golden texts of the last twelve lessons. If the verses have been memorized with each lesson, and taught and explained each Sabbath, it will be easy for children who have been regular in attendance to recall and recite them all. Do not let it be a mere exercise of memory and repetition, but bring out expressions as to the meaning of the texts, and their application. It is well to make the recitation a responsive one,—to arrange the children in lines, facing each other, certain classes or divisions to answer questions or recite texts promptly, as called for. The questions need not be in the exact order of lessons, but rather according to subjects. This exercise will please the children, and their eagerness to answer will insure attention. If previously arranged, and home help requested, some mothers may come, each anxious to find how her own little ones are doing. Thus you may strenthen the bond of symyathy which should always exist between teacher and parents. The teachers are the real sufferers when this mutual helpfulness in soul training is unrecognized. The questions here given are only suggestive, for each thorough reviewer must know best how to make questions appropriate and practical.

Who has been in all our lessons during this quarter? In the first lesson we learn of the messenger who told of Jesus's coming. What are the words of that golden text? What can you tell of John the Baptist, his dress, food, clothing? Where did he preach? Whose way did he come to prepare? One of the golden texts tells us what Jesus usually did on the Sabbath day; what is it? What did Jesus do in the synagogue? At Jesus's preaching, why were the people astonished and amazed?

We have other lessons about Jesus teaching. With what kind of story lesson did he teach as he sat in a boat? What is that parable called? When he explained it to his disciples who did he say should hear? What kinds of ground did he talk of. Another lesson of Jesus's own teaching is the story of a talk with his disciples in a house in Capernaum. In whose house did he often stay in "his own city"? What had the twelve been doing by the way as they traveled? When Jesus was in the house, whom did he call to him? Where did he set the little child? How did he show his love for the little one? Which golden text teaches how to receive the kingdom of God? There is one lesson about the disciples' preaching as Jesus taught them to do. How many disciples had Jesus chosen? How many did he send together on a missionary journey? What did they preach as they went out? Does everybody now need to repent? Why?

We have four golden texts which tell of Jesus healing. We have six lessons about his mighty work of curing the sick, but we learn of more than we could count who were healed by his word or his touch. What does one golden text tell about leprosy? Of what disease of the soul is leprosy a picture? When the leper came kneeling, what did he say? Was Jesus sorry for the poor sick man? How do you know? Is he sorry for all sinners? How do you know that? What did Jesus answer the leper? How soon was he cured? What man was brought to Jesus by four friends? When Jesus saw him and called him "son," what else did he say to him? What is the text about forgiveness and healing?

Who was the man who came out of the tombs, and ran and worshiped Jesus? In the golden text, where did Jesus bid him go, and what did he bid him tell? Where did the cured man want to go? Did he obey Jesus? He preached in ten cities, published the good news of what Jesus had done for him. When Jesus was preaching in the synagogue, and a man with an unclean spirit came in, what did Jesus do? Who was sick in Peter's house that day? What did Jesus do for her? How did she show her perfect cure and her gratitude! Why was there a crowd gathered at the door at sunset? What did Jesus do for them?

At another time, in Capernaum, who came timidly behind him in the crowd? Why did she want to touch his garment? When Jesus saw her, what did she tell him? What did he see in her heart? What did he call her? What did he say made her whole? What is the golden text of that lesson? Were those words spoken to her, or to some one else? Where had Jesus started to go when he was stopped by her touch? How old was the ruler's daughter? How long had the timid woman been sick? What did Jesus do in the ruler's house?

Another golden text in a lesson about Jesus's healing is the blind man's prayer. What did he say? Has Jesus Christ mercy for all who call upon him for help? What words did Jesus say to the blind beggar which were the same as those he spoke to the fearful woman who touched him?

Six of our golden texts have been in Jesus's own words. What are the words about hearing? The bidding to the man to go home? What words of comfort to the ruler? One verse is how to follow Jesus, and two are about the kingdom of heaven. What is the text in which Jesus said, "Whosoever will come after me?" Who did he say shall not enter in the kingdom of God? What does it mean to receive the kingdom of God as a little child? What did Jesus say to those who rebuked the people who brought little children to him? What words did Jesus say in a question about gain and loss?

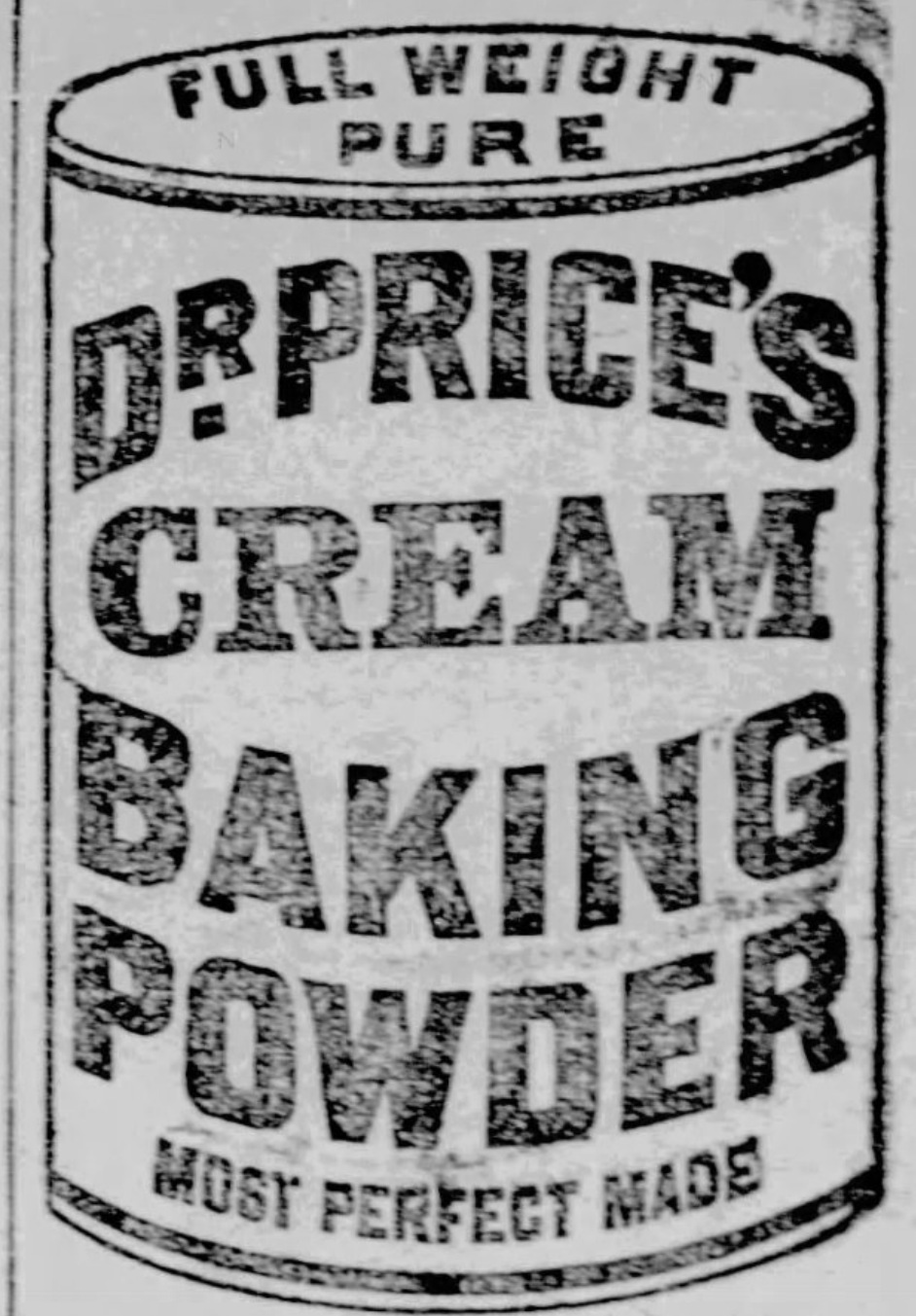
Of all the persons named in our quarter's lessons, how many themselves came to Jesus, and which were brought to him? How many can you remember who believed in him? Encourage the children to recall and see if they understand how faith was shown. Did the chief priests believe in him? Did the people who begged him to go away? Did the young man whom Jesus loved as he looked on him? Did the unclean spirits who knew him and called him the Holy One of God? Do some people know about Jesus and his power, and yet not have faith in him and love him as their own Saviour?

Now let us learn a new golden text for all the quarter's lessons,—words of Jesus to his disciples in his last talk with them before he died. "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." (Have it repeated until familiar.) Could Jesus have done miracles unless he was God, one with the Father? Is it easy to believe in Jesus now? How can a child come to him? Has he ever called you to come to him? How?

Those who would abbreviate this lesson, or combine it with some other method, could have an exercise upon the names given to Jesus in the various Scripture selections of the quarter, as taught in Lesson 9. If the names of Christ and their significance are to be reviewed, it had better be done now than to detract any thought from the story of the cross, which will be the theme of the next quarterly review.—*Faith Lattimer in S. S. Times.*

PICKETT, LOUISIANA, Nov. 11, 1887.
MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.
Rochester, Pa. *Gents.*—The sample bottle of pills you sent me last April I gave to a neighbor lady, and it cured her of a very obstinate case of third day chills, which every other remedy failed to do.
Truly yours, JOHN PICKETT.

An Englishman who has been making a tour of New Zealand, says: I once saw a Maori that I knew walking up and down the veranda of an hotel and looking very much disgusted about something. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me that he had had thirteen glasses of whisky and couldn't get drunk.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

THE NEW COLORS.

Full List of the New Spring Shades With Their Descriptions.

The *Domestic Monthly* for March gives the following list of the principal colors of the season and their description:

Empire green—Dull yellowish green.
Reed—Shade lighter than Empire.
Dragon—A bluish green.
Esterhazy—A foilage green.
Chambre—Faint tone of green.
Printemps—Light lettuce shade.
Sautelle—Faint grass green.
Lime, or linden—The inner side of the lime leaf shade.
Garzon—Turf green.
Roseau—Grayish reed green.
Reseda—Mignonette.
Vert De Gris—Dark green.
Florentine—Dark bronze green.
Snow ball—Whitish green.
Willow—Shade of a willow tree leaf.
Nile—Pale green for evening wear.
Lincoln, and Robin Hood—Positive green.
Yew—A deep green.
Chartreuse—Yellow green.
Water cress—A clear, faint green.
Ivy—Pistache—Marjolaine.
Canard—Duck's wing shade.
Vandyke—Is reddish terra cotta.
Bois de rose—Rosewood shades.
Francillon—Dark old rose.
Aurore—Deep pink.
Beige rose—Dull fawn red.
Sappho—Light rosewood shade.
Scabieuse—Purplish red.
Vernis—Golden red.
Etrusque—Brownish red.
Vernose—Deep rich shade of red.
Azalea—Evening shades of pink.
Burnt rose—Bright ashes of roses tint.
Shell gray—A pinkish gray.
Steam—Light, though dull gray.
Granite—Blue gray.
Oxide—Dull silver gray.
Columbe—Dove gray.
Heron—Whitish gray.

The list describes fourteen brown shades, with all of which we are quite familiar, and eight blue shades, including the new peacock, which is a grayish blue. On the French color cards there are eight shades of gray, eight of blue, sixteen of green, twelve of red, seven of brown, five of pink, six of yellow, four peach shades, four of white, three prune tints and a new yellow white. Many lovely tints are produced from these. Yellow will be a favorite color during the summer.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

It may be generally stated that tornadoes do not occur in the United States west of the 100th meridian.

A society has been formed for the granting of premiums for the killing of animals preying upon the eider duck.

Kustner's observations on the aberration of fixed stars tend toward proving that the altitude of the pole is variable.

Prof. Waage thinks that sterilized infusorial earth would be very much better as a means of preservation than boric acid.

Dew on growing vegetables is said to be produced by the condensation of the transpired moisture from the plant on its own leaves.

An electrician of Bogota has patented a telegraphic device which works without batteries. He claims that it will revolutionize telegraphy.

About 2300 B. C., when Emperor Yan gave the order for the observation of the meridian stars, is thought to be the beginning of Chinese astronomy.

The great advantage of high-speed engines is that the steam has no time to condense, or, rather, that very little of it is condensed in comparison with the amount utilized.

The temperature of Siberia was once much milder than at present. This change of climate is said to account for the conversion of what were once sedentary birds there into birds that migrate to South Africa and elsewhere.

The Empress of Austria carries a traveling basket fitted up so that she is able to make soup on the cars. It has silver sauce pans with gold handles, and the empress declares that she can make in it better broth than any chef can concoct.

Quite an ingenious way of cooling a journal that can not be stopped is to hang a short, endless belt on the shaft next to the box and let the lower part of it run in cold water. The turning of the shaft carries the belt slowly around, bringing fresh cold water continually in conflict with the heated shaft, and without spilling or spattering a drop of the water.

The result of the excavations made by archæologists at and near Mycenæ, Greece, the past season have been highly satisfactory. Fifty pre-historic tombs were opened, and a large number of valuable relics of a pre-Homeric age discovered. Among them are stones with inscriptions, the so-called "island gems," copper vases, and a variety of other objects in ivory, gold and glass. The whole collection is to be deposited in the museum at Athens.

—The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

A $2 Washing Machine Free.
To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No washboard or rubbing required. If you want one, send to the Monarch Laundry Works, 420 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Snappish.

Young Wife—The trouble with my husband is, he doesn't thoroughly know me.

Old Maid—How thankful you ought to be, dear.

Said handsome Tom to smiling Nell,
"Where did you find that mystic spell
That hovers 'round your every smile,
And would my throbbing heart beguile?"
Quoth laughing Nell, "You silly boy,
In SOZODONT,—the cream of joy."

Marriage Is Not a Failure.

A Baltimore tailor is the father of twenty-five children.

CATARRH CURED.
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

One of the watch-dogs at the railroad station in Portsmouth, Va., was killed by being run over. His mate went to the place where he was buried, dug him up, laid a piece of meat by his side, and then went away.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Little Rock *Gazette* is curious to ascertain the largest family in Arkansas, to consist of father, mother and living children. It offers $50 for the mother, $25 for the father, and a solid silver mug for the youngest child of such family.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Pulpit.

TALMAGE ON A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

A Dead City—Nehemiah Longs to Rebuild the Home of His Fathers—His Moonlight Ride—Why and How the Heart of Man Must be Reconstructed.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—At the tabernacle this morning the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was, "The Moonlight Ride," and the text, Nehemiah ii, 15: "Then I went up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." He said:

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than new frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing sould not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophone was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant and a cup bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him: "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the Temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my next text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacle of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of good-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You could take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal and commit adultery, and go the penitentiary, is because they do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theolgy is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old-fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is: "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins, and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence, and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the Gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the Apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ring of the trowels. Again. My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say: "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar 60 feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me. My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broke down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the pity and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in 52 days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge, and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to re-build. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr, Algerius, sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday, and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock, for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that this has been going on for many years. I know it in this way:

Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says, "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and, some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely, now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves—and the old sexton said: "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Savior is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Oh, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

The Farm.

This Week.

We this week give a number of very interesting communications which will, no doubt, be acceptable reading matter to the readers of THE BLADE. The subject of "What is a lister?" has been pretty well explained, and the editor would now suggest that some of the subjects mentioned by Mr. Stine be taken up by members of THE BLADE FARM. Anything relating to the farm, orchard or garden will keep the interest alive in the FARM department of THE BLADE. Let us hear from you, friends. Anything about stock, poultry, etc., will be good reading.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Running an Incubator.

F. W. B., Battle Creek, Iowa: There is some diversity of opinion as to the proper mode of running an incubator. New beginners should run the incubators three or four days until they fully understand it, before putting in the eggs. It was a favorite idea, when incubators were first used, that eggs should be sprinkled every day, but this has been pretty well exploded. Up to the tenth day put no water in the incubator. After that put a teacupful of water and sand in for five days. Then put in two cupfuls for three days, and for the remainder of the time, three cupfuls. Do not sprinkle the eggs. Too much moisture brings the chick too rapidly ahead, so that it can not pick its way out. Turn the eggs twice a day. When you pull the drawers out, they should be put in place within two or three minutes. Experience will teach you much. The amateur will be safe in keeping the degree of heat at 102 to 103.

Sore Eyes in Horse.

C. W. A., Akersville (no state): For your horse's sore eyes, first give a physic, then follow with bran mashes twice a week to keep the bowels regular. If there is too much laxation stop the mashes. Make an eye-wash of this: Take 3 eggs, break them into 1 qt. of cold rainwater. Stir them until completely mixed; then add ½ oz. of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol). Continue the boiling a few minutes and it is ready to set off. Wash the eyes with tepid water, dry them and at night apply a little of the curd that setles at the bottom to the eyelids of the animal. Take a feather and apply a little of the liquid to the edges of the eyelids. The lid may be lifted and a very little of the liquid applied. You should first examine the lids of the eyes, to see that there is no foreign substance in the eyes, such as hayseed, etc. Place the hay so that the animal will not have to reach for it. If there is anything in the eyes, they will not heal until it is removed.

Millet—Hungarian Grass.

E. S. BRANT, Indiana:—There are two kinds of millet—the common, and German or golden. It grows from two to four feet high. For hay, it is sown broadcast from the beginning of May to August 1. For grain, one peck to the acre, and sown up to about June 15. It weighs 50 pounds to the bushel. The golden millet is considered by many the best. It is good for forage. Hungarian grass belongs to the millet family. Has smaller stalks than millet. It yields as much as two tons per acre. Like millet, it is an annual. It is sown in about same proportions as millet. It weighs about 48 pounds to the bushel. As it must be sown every year, the ground should be rich and light. To be had of almost any seedsman. Hungarian grass and common millet, $1.25 per bushel; German or golden millet, $1.50.

Debility of Stomach in Horse.

A. M. B., Lacrosse, Kansas:—Your four-year-old colt is suffering from debilitated system. The primary causes are eating too ravenously at irregular periods, filling the stomach excessively, or, it may be the result of irritation from worms. To treat, commence by feeding moderately at regular intervals, of nutritious food. Give a cathartic of 10 ozs. of raw linseed oil, 1½ drs. oil of aniseed, and 1½ ozs. of spirits of sweet nitre. After this operates, give bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grs. This much twice daily for about four days. After this keep the bowels working gently by bran mashes, when needed. Do not let the bowels get too loose. If, after two weeks' time you see no improvement, you may suspicion worms, and treat accordingly. You will find formula for worm medicine in recent numbers of THE BLADE. Watch the feces when the horse is physicked, and you may see them if there are any.

Horse Stiff in Movement.

M. P., Good Hope, Illinois: We think your horse has in some way contracted a cold, with a resultant touch of rheumatism. Give him 2½ drachms of aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda as a drench. After this has operated, give nitrate of potash ½ oz; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; fenugreek seed, 2 drachms; for one dose night and morning in soft feed, until 12 powders are given. Wrap the legs in warm flannels after rubbing them well with warm vinegar. The animal should be blanketed lightly, and kept in a stall free from draughts. When the soreness and fever are gone be careful about the animal's diet. Feed regularly and cautiously, so as to prevent complications of a serious character.

Cow Gets Blind in the Summer and Eats at the Ground.

A. J. D., Preston, W. Va.: The trouble with your cow in summer time is, that she gets debilitated, and the blood to a certain extent, becomes diseased. You do not say upon what she feeds, but it is evident from that which you say that she is affected as above stated. Give her, when the attack comes on, ¾ lb. of Epsom salts in 1 qt. of water, stirring in at the same time a cupful of molasses and a full teaspoonful of ginger. Follow this with sulphate of iron 2 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 1 dr.; powdered gentian, 1 oz. Give this amount daily in dry feed or as a drench. If the bowels show constipation after this is given feed freely of bran mash until they work profusely.

Small Lumps Below Horse's Shoulder.

J. L. B., Greenland, West Virginia:—Does the leg of the horse with the lumps below his shoulder, smell? How many are there of them? Are they arranged in a group? Do there seem to be hard cords connecting them? Do they appear on any other part of the body—about the inner or outer aspects of the thigh, flanks, neck or head? If they do, chronic farcy, a disease as dangerous, in fact similiar to glanders, may be suspicioned. If there are none of the above evidences, there is but little wrong with your horse. May be lingering evidence of flybites, in summer time chafing of harness. If it is not bud farcy, no harm will result. If they are but lose hard lumps, if they bother the animal, take a sharp knife, open the skin and take them out. Then dress the part with carpalic acid, ½ drachm; vaseline, 1½ ozs. If the examination you make is not satisfactory to you write again, describing closely,

Carp Pond.

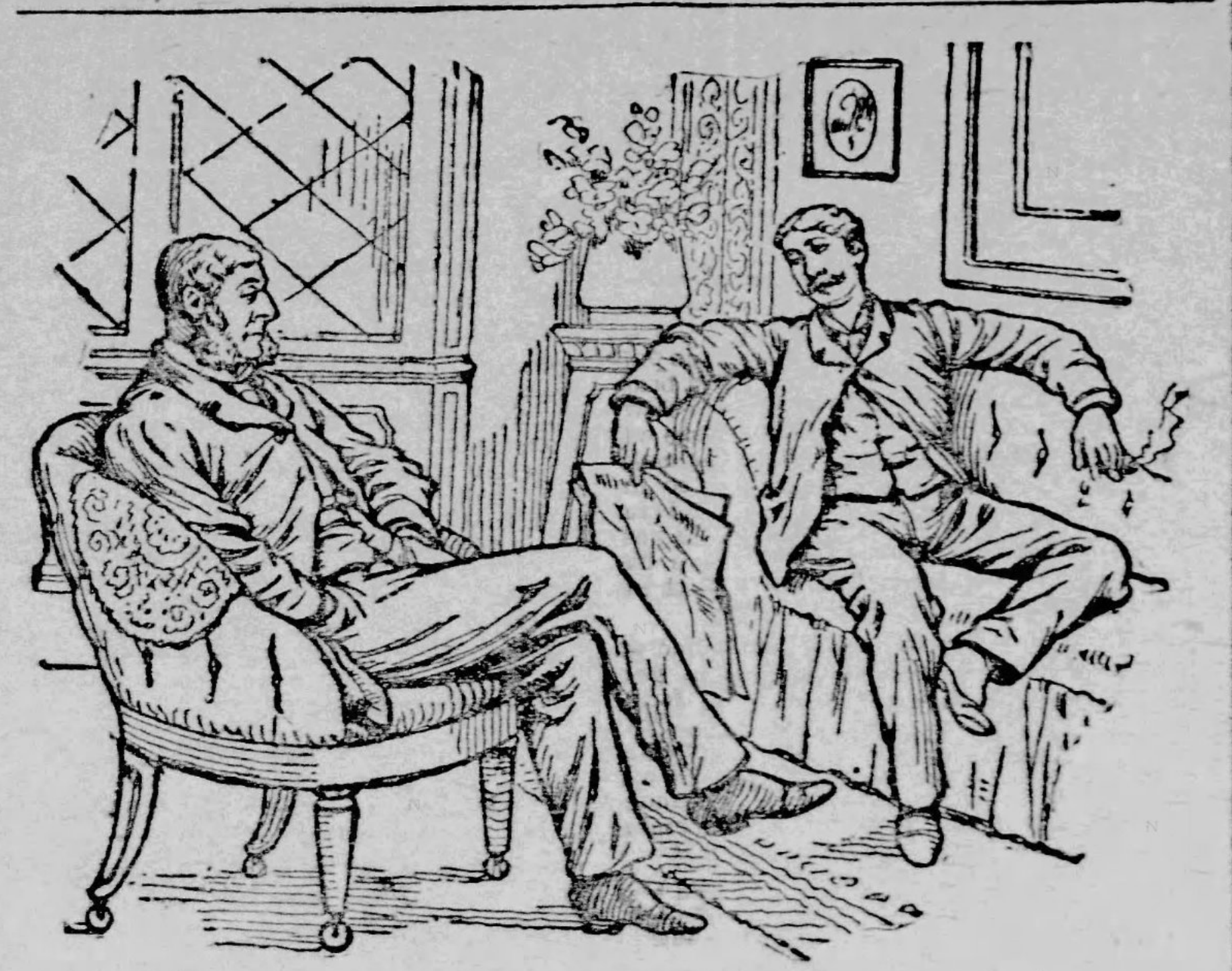
H. A. S., West Salem, O.: A pond forty feet square, say four feet deep, will conveniently accommodate 250 carp. A pond six or eight feet deep is better than one four feet, although carp will do well in one of less depth. The hole in the center of the pond should be either square or round, and for 250 carp it would be well to have it about ten feet square. Part of the pond may have gravel and the other part mud, but if the bottom is all gravel it would be better to put mud in at least half of it. An all-mud bottom is good. Carp delight in mud. The hole in the middle of the pond should be at least two feet deeper than the other part. Sow any kind of grass that will grow around the edges of the pond in which the carp may play. The pond should have an outlet, so that fresh water may be admitted when it rains. The outlet should have a wire sieve to prevent the small carp from escaping. If there can be no outlet the fish will live anyway, if there is some shade.

Bad Smell in Milk—Cannot Get Butter.

A READER, Jerusalem, Ohio: The trouble with your cow is that the condition of her blood is affected. Look carefully into the surroundings, and see if there may not be something she eats to cause an increase in the alkalinity of the milk. This will prevent butter making. We think if you will give your cow a pound of Epsom salts in a quart of warm water, in which which there is stirred about a teaspoonful of ginger and a teacupful of molasses, and afterward give her an ounce of hyposulphate of soda in soft feed once a day for about two weeks, the milk will be sweet and the milk make butter as usual, unless the cow is diseased. Give no condition powders. Keep the bedding scrupulously clean.

Sprung in Front Knee.

Gim, Templeton, Pensylvania: It seems to us that the difficulty of your mare is not in the knee. See if her hoof does not look as if bound. We think you will find that she is troubled with corns. Examine for corns, and if found write, and we will tell you what to do. The bending of the knee is caused by the animal raising his heels to prevent pressure upon the tender parts, and in doing so, unless the corns are removed, the deformity becomes permanent.



HONEY-MOON.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut down on you?" "No, Brown the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous but it is a positive fact. You see my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements and weaknesses common to her sex, that her spirits and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since she has begun to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey-moon all over again."

As an invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

GUARANTEED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar derangements, painful disorders and weaknesses, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, of giving satisfaction, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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SIZE OF PELLETS.

PURELY VEGETABLE!
PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

Unequaled as a LIVER PILL.

Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

When the corns are removed the heels are brought to the ground, and the limb becomes straight. While at times the shoulder is involved in lameness, this may be said, that nine times out of ten when a horse is lame as you write, the trouble is either navicular disease or corns. Examine closely and report.

Rupture in Mare Colt.

H. W., Mt. Pleasant, Michigan: For the rupture in your colt place it upon its back, clip the hair from out and about the rupture; take a little unsalted lard and rub gentle over the bunch. Then put your fingers carefully on the part that is swelled out and press inward until lump is reduced. Have ready two pieces of leather sewn together, one very soft and the other stiff, but pliable. These pieces should be sufficiently large to cover over the rupture and about two inches outside of it. Place the soft leather next to the rupture. Then have a band of fairly heavy cloth that will cover the entire leather. Buckles should be on one end and straps on the other. Pass this around the body and buckle on the back. If it should happen that the band around the body slips, it may be held in position by sewing a strip to it, passing under the tail and back to the band. The band may be held firmly in the other direction by putting a band around near the shoulders and running a small strip from it to the band. Leave the band on until the rupture is healed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

He Asks the Farmers a Question.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am not a farmer, but I am interested in the raising of corn. I hear a great deal for and against the lister. Where fair lists are made, the lister comes out ahead. The planter will soon be a thing of the past, in this, the best part of Uncle Sam's domain. I have a man on my farm who lists, and does it this way with success: As soon as grass, weeds, etc., have got a good start, he plows the land with a lister, without the dropping attachment. He then harrows it crossways. That throws all lumps, stalks, and all trash in the troughs; it also stops the growth of the weeds. He then puts on his attachment and lists in his corn in nice clean ground, and with his land all plowed, no corn stalks or clods to bother in tending or cultivating, and the corn having inside track of the weeds will come up first. Then, with proper cultivating, he has done his part for a big crop.

Mr. Editor, I would like to ask the farmers a question. It is this: Take four farmers all on one section of land, all will plow, plant, and use same kind of seed. All will cultivate and harrow same number of times, and some will raise far more corn than the rest, why? Of course there is no difference in the quality of the land. Now many will answer, Why it is in the cultivation. I will admit that it is in the cultivating or tending, but wherein is it? Is it not a fact that there is something about raising corn, especially cultivating, that the large majority of the farmers are not on to?

There certainly must be, or one farmer would not raise more than another. Of course I don't put a worker against a drone, men being equal.

Some old farmers will say put the cultivator down deep, stir up the ground, while others, with just as much experience, will say to the contrary. Who is right?

I am glad, Mr. Editor, you have opened up this corn question, as good is sure to come out of it.—INTERESTED, Hebron, Neb.

Russian Sunflowers.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having been asked many questions about Russian sunflower seeds, I will answer in THE BLADE in time for planting. If planted by June 1 they will seed as far north as Wisconsin, and I think as far north as Quebec.—E. REYNOLDS, Metomen, Wis.

Has Given It a Good Trial.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing the articles in the FARM department, on listing corn, I have read the same with much interest, and, as there are some of my brother farmers who do not understand the modus operandi, will contribute my mite by way of explaining the lister and mode of operation. Firstly, then, what is a lister? Imagine a right hand and left hand common stirring plow combined so as to throw the dirt each way at one operation, and you have the common lister which you follow with the drill in list. The list is the furrow thrown out the same as the dead-furrow left in the finish of a land in common plowing. Drill in the bottom of said list. Those were the first we use here. Now we have the same lister with the drill attachment, which lists and drills at one operation. The attachment is placed on your lister beam with a spout or shoe running perpendicularly behind your moldboard, and is operated by a sprocket wheel and chain the wheel placed at the front end of lister beam and bears upon the ground just hard enough to give motion to the wheel to operate the drill. Seven to eight acres is an ordinary day's listing for one man and three horses. I should have stated that the lister, also, has a subsoiler which is run behind,—attached to the lister. Now, what is a sub-soiler? It is a piece of steel, fashioned after the manner of an upright cutter or coulter, with another piece the shape of half a diamond, welded on to the bottom of the cutter, flat to the ground, both to be sharp as your plow. This is arranged so you can run it deep or shallow, as you see fit, and is placed to operate in the center of your list or furrow, and the corn falls into this last named little grove or furrow, and is covered by two (one on each side) hoop-shapped cutters which scoop the loose dirt from each side of your list to the center, covering the corn from one to three inches, just as you please to set the cutter. Now a word of my own opinion. The lister has been used here some ten or twelve years and is praised or censured, just as one's success as a farmer in its (broad sense of the word) is successful. Let me impress the truthfulness and importance of the assertion of C. W. Frank, of Kansas, "that one must know and understand the kind of ground he is going to cultivate; whether it be sandy, clayish, wet or dry." For myself I plant each way, i. e, check and list every year, and my experience tells me that it will not do to discard either entirely. That ground you list should be thoroughly broke every third year, otherwise it becomes so compact it will not hold moisture, as we all know the deeper we stir our ground the better it will stand dry weather. That, if possible, I list in the fall, to re-list in the spring, as it stirs the larger part of the ground by so doing, and you also can plant earlier, as it makes a perfect drain and consequently the ground dries and warms earlier, fit to receive the seed. That listed ground will not wash away the soil as bad as stirred, but is harder to get to stand of a wet season. That listed corn will not stand the dry weather as good as checked corn if you will break or stir your ground deep and cultivate on the same principle. There are plenty of farmers here, as well as elsewhere, who will contradict the above, but as I have raised from 120 to 200 acres each year and have planted each way for seven years, I know what pays me best here. If this suits the Editor I will come again.—FARMER, Savannah, Mo.

Experience With a Lister.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—W. W., of drouthy Kansas, says that he put his corn in four times in one season with a lister and then got no stand. I think he must live on the Neosho river, subject to overflow every time it rains or gets foggy. Mr. Editor, I too live in drouthy Kansas and in 1885 I planted twenty-five acres of corn with a lister. Two days after, on Easter Sunday, had a rain fall of 3½ inches by the gauge, and strange to say I never had a better stand for corn. I have farmed in this state ever since 1866, and in this county, on the same farm, since 1869, and you can imagine I raise pretty good corn or the landlord would not allow me to stay so long. Have listed all my corn for three years. Shall continue to do so until my neighbors raise more corn per acre than I do; but they haven't done it for years, and what is the use of me, breaking my ground and get less corn.

Last spring we had just as wet weather right in cornplanting as ever West Virginia saw, and yet all those who used a lister had a magnificent stand—no replanting to do. The listed gave larger and more solid ears. It is also much easier to cultivate, because, being down below the top of the ground, any plow or cultivator will throw dirt down hill better than uphill.

I will say to H. G. Q., Floristel, Mo., that nearly all plow companies in Illinois manufacture listers, and all I have seen are good. A lister is simply two seven-inch plows, bolted together with a solid shear, one right, the other left hand, of course, with steel beam same as fourteen-inch walking plow; above the beam, just behind the plows, a sheetiron box that will hold a peck of corn. Just under said box is a one-fourth-inch hollow tube that extends to the ground, with a very small plow attached called the subsoiler, and under that the corn drops. In the box is a plate with a rotary, dropping one grain at a time, every nine inches or every two feet, just as you wish. Behind the plows with a driving wheel, with small pulley and cog-wheels attached, two endless chains. With a pair of horses attached, say 1,200 pounds each, you can plant seven acres per day. I run on the ridge where the corn was the past season. If wheat ground I aim to make the rows three and one-half feet apart, about five inches deep, the subsoiler two inches deeper. I forgot to say that for covering the corn there are two articles behind the subsoiler, something like a crawfish's claws, which can be arranged to cover deep or shallow. As for running this institution in the fall, and then splitting the ridges in the spring, it is just that much work for nothing, besides that, it puts the seeds of the weeds near the corn, which would be more difficult to cultivate. In wet or rolling land it don't make any difference; nor first-class hardpan, either—we have tried both.

With a lister a man can tend 100 acres as easy as 50 the old way. No breaking eight inches deep, to wear teams down, and with a light crop of trash you don't need either. As soon as my corn gets three inches high I go into it with cultivators. To prevent covering I take a trough, say five feet long, attach it to the cultivators, and allow it to drag over the corn, and all is right.—SAMUEL WALKER, Lay, Kansas.

Raising Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having seen a communication in the BLADE FARM about raising potatoes, I will give my experience in them. I plowed my ground about April 12. I marked out three feet apart both ways. I cut my potatoes from three to five pieces each. I planted two pieces in a hill. It took about four bushels to plant an acre. I used Paris green and London purple, with plaster. I put it on twice with a screen sifter. I cultivated but never hoed any to speak of. The result was, I had 120 bushels. My neighbor right across the way, had two acres. He had 150 bushels. He planted 12 bushels of seed and drilled one way. I sold for 35 cents per bushel, that was 5 cents more than the market price.—BEYON BROWN, Du Plain, Mich.

Listing in Texas.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in BLADE of February 27 some one asks, and you wish some practical farmer to tell the process of listing corn. Well, I am a farmer, and can tell you how we all do it here. It is simply first running one furrow through the field, then back it on the return, throwing two furrows together. Then, if you wish, in those two furrows you can drop a little manure, cotton seed, etc. Then commence to throw back on said furrow two furrows on each side, thus fully plowing all the land. We use a small land-side plow. After all the field has been gone over in this way you are ready to take a small lister plow, made somewhat like a shovel plow, but with a small, narrow mould or point, fastened on by a single bolt, (which can be changed in a minute for any required size mould) and on the top of these ridges draw your furrow and plant your corn. Our lands are rich, loamy, sandy lands and this process is a guarantee against wet or drouth.—JOHN RITCHIE, Trinity, Texas.

More About Listing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in the BLADE FARM some of our Eastern neighbors do not know what we mean by listing corn. With six years of experience in listing, away out in drouthy Kansas, I will tell you what I know. Some people seem to think there is no need of fitting ground for the lister, but I think that is a mistake.

If corn is to follow corn, say next season, break the stalks down, rake them up with weeds, lignis, if any, and burn all up together. Clean your ground pretty clean of rubbish, in doing so you will find your cultivator will work much nicer.

The lister is nothing more than a double mold board plow, with a wheel attached to the beam of the lister. That wheel runs on the ground and turns the dropping arrangement, which is placed on the beam of the lister a little back of the mold boards.

Some listers have double beams. There is a sprocket wheel attached to one end of the journal. This large wheel runs on threads. An endless chain runs from this wheel in the furrow to the seed box that is attached to the beam of the lister. Then there is a small sub-soiler attached that runs directly behind the mould board and about under the seed hopper. A piece of gas pipe is commonly used to conduct the seed to the ground immediately behind this sub-soiler. The seed is deposited in the loose soil that this sub-soil makes. The lister is supposed to only drop one kernel at a time, and as a general thing is very accurate. This distance between the grains is regulated by using planters, such as are used on two-horse planters. Some planters have the holes closer together than others. My idea is that listing is certainly a benefit to Kansas farmers. I lived in Kansas nearly fifteen years, and I raised some good crops with the planter. But I generally raised at least one quarter more to the acre with a lister.—W. R. K., Newtoma, Missouri.

Planting Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As the subject of planting corn has been discussed at some length, it will be in order now to speak of other matters connected with the subject of raising this very important product of the farm. I wish, some time, to speak about the raising of wheat, and will be pleased to hear from others upon this subject; but as we are nearing the season for corn-planting, I will now say a few words as to the number of kernels that should be placed in each hill, and the distance apart the rows should be. I agree with Mr. Stine, that too thick planting is more to be dreaded than a July drouth. When planted too thick, should there be even a slight July drouth, accompanied with chinch-bugs, we can expect nothing but a small amount of very inferior fodder. My reasons are, first, that corn planted thin, (say one, two and three kernels in each hill) will make a greater growth, thereby rendering the juice less sweet, and, therefore, less palatable (so to speak) to Mr. Chinchbug. You may have noticed in walking through a field with the above number of stalks in each hill, of a dry July, and bugs ravaging everything, that in this field they only attack the stalks where they stand so thick that the juice must be scarce and sweet, and such stalks as may have blown over, thereby decreasing the flow of sap, rendering it sweeter and more suitable as food for the bugs? Second, this field will withstand drouth better than if more kernels are put in a hill, for the same reason. Let us suppose one acre planted with one, two and three kernels in each hill, and an adjoining acre planted with two, three and four kernels in each hill, (each acre of ground the same as to fertility, location, etc., and each piece receiving the same treatment in every way), one acre will look as thrifty as the other up to the time of tasseling and silking. Now the work is all done, and the dry weather begins. Now mark the difference. You will see the thin acre moving (slowly, to be sure, but steadily,) toward cornhood. On the other hand, you will see the thick acre come to a stand-still, and, if the drouth continues, it will soon be ready for harvest, and must be put in the shock or the farmer can get no return whatever from it. In two or three weeks later, the thin acre can be put into shock, and then the owner can feel the difference in yield, and when he markets the proceeds he will again feel the difference.

As to the cultivation of the crop, I would say that it should be worked often and thoroughly while young, and the last working should be splitting the middles. It will be better to do this a few days after the last regular plowing, and it is best to use a single shovel in splitting the middles.—ISAAC N. GREEN, Garnett, Kansas.

Listing Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A member asks what listing corn is, or rather what kind of machine is used. Seeing no answer in the last number, I will do my best to explain the machine. It is a plow that opens a furrow both ways, in short, a right and left plow, moldboard and share combined. We use three horses, some use four. In using three horses the outside horse walks in the furrow. I concur with C. M. Frank that there is no absolute rule for listing corn. It depends more on the soil and time of planting. Our soil is well adapted to listing, and but very little is planted the old way. D. C. W. surely went around this part of Kansas, for listed corn was a success here last year, and always is ahead of the planter. The last three years I have used lister and drill combined, with good success. I can plow and plant, on an average, five acres a day, and that beats the check-rower. After my corn is up, I go over it with smoothing harrow, or better yet, with a drag made of two-inch plank, with a lap of three inches, bolted down, with or without a tongue. This makes a good pulverizer. I have had no experience with fall listing, but would like to hear from those who have.—S. F. BAILEY, Atchison county, Kansas.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Work is to be Commenced—The Route and Its Difficulties.

The people interested in the Nicaragua canal scheme have been busy this week in perfecting arrangements for the beginning of the work. They claim to have already something like $2,000,000 in the treasury, and an expedition will start from here within 30 days. This is the first definite stroke in an enterprise which has been on foot for more than 30 years, and the advocates of it appear to be as full of hope and belief in it as they were in the beginning, quite undismayed by Lesseps's disastrous experience in Panama. Indeed, Lesseps's failure is probably the cause of their present impetus toward success. They have always contended that the Nicaragua route was the only feasible one, and are now enjoying all the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." The first of the "I told you sos" seems definitely proved, in so far as the Panama route is undoubtedly a failure, but the other side of it, which asserts that the path that crosses Nicaragua is the only proper and possible one, yet remains to be demonstrated. Those who have returned from Panama universally tell me that while that route was undoubtedly difficult and perhaps not wisely chosen, the fault lay not so much in the natural obstacle as in the shameful management. The corruption of French officials and contractors has been notorious for the last 30 years; it was that more than anything else which honey-combed the empire, and brought it down with a crash. It has been no better under the republic.

The stock of the canal is beginning to appear in the market. One of the men most deeply interested is Captain Menocal, of the navy. He has been all over the route several times and, as far as I can learn from him and others, there are still some points undecided. The first part of the cutting is comparatively easy, being through level alluvial soil; it then enters a river full of rapids, whose bed will have to be blasted out. From there the course is across some 50 or 60 miles of a great lake. The point still undecided is what route to take after leaving the lake. There is a river which might be followed, but which goes so far to the north that on the whole the general verdict is that in the end it would be cheaper to cut through the lofty ledge which lies on the opposite side of the lake and make a direct path to the sea. Contracts have already been awarded to contractors who will immediately begin to work; that is to say, within the next two months at the farthest. A man who has just returned from an exploration on the company's business tells me that the country through which the work must be carried is entirely healthy, so that they will not be subject to the expense and difficulty of keeping laborers, which was one of the great obstacles to the success of the Panama canal, the managers of which were obliged to spend heavily in wages to persuade men to come, had their hospitals always full and buried hundreds of their best men every month.

Pyle's Pearline Possesses Peculiar Purifying Properties

Truth will Out

Therein lies the secret of the marvelous success of PYLE'S PEARLINE Washing Compound. Those who use it like it, and tell their friends. Over one million families now use it. The sale increases—each month shows decided gains.

Do you know the truth? PEARLINE washes clothes, coarse or fine—dishes—paint—everything—in half the time, with half the labor, and better than anything else known. As it saves the worst of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear; your clothes and paint last longer and look better, if washed with PEARLINE. Harmless to fabric or hands, and economical. There is nothing else like PEARLINE.

Beware of imitations being peddled or sold by means of prizes—they are dangerous—such means are not necessary to sell a good article.

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

The course of the canal will be by the most direct route possible, so that the natural water ways will be utilized and extended, and the actual canal cutting will be, it is claimed, very little. It will begin at Greytown, on the Atlantic, or more properly on Caribbean Sea, and run through cuts, basins, river and lake to the Pacific at Brito. The distance from ocean to ocean is 169 miles. By the latest survey the canal proper will be but little more than 28 miles, all the rest of the distance—141 miles—being made by utilizing the natural water-ways—the San Francisco and Rio San Juan rivers and Lake Nicaragua. The number of locks is reduced to 6, 3 near either end. From Greytown there is a distance of about twelve miles at sea-level. Then within the space of four miles there are three locks. Beyond are the basins, broad and deep, formed by the construction of dams, so as to confine the water within natural reservoirs and raise it to the level of the lake. From there on through the Rio San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, there is a clear navigation for 125 miles, the basin adding to this about sixteen miles of clear waterway. After crossing Lake Nicaragua to Rio Lafas there is a cut of about twelve or fourteen miles, part of which is through rock, three not difficult locks, and the Pacific Ocean is reached. For the greater part of this distance the sailing is expected to be almost as free as high-sea navigation. The canal will open a direct line of communication and an active trade between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Galveston, and all the Pacific ports of South America and our own coast that are now accessible only after a long, tedious, and dangerous voyage. The distances are correspondingly shortened for not only all the American ports, but for the European and Asiatic as well. The saving of time and of distance will, it is held, bring the commerce of the Pacific ports to the great centers on the Atlantic seaboard, and develop trade and industry in all directions. More especially it is expected to develop our trade with South America. At present, vessels coming from the Pacific ports of South America find it just as convenient to go to Liverpool as to New York after they have doubled the Horn, and they generally select that market. By the new route any of the American ports would be almost at hand after passing through the Nicaragua canal.

TRADE AND CROPS.

TRADE REPORT.

The Drop in Copper—A Review of Events During the Past Week.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The great fall in the price of copper from £80 to £50 at London, appears to have come to stay. Liquidation is a confessed necessity at Paris and consumers in this country are looking for much lower prices when contracts run out in June. While Boston stocks have declined severely, there are no signs of disturbance there, and rates for money are comparatively easy. Prices at present are nearly nominal, with scarcely any trading. Tin declined a little, and lead was weaker.

The monthly report of the iron furnaces in blast, contrary to general expectation, shows a slight increase for February, the output reaching 149,775 tons weekly, March 1, against about 108,500 last year. The market for bar iron is pronounced the poorest for many years; the demand for car building and skelp iron has fallen off to almost nothing, and while there is more demand for plate iron, and the movement of pipe is fair for the season, structural iron is gloomy, nails show no improvement and are demoralized, and steel rails are quoted at $27.50. Sales to March 1 have been 590,850 tons, and deliveries 142,787 tons, and makers have decided not to increase the allotment.

The government report showing 112,000,000 bu. of wheat in farmers' hands is regarded by operators as an argument for lower prices. With the visible supply 32,000,000 bu. there is thus in sight about 31,000,000 bu. more than there will be required for food and seed until July 1, and there is besides a large stock on the Pacific coast in country elevators and in the hands of traders, not included in the visible supply, and probably more than the ordinary stock of flour on hand, the winter having been open. When it is considered that the ordinary stock of flour would probably exceed 30,000,000 bu. of wheat and that last year's exports of wheat and flour, March 1 to July 1, cover but 25,000,000 bu. the prospect of scarcity seems remote.

The reports from the interior this week almost uniformly indicate some improvement in business, though the complaint of slow collections is about as general as before. There is improvement in leather, liquors, groceries and cattle. Money at all interior markets remain in ample supply, while at Milwaukee, Detroit and a few minor points improvement in the demand is observed. The treasury has taken in during the week only $400,000 more than it has paid out.

On the whole, while the improvement in trade is slow and narrow it is clearly helped by the failure of wheat and copper speculations and by the movement of prices toward a lower level. For the week the decline in average prices of commodities has been nearly half of one per cent.

The business failures numbered 261, as compared with a total of 281 last week, and 232 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 228.

The Weather.

The following is the weather crop bulletin for the past week: The week just closed has been warmer than usual in all sections, except in the South Atlantic and gulf states, where the average daily temperature has been from two to five degrees below the normal for the week, and in Florida from seven to ten degrees below. It has ranged from one to four degrees above the average in New England and middle Atlantic states, and the lower lake region, and in the wheat region of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. The season, from January 1 to March 16, is from two to four days late in the cotton region, and from two to six days in advance in the Northern states east of the Mississippi river. In the Northwestern states it is now from one to three weeks in advance.

THE MILLERS.

A General Improvement Reported—The Output.

The Minneapolis *Northwestern Miller* says: The supply of water was much improved throughout all last week. In consequence less steam was used, the water mills got along better and the flour production was of very good proportions. The thirteen mills altogether ground 97,620 barrels—averaging 16,270 daily—against 86,700 barrels the week before, and 113,600 barrels for the corresponding time in 1888. There is a very good head of water this week, and the mills keeping their engines going are only doing so from a fear of the water suddenly being drawn down, and the smallest amount of steam is kept up that it is possible to run with. Ten mills were in operation to-day, turning out at the rate of 17,000 barrels per 24 hours. Were there more running, the supply of water would doubtless be less satisfactory.

The heavy shrinkage in wheat values during the past week has had a bad effect on flour, and prices were on Monday lowered 20 cents per barrel, this applying more to patents than other grades. Early in the week moderate sales were reported to have been made of patents and when prices were reduced there seemed some disposition to buy, but the continued weakness of wheat prevented the realization of this hope.

There were 489,600 bushels of wheat received for the week ending March 12. The shipments were: Wheat, 206,650 bushels; flour, 99,640 barrels; mill stuff, 3,667 tons.

THE IRON TRADE.

The Outlook is Not Bright, but the Mills Will Not Shut Down.

The general iron and steel industries are in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory condition, according to manufacturers' sattements, but it is not likely that any of the works will close before the regular summer shut down.

Over production is given as the cause, but as the consumption in the spring and summer months always increases, the stock will likely be reduced considerably.

A manufacturer who has made a study of the affairs says that pig metal has fallen from $1.75 to $2 per ton since last fall, while finished products have declined from $3 to $5 per ton.

He says that many mills would shut down only for the fact that they have regular customers who buy from them the year through and they must keep them supplied.

There is a great amount of trouble about wages. As some manufacturers are operating their mills under the Amalgamated scale and others under the scale adopted by National Trades Assembly 217, Knights of Labor, there is no uniformity in the price paid the puddlers.

The annual scale of the Amalgamated association will be drawn up in a few weeks and will be submitted at the June convention. No reduction will be made in the scale and none of the workers believe there will be any trouble.

ELECTRIC DEATH.

Experiments Made in New York by the State Authorities.

Final experiments have been made by the New York state authorities to satisfy themselves as to the best means of executing condemned criminals by electricity. The first animal to leave his troubles behind him was a small white cur, weighing 21 pounds. One of the wires was wrapped over some cotton waste, saturated with water, on his right front leg, and the other attached in the same way to his left hind leg. The alternating current, at 700 volts pressure, was applied for ten seconds, and the animal died painlessly, without noise or struggle.

The second was a black mongrel Newfoundland, weighing 87¾ pounds. Connections were made upon the middle of his forehead with a metal plate covered with felt, and upon the right hind leg. Eight hundred volts of alternating currents for 15 seconds killed him instantly.

The other dogs, weighing 60 and 35 pounds, were killed in the same way with the alternating current at 500 and 700 volts for 10 seconds.

Four calves of approximately the weight of a man were killed in the same way at 800 volts pressure for contacts of from 15 to 20 seconds.

An 830-pound horse then took the alternating current in the same way, at 1,000 volts pressure for 25 seconds and died instantly. In every case death was instantaneous and without sound or struggle. The experiments were under the charge of Dr. Charles F. McDonald, of the Auburn state asylum, assisted by Mr. A. E. Kennelly, Mr. Edisons chief electrician, and Harold P. Brown the electrical engineer. Among those present were Dr. A. D. Rockwell, the prominent medical electrician; Dr. Edward Tatum of the Pennsylvania State university, and others representing the state authorities.

AGAINST PROHIBITION.

A Catholic Organ Comes Out Squarely for High License.

The *Catholic Total Abstinence News*, (the organ of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union) of Philadelphia, comes out squarely against prohibition, on the ground that "it will throw wide open the flood gates of illegal sale, and take us back to the anti-high license period in Pennsylvania, with the evils of the same, exaggerated a hundred fold."

Among the views of Catholic dignitaries which the *News* quotes is the following from Archbishop Ryan: "I believe, as far as I am capable of forming a judgment on the subject, that high license and other laws enacted to preserve the people from intemperance, if duly enforced, would be quite sufficient to attain the desired end—that is, as far as mere legislation can attain it. Some stringent laws could be enacted, if found necessary, without touching the constitution itself."

Arkansas Republican Nominations.

The Republican State Central committee met at Little Rock, Ark., on March 15, and nominated Judge Lafayette Gregg, of Fayetteville, (candidate for governor in 1886), and C. E. Mitchell, (judge of the Ninth district), for associate justices. The election is to be held April 2. One place was left to be filled by an Independent judge, W. F. Hill, of Pulaski county.

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on March 14:

JAMES S. CLARKSON, of Iowa, to be first assistant postmaster general, vice A. E. Stevenson, resigned.

LEWIS WOLFLEY, of Tucson, Ariz., to be governor of Arizona.

RATHBONE GARDNER, of Rhode Island, to be United States attorney for the district of Rhode Island.

WM. L. DUNLAP, of Indiana, to be United States marshal for the district of Indiana.

JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, of Montana, to be collector of customs for the district of Montana and Idaho.

The President sent the sollowing nominations to the Senate on the 13th:

EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, to be assistant secretary of state, vice George Rives, resigned.

WALKER BLAINE, of Maine, to be examiner of claims for the department of state, vice Francis Wharton, deceased.

CYRUS BUSSEY, of New York, to be assistant secretary of the Interior, vice David L. Hawkins, resigned.

Postmasters.

Robert S. Bowman at Berwick, Pa.; Samuel C. Moore at Findlay, Ohio; Joseph C. Bartlett at Lake City, Minn.; Jas. V. Campbell at Ada, Minn.; Wm. Wallace at Indianapolis, Ind.; Jas. M. Kellogg at Wickes, Mont.; John J. Cutter at Parker, Dak.; Wm. S. Chase at Sturgis, Dak.; Jittiel O. Walders at Minot, Dak.

Kasson, Phelps and Bates to go to the Berlin Conference.

The following additional nominations were sent to the Senate on the 14th: John A. Kasson, of Iowa, Wm. Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, and George H. Bates, of Delaware, to be commissioners to represent the United States at the conference to be held in Berlin, concerning affairs at the Samoan Islands.

Short Sketches of Nominees.

Mr. Schuyler, who was nominated to be first assistant secretary of State, to succeed George L. Rives, resigned, is about 48 years of age. He is generally well known as an author and diplomat, and in the last mentioned career he has filled almost every grade in the sevrice. In 1867 he began his connection with the State department as consul at Moscow, and in 1869 he was consul at Revel. In 1870 he was made secretary of legation at St. Petersburgh. In 1876 he occupied a similar post at Constantinople. Two years later he was appointed consul at Birmingham, and in 1879 he was consul general at Rome. He was then appointed diplomatic agent and consul general to Roumania and became minister resident when the mission was established. Since 1882 he has been traveling in Europe. His contributions to literature include editorial work on Webster's Dictionary, "American Diplomacy," and the "Life of Peter, the Great."

Cyrus Bussey who was nominated by the president t to be assistant secretary of the Interior, was born in Ohio in 1833. He was a dleegate from Iowa to the Baltimore convention which nominated Stephen A. Douglas for president. He served with great distinction throughout the war and was brevetted major general in March, in 1865. After the war he resumed business as a commission merchant, first in St. Louis and then in New Orleans. He was a delegate to the republican national convention of 1868, and for six years was president of the New Orleans chamber of commerce. Gen. Bussey engaged in business in New York in 1881 and has since taken a prominent part in national politics.

George H. Bates, who was nominated to be one of the commissioners to negotiate with Germany respecting Samoa, is about 40 years of age, a Democrat, and a warm friend of ex-Secretary Bayard. He is a son of the ex-chancellor of Delaware and a lawyer of high standing in that state, being a member of the firm of Bates & Harrington, of Wilmington. Mr. Bates was appointed by Secretary Bayard, as special commissioner to investigate our Samoan relations, and made a long and exhaustive report to the department on December 10, 1886.

William Walter Phelps and John A. Kasson, who were also nominated to be commissioners, have had long and distinguished congressional careers, and have acquired an intimate knowledge of diplomacy through service as United States ministers in Europe. Mr. Phelp having been minister to Austria in 1881 and Mr. Kasson minister to Austria in 1877 and to Germany in 1884.

Mr. William L. Dunlap, nominated for marshal of Indiana, is a grain commission merchant and lives at Franklin, Johnson county. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention and was strongly endorsed for the marshalship.

Mr. Rathbone Gardner, the newly appointed district attorney for Rhode Island, is a prominent lawyer of Providence and has been identified with the Republican party of that state for many years. He was recommended by Senators Aldrich and Chace, and others.

Lewis Wolfley, who was nominated to be governor of Arizona, was born in Ohio about 48 years ago. He is a cousin of Gen. Thomas Ewing and was educated with him. He entered the Union army from Kentucky and served as a lieutenant colonel of cavalry under Gen. Murray. At the close of the war Gen. Sherman urged him to remain in the regular army and promised him a commission.

He was a personal friend of President Garfield, who contemplated appointing him to a territorial office, but his papers had not been made out at the time of the President's assassination. He was appointed United States supervisor of internal revenue by President Grant, and afterwards resided in Colorado and other western territories. He has lived continuously in Arizona for seven or eight years and been engaged in various business enterprises there.

More Nominations.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on March 18:

W. BUDD DEACON, of New Jersey, to be Marshal of the United States for the district of New Jersey.

JOHN S. BURTON, of Mississippi, to be Marshal of the United States for the Northern district of Mississippi.

EDWIN I. KURSHEEDT, of Louisiana, to be Marshal of the United States for the Eastern district of Louisiana.

B. D. SLAUGHTER, of Nebraska, to be Marshal of the United States for the district of Nebraska.

WM. H. WHITEMAN, of New Mexico, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the territory of New Mexico.

SMITH A. WHITFIELD, of Ohio, to be second assistant postmaster general.

ABRAHAM D. HAZEN, of Pennsylvania, to be third assistant postmaster general.

JOHN W. MASON, of West Virginia, to be commissioner of internal revenue.

GRANVILLE LEACH, of Pennsylvania, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Philadelphia Pa.

WM. W. THOMAS, Jr., of Maine, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Sweden and Norway.

SAMUEL R. THAYER, of Minnesota, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Netherlands.

CHARLES E. MITCHELL, of Connecticut, to be commissioner of patents.

NATHAN O. MURPHY, of Arizona, to be secretary of Arizona.

DAVID M. LINES, of Louisiana, to be special examiner of drugs, medicines and chemicals in the district of New Orleans, La.

JOHN P. WARD, of Oregon, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Willamette in Oregon.

President Harrison, on the 19th sent the following nominations to the Senate:

WHITELAW REID, of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France.

JULIUS GOLDSCHMIDT, of Wisconsin to be Consul General of the United States at Vienna.

ANDREW C. BRADLEY, of the District of Columbia, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

JOHN R. M'FIE, of New Mexico, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the territory of New Mexico.

FRANK R. AIKENS, of Dakota, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the territory of Dakota.

Postmasters.

JAMES S. BRAILEY, at Wauseon, O.
C. S. McCOY, at Cadiz, O.
J. A. FELLOWS, at Pontiac, Ill.
MRS. LUCY BOWERS, at Tipton, Ia.
CHARLES H. EVERITT, at Atlantic, Ia.
WM. F. CARPENTER, at Manning, Ia.
MRS. S. EARTHMAN, at Griswold, Ia.
F. T. PIPER, at Shendon, Ia.
E. O. SHAW, at Newaygo, Mich.
E. C. McGLACHLIN, at Stevens Point, Wis.
W. E. CULVER, at Las Animas, Cala.
H. R. SNYDER, at Waverly, O.
A. M. ANDREWS, at Plankington, Dak.
WM. WALLACE, at Indianapolis.

The nomination of Eugene Schuyler, of New York, to be Assistant Secretary of State, was withdrawn, he having declined the appointment.

Tyner Cared For.

J. N. Tyner, of Indiana, has been selected for assistant attorney general for the postoffice department.

Confirmations.

Cornelius H. Hanford, of Washington Territory, to be chief justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Washington; George W. Irvine, of Montana, to be marshal of the United States for the territory of Montana. Smiley N. Chambers, of Indiana, to be United States attorney for the district of Indiana; George S. Batchellor, of New York, to be assistant secretary of the Treasury, vice H. S. Thompson, resigned; Albert G. Porter, of Indiana, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Italy; John A. Enander, of Illinois, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Denmark; Walker Blaine, of Maine, to be examiner of claims in the State department; Richard Root to be postmaster at Keokuk, Ia.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations: John A. Kasson, William Walter Phelps and George H. Bates, commissioners to the Samoan conference at Berlin; Cyrus Bussey, assistant secretary of the Interior.

In executive session on the 19th, Senate confirmed the following nominations: R. Gardner, to be district attorney for Rhode Island; E. D. Weed, to be district attorney for Montana; J. C. Perry, of North Carolina, and Alex C. Smith, of New York, to be assistant surgeons in the marine hospital service; Brad D. Slaughter, to be marshal for Nebraska; Smith A. Whitfield, of Ohio, to be second assistant postmaster general; Samuel R. Thayer, minister to the Netherlands.

GROWING WEARY.

Office Seekers Impatient—They Want a Job.

The ever busyoffice-seekers are becoming noisily impatient. They say the President is too slow. Secretary Halford voices Gen. Harrison's sentiments and declares that the chief executive knows what he is doing. It is evident that the greatest care is being exercised in the selection of nominees and Secretary Halford told THE BLADE representative that no man will be appointed to any position of importance until his character and record have been thoroughly scrutinized.

Some White House Scenes.

There is no let up in the crowds that daily throng the White House, and a glance at the interior of the Executive Mansion any time from 9 a. m. until dark will reveal some strange scenes. First and foremost, at all times and in all places, is the office seeker. Up to the present time he has been present principally by proxy, but he is hardly the less numerous or less active on that account. Grave senators whom it was supposed nothing would move into activily, and heretofore unheard of members of the House have bestirred themselves during the past few days, and are now almost as anxious as the particular constituents for whom they are doing heir utmost. The stair carpet was not new when President Harrison came in, but it was whole and sound. Now it is almost threadbare, and in many places it has been patched. "Jerry," the colored factotum, just hangs around the stairs all day with a hammer in his hand and one side of his mouth full of tacks, ready to fasten down the edges of holes as they appear. The rush has been tremendous, but it is believed that the worst has passed. This belief is founded upon the probable results of the President's action in leaving appointments practically to the congressional delegations. Cleveland did not work according to this plan. He kept the senators and representatives in the background. Occasionally he called upon some for advice, and when they had given him all the assistance he deemed necessary he did just as he pleased, in the great majority of cases, appointing some one who had been unanimously condemned by the delegation. That was one of Cleveland's methods for making himself disliked. The new President, however, brings with him a practical knowledge of office and office-seekers that is simply invaluable. He will not wear himself out by listening to the continuous buzz of the profit-seeking patriot, nor will he allow himself to be drawn into state quarrels. He says, simply and plainly, to the Congressional delegations: "Gentlemen, select your candidate, present his name and qualifications, and I will attend to the rest." Many of the congressmen are not very well pleased at this change, but they cannot avoid the responsibility. They are almost crazy just now because of the immense number of applicants from whom the final selections have to be made.

A rather singular yet not strange feature is noticed in looking over the list of those who desire to serve their country under this administration—nearly all of them have held office before. This is correct in probably 95 per cent of the applications that have as yet been filed, and it shows that the men of experience realize that it is decidedly advantageous to be first on the ground.

To Increase Salaries.

The resignation of Senator Chace upon the threshold of his second term of six years in the highest legislative body in the world, has aroused interest in a subject that is bound to receive early and earnest consideration in the Congress. Senator Chace, in private, gives as the reason why he can no longer serve his state and country as a legislator, that the compensation of a senator was not sufficient to warrant him in longer neglecting his business. He has expressed his opinion that he is considerably poorer for his legislative experience than he would have been had he remained at the helm of his business ship, and directed its course through the breakers of the past dozen or fifteen years.

He is one of the largest cotton manufacturers in New England, and several times during the recent tariff debate in the Senate evinced his familiarity with that subject in its relations to the industry in which he was interested, and gave valuable assistance to his Republican celleages in the discussion of the Senate substitute for the Mills bill.

The question of increasing the compensation of congressmen has been receiving the earnest attention of senators, especially of late, and there is an overwhelming sentiment among them in favor of making the salary of congressmen $10,000 a year, instead of $5,000, as it is at present.

Members of the House of Representatives, while thoroughly in sympathy with the Senators on this point, are not ready to go the full length desired by them, fearing a repetition of the outbreak of censure visited upon the Congress of 1873, for its action on the salary question. But it is argued by the advocates of the increased salary that what the people were indignant about then was the "back-pay grab" feature, and that if the increase were made to date from the end of the Fifty-first Congress, no serious opposition would be made to it.

Will Go to Cuba.

Ex-President Cleveland and ex-Secretaries Bayard, Fairchilds and Vilas left Washington on March 18, at 3:40, in a special Pullman car via the Atlantic Coast line for St. Augustine, Fla., en route to Cuba.

Reception Hours.

The President has signed the commissions of Messrs. Palmer, Washburne and Swift as ministers to Spain, Switzerland and Japan respectively, and that of Mr. Tichenor as assistant secretary of the treasury. The President has not been able to formulate any rules with regard to the reception of visitors. The present arrangement will continue until something better is provided. Under it, official callers, including members of Congress and political delegations, will be received every day from 10 to 12 o'clock, meetings of the Cabinet will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 o'clock, and public receptions will be held in the East room on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 o'clock p. m.

Southern Outrages.

The Republican members of the Privileges and Elections committee have held a conference for the purpose of determining upon the future proceedure of the committee with regard to alleged southern election outrages, but without coming to any conclusion. There was some discussion in regard to the calling up in the senate of a resolution similar to that proposed by Senator Chandler during the recent session of congress directing the committee to investigate elections in Louisiana and other Southern states.

Department Appointments.

Secretary Tracy has appointed J. B. Davis to be foreman of the gun shops and foundry, and George R. Wilson to be foreman of the gun carriage and projectile shops, Washington navy yard.

Capt. Edmund R. Morse, of Rutland, Vt., has been appointed private secretary to Secretary Proctor.

Our Navy in Samoa.

The secretary of the Navy on the 19th received a telegram from Capt. Schoonmaber, and he reported by letter to San Francisco, dated Feb. 25, the arrival of the Vandalia at Apia on the 22d. Matters there are quiet. The Trenton had not arrived.

Do You Want to Join the Navy.

The Secretary of War has sent out the usual notices to members of Congress who have vacancies at the Naval academy to make their nominations of candidates, who will be permitted to report on the 15th of May for examination.

There are now 47 vacancies, and 41 more will occur early in May.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING SKIN DISEASES

Wonderful Cure of Salt Rheum. Face, hands and arms covered. Hands useless for two years. Doctors said case was incurable. Cured by Cuticura.

I have had a most wonderful cure of salt rheum. For five years I have suffered with this disease. I had it on my face, arms, and hands. I was unable to do anything whatever with my hands for over two years. I tried hundreds of remedies, and not one had the least effect. The doctor said my case was incurable. I saw your advertisement, and concluded to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES; and incredible as it may seem, after using one box of CUTICURA, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I find I am entirely cured. Those who think this letter exaggerated may come and see me and find out for themselves.
GRACE P. HARKHAM,
North St. Charles Street, Belle River, Ont.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well,—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASON, merchant, of this place.
JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist,
Gainsboro, Tenn.

I have been troubled with tetter on my face for several years and doctored with several doctors, but received no benefit. I used your CUTICURA REMEDIES last spring according to directions, and can now say that I am entirely cured. I am satisfied your CUTICURA REMEDIES are just what you recommend them to be.
HUGH B. AYRES, Smithville, W. Va.

I have been cured of a most unbearable itching skin disease by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They have enabled me to escape years of suffering. You may use my name as a reference, and any one who wants to know about my case may write me, inclosing stamp.
W. R. BROOKS,
47 Grove Street, Providence, R. I.

A minister and his little boy cured of an obstinate Skin disease by the Cuticura Remedies. Praises them everywhere—in the pulpit, home, and in the street.

For about thirteen years I have been troubled with eczema or some other cutaneous disease which all remedies failed to cure. Hearing of the CUTICURA REMEDIES I resolved to give them a trial, and purchased one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of CUTICURA, and one cake CUTICURA SOAP. I followed the directions carefully, and it affords me much pleasure to say that before using two boxes of the CUTICURA, four cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I was entirely cured.

In addition to my own case, my baby boy, then about five months old, was suffering with what I supposed to be the same disease as mine to such an extent that his head was coated over with a solid scab, from which there was a constant flow of pus which was sickening to look upon, besides two large tumor-like kernels on the back of his head. Thanks to you and your wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES his scalp is perfectly well, and the kernels have been scattered so that there is only one little place by his left ear, and that is healing nicely. Instead of a coating of scabs he has a fine coat of hair, much better than that which was destroyed by the disease. I would that the whole world of sufferers from skin and blood diseases knew the valve of your CUTICURA REMEDIES as I do.

The CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA RESOLVENT are each worth ten times the price at which they are sold. I have never used any other toilet soap in my house since I bought the first cake of your CUTICURA SOAP. I would be inhuman as well as ungrateful should I fail to speak well of and recommend your CUTICURA REMEDIES to every sufferer who came in my reach. I have spoken of it, and shall continue to speak of it from the pulpit, in the homes, and in the streets. Praying that you may live long, and do others the same amount of good you have done me and my child, I remain, yours gratefully,
(REV.) C. M. MANNING,
Box 28, Acworth, Ga.

Cured by Cuticura

To cleanse the skin, scalp, and blood of humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, no agency in the world of medicine is so speedy, sure, and economical as the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensible in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SAMOA.

The Reported Engagement Not True—Germany Mitigating Her Pretensions.

Advices received from Samoa at Auckland show that there was no basis for the sensational rumor of an engagement between he United States man-of-war Nipsic and the German corvette Olga.

Far from this, the German officials in the Island have entirely given up their aggressive policy.

The proclamation of martial law has been publicly withdrawn and the Germans have abandoned all claim to the right of searching incoming vessels for contraband of war.

Both these steps have met with the hearty approval of all foreign residents at Apia, and have had a quieting effect. Unusual tranquility prevails throughout the island.

Mataafa, however, has a force of troops estimated to be 6,000 strong. Tamasse's army consists of about 700 men.

The men-of-war—German, American and English—still remain at Apia, ready for any emergency that may arise.

Mataafa Relies on Us.

The latest advices from Samoa brought to San Francisco show that the country is comparatively at peace. The Germans have calmed down, martial law is not enforced, and Tamasese, being practically out of the race for the throne, merely holds a fort with 600 men. Mataafa refuses to cancede any authority to the Germans and is anxiously awaiting the arrival of Admiral Kimberly. Mataafa relies upon the United States to secure him his rights.

THE SOUDAN.

The Mahdist Forces Defeated by the Famous Senoussi.

A Cairo dispatch reports that a battle between the followers of Senoussi and the Mahdists has taken place at Sinan, to the southwest of Bara, and that the former were victorious. Both sides suffered heavy losses. Among the killed were two Mahdist chiefs.

This battle occurred in Kordofan, about 200 miles southwest of Khartoum. Bara, mentioned in the dispatch, has been one of the Mahdist strongholds. All recent news from the Soudan points to the probability that Kordofan is being wrested from the hands of the Mahdi's successor, just as Darfur has been. The powerful Sheik Senoussi awhile ago sent a letter to Khartoum calling Khalifa Abdullah an imposter, and ordering him to leave the Soudan. The news of the continued success of Senoussi's arms is very significent, because it is said to be his ambition to wholly destroy the influence of the Mahdist pretender and drive him out of the country. The Khartoum power, which defied the European world, may therefore fall a victim to internal dissensions.

Haytien Affairs.

The steamer Caroline Miller arrived at New York on the 18th, with news from Cape Haytien. Capt. Miller said that twelve of Legitime's soldiers, who had been taken prisoners by Hyppolite, were shot in the public square at Cape Haytien the day before the steamer left.

The unfortunate wretches had been prisoners for some months. Sympathizers with Legitime had endeavored to get the men released, and Hyppolite had become distrustful of many of his officers. He, therefore, had them put to death.

Capt. Miller said that Cape Haytien was filled with Legitime's spies. According to one of the officers of the Caroline Miller a transport, the size of an ordinary tug, was permanently engaged carrying arms and other implements of war from Monte Christi to Cape Haytien for the use of Hippolite's men. The United States steamer Galena was anchored at Cape Haytien when the Miller left.

Gladstone Victory.

An election was held on the 16th in the Kennington division of Lambeth to fill the parliament seat made vacant by the resignation of Mr. R. T. Davis, a Conservative. The election resulted in a victory for Mr. Beaufoy, the Gladstonian candidate, who polled 4,069 votes against 3,439 for Mr Hope, the Conservative nominee. At the last election, Mr. Davis, the retiring member, received 3,220 votes, and Mr. Beaufoy 2,792. To-day's election was hotly contested, both parties straining every nerve to achieve success.

The Parnell Commission.

Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon and Sir William Vernon Harcourt have been subpœnaed by Sir Charles Russell. None of the Parnellite counsel will participate in the attack in the House of Commons on Attorney General Webster. Should Mr. William O'Brien accept his release from prison on the terms offered by the commission, it is expected that he will appear in the House of Commons and give an account of his prison experience.

The Times in Hot Water.

Mr. Henry Campbell, M. P., the private secretary of Mr. Parnell, has brought suit for libel againstthe London *Times*. The case has been set for a hearing and the trial will probably take place in May. The suit is founded partly on the opening speech made by Attorney General Webster, in the case of O'Donnell vs. Walter, and partly on a leading editorial published by the *Times* on July 7 last. This suit is the first of a series of suits to be brought against the *Times*.

Gen. Sherman's Son a Priest.

General Sherman's son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, who has become a member of the Society of Jesus, is to be ordained priest in Philadelphia. Arrangements have been made under which, it is expected, the ceremony of ordination will take place in July in the Cathedral.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On March 12, in Baltimore, Md., John A. Campbell, ex-justice of the United States Supreme court, aged 73; in Washington, D. C., Rear Admiral John D. Davis, U. S. N., retired, aged 64.

On March 13, in Detroit, Mich., Moses W. Field, the friend of the Greenback party, aged 61; Herr Antoine Cleese, the poet, who has been called the Beranger of Belgium, is dead; M. Meier, the founder and manager of the North German Lloyd steamship line, is dead; at Hue, Annam, the Emperor Dong Kahn; M. Henri Tamberlik, the famous Italian tenor singer, is dead, aged 69; Admiral Constant Jaures, a brilliant offices of the French navy, is dead, aged 66.

On March 15, in Washington, D. C., Dr. Donald Kennedy, the well-known proprietor of patent medicines, aged 77; in Munich, Prof. Alexander Von Kotzebue, the well-known battle painter, aged 74; M. Matthieu Nicholas Joseph Leclerq, the Belgian statesman is dead, aged 93.

Ex-Gov. Nelson C. Dewey, of Madison, Wis., is dead. He was one of the notable figures in Wisconsin history. A native of Connecticut, he went to the territory when it was known as the lead region, and having a good legal education, he began practice at Lancaster, and amassed wealth in mining litigation. Mr. Dewey soon dropped law for politics, and after serving several terms in the territorial legislature, was elected the first govesnor of the state in 1848 by the Democratic party. Two years later he was re-elected, and then sank gradually from public view.

A Former Justice of the United States Supreme Court Has Passed Away.

Senator John A. Campbell, ex-justice of the Supreme court of the United States, and assistant Confederate secretary of war, died in Baltimore, March 13, aged nearly 78.

[John A. Campbell was born near Washington, Wilkes county, Ga., and graduated from the university of the state at the age of 15, with the first honors, and afterward went to West Point. He was admitted to the practice of law in Florida. He practiced law in Montgomery, Ala., and there married Miss Anne Goldwaite. He went to Mobile, Ala., where he litigated and settled almost all the land cases, titles of which were complicated at that time by reason of the obscurity of the Spanish grants. In 1836 he was elected a member of the state legislature In 1853 he was nominated to fill the vacancy in the Supreme court by President Pierce, and was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. He entered upon his duties at the age of 42. In the spring of '61 he resigned his position in court and came south and became the assistant secretary of the war of the confederacy. He himself regarded his success in the great state case as it is called—the states of New York and New Hampshire vs. Louisiana—as the triumph of his legal life, as it established his view of the rights of the states under the constitution. Referring to his argument in that case, Chief Justice Waite said: "That is the greatest legal argument that I have ever heard," and Justice Miller said: "I concur in that opinion." The historian, Bancroft, wrote that it was a profound study of the constitution.]

FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

On March 10, in Wabash, Neb., general merchandise store of Jacobs & Horton, $30,000; in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Simpson Memorial Methodist Episcopal church, $10,000; in Washington, W. S. Dyer's large planing mill, $40,000.

On March 11, in Lakewood, N. J., Clifton Hall, one of the largest hotels there, $35,000; in Syracuse, N. Y., grocery store of Gates Thalheimer, $50,000.

On March 12, in St. John, N. B., rolling mills of Harris & Co., $80,000.

On the 13th, in Denver, Col., the King block, occupied by stores and offices, $195,000.

On the 14th, in Cincinnati, O., furniture and mattress factory of H. Rikhoff & Co., $30,000; in Newman, Ga., the business square of the town, $54,000; in Marion, Ind., window glass factory of Stewart, Es- & Co., 50,000.

On the 15th, in Helena, Mont., the Anaconda Mining Works, $1,000,000; in East St. Louis, the McCarty Packing company establishment, $40,000; in New York city, leather store in Gold street, $50,000; at Greenville, S. C., cotton warehouse of Cely Bros., $55,000; at Pocomoke City, Md., Young & Colburn's planing mill, $25,000.

REBEL SOLDIERS.

Shall They be Admitted to the Institutions of the Loyal Men?

Brevet Maj. Gen. Baird has written a letter from Washington to Secretary Oliver Downing, of the New York Citizens' committee, engaged in raising funds for the National Confederate Home, at Austin, Texas. Gen. Baird opens in this way: "The fact that a portion of our countrymen are in distress and need pecuniary assistance, is a sufficient appeal to the generous and kind hearted. It is not necessary, nor is it magnanimous, to inquire how they came to want. I have strongly endorsed Gen. Sherman's proposition to open the home, provided for our own scarred and honored veterans, to those disabled in a different cause. While the distinguished leaders of the rebellion hold high positions in the government and are welcomed in all our social gatherings, it seems to me a strained sentimentality to pronounce the one-legged Confederate an unfit companion for our battle-bruised but much respected old soldiers."

Will Open Oklahoma.

The Cabinet had under discussion the opening of Oklahoma, or at least a portion of the territory included within its limits. The President is authorized by the terms of recent legislation to open to settlement about 8,000,000 acres of land, and the opinion prevails that he will shortly issue his proclamation, adding that acreage to the public domain.

Fast Time.

The Inman steamship City of New York which arrived at New York on March 15, made the fastest trip of her record —six days, 14 hours and six minutes. The best day's run was 525 miles.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Prohibitory Amendment Defeated on the 12th.

The emphatic vote against the prohibitory amendment in New Hampshire is a source of much surprise among the friends and opponents of the measure. The more sanguine of the former expressed great confidence that it would be adopted by the necessary two-thirds, while the latter thought that the amendment would fail for want of such a vote. None looked for a majority against it, and the result is a great surprise. It did not obtain even a majority.

It is not improbable that this may lead to an attempt on the part of the legislature, which meets in June, to repeal the present prohibitory law, but even should this be done, it would be vetoed by Governor-elect Goodsell, who is an ardent Prohibitionist. The non-sectarian amendment fails by about 3,000 votes.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The Court of Appeals Supports Ex-Gov. Wilson's Pretensions.

The West Virginia Court of Appeals, in the mandamus case of Carr against Wilson, as was fully expected, said it was powerless to give the people their rights, no matter how glaringly wrong the means resorted to by Democratic conspirators to deprive the people of them. All this is done under the argument that the tribunal is without power in the premises.

If it is true that a Democratic constitution is so constructed that a great conspiracy can be concocted against the liberties and rights of the people, and carried out, and by the very terms of that instrument there is no power to strike down such conspiracy, then matters political have come to a strange pass in West Virginia. Is that true or is the trouble a disinclination of the proper authorities to apply the remedy? Are the ties of party stronger than the obligations of the constitution? A remedy may be yet found to give the people their rights, and when it is it will be quickly applied, and flannel-mouthed demagogues will be summarily disposed of.

What is to be the next course taken is not yet stated. Consultations are being had, and all movements will be taken that are necessary, it is thought. The armed guard at the State-house is still on duty, though there has not been any intimation of a purpose to invade that building and disturb the peace of the ex-governor.

The removal of District Attorney Watts gives eminent satisfaction to all Republicans here, and as for the Democrats, they are not united in their support of the ex-district attorney. He has some bitter personal enemies among Democrats here, and in two instances there have been personal encounters between him and two prominent Democrats. The report that there is any indignation except among a few of his personal friends, is far removed from the truth. The displacement of Democrats by Republicans is looked upon as a matter of course by the Republicans here, and the only complaint on their part will be the delay in such displacement.

Democrats to Keep Goff Out of His Seat by Scheming.

It is expected that the legislature will be convened in extra session about June 4, to try the gubernatorial contest and dispose of such other matters as may be mentioned in the proclamation convening it. The length of the session is problematical. A rumor is afloat that the Democrats expect to seat Fleming by a resort to technicalities.

In this way they intend to disfranchise enough precincts or counties to leave Fleming in the lead. There may be more trouble in such a course than now appears on the surface. It will be well for them to move with much caution and after much deliberation in this matter. The times are not propitious for such action.

SOUTHERN INTOLERANCE.

A Republican Contestant Driven from the County by Democratic Leaders.

In the Fourth congressional district of Alabama, at the last election, Lewis W. Turpin (Democrat) was declared elected. Notice of contest was promptly filed by J. V. McDuffy, the Republican nominee. The taking of testimony began several days ago, and McDuffy went into Wilcox county for that purpose.

In Camden, the county seat, he was waited upon by three men who ordered him to leave the county in 48 hours, they claiming to represent the Democratic Executive committee of the county.

McDuffy agreed to leave as ordered. Before the expiration of the 48 hours the best Democratic white citizens of Wilcox county held a mass meeting and passed resolutions that such action was not sanctioned by the executive committee or the white people of the county.

McDuffy asked if they would guarantee him against injury from the three men. Being told that they would not, he promptly left.

The affair has elated the Republican element of the state beyond expression. They claim that it will give McDuffy the election.

OKLAHOMA TROUBLES.

The Soldiers Driving the Boomers Across the Line.

The latest news from Oklahoma is that many boomers, instead of leaving the country, as ordered by Lieut. Carson, who is in command of the United States soldiers, are taking to the woods and are concealing themselves in the camps, especially in the forests along the north fork of the Canadian river.

This has left at Oklahoma station only those who are entitled to remain by reason of being employed by the government or by the railroad company. Indian scouts are scouring the woods and thickets for these camps, and soldiers are scouting the country in every direction, and whenever boomers are found they are ordered to leave and get over the line as rapidly as possible.

There has been but little opposition to the soldiers, but some of the boomers claim since the cession of the country by the Creeks the land is public domain and that the military have no right to drive them from it.

Democratic Scheme.

The Democratic legislative caucus in Tennessee has decided to change the Third and Fourth Congressional districts of the state. Two counties will be taken off the Third district, which is always very close, and will be represented in the Fifty-first Congress by H. Clay Evans, Republican, and added to the Fourth, now represented by Benton McMillen, and which gives 9,000 Democratic majority. Two Democratic counties are to be taken off the Fourth district and attached to the Third, making the latter district Democratic beyond question.

In Memory of Departed Heroes.

The colored people of Springfield, Ills., have decided upon the erection of a monument in to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, Wm. H. Seward, Chas. Sumner Wendell Phillips, John Brown and soldiers of the late war.

The proposed cost of the monument is about $200,000, and the funds will be raised by donations from all the colored lodges and churches throughout the United States. The association will secure articles of incorporation.

A Shuttle Case.

An important patent decision was made by Judge Blodgett in the United States district court at Chicago in the old case of the Singer Manufacturing company vs. the Wilson Sewing Machine company and William Wilson, for infringement of patent. The finding was for the plaintiff, and referred to a master for adjudication of damages. The infringement was upon the Shellenberger shuttle carrier, patented in 1866, and the rights to which patent the Singer company claimed and proved.

The Homestead Cases.

The contesting homesteaders are arriving by hundreds, at Marquette, Mich., More cases are now on the docket than can be heard all summer. No decisions are yet reached in the scrip claim cases, but no doubt every one will be appealed to the United States land commissioner and thence to the secretary of the Interior for final adjustment.

Stanley Reported to be Marching Rapidly to the East.

Private letters received at Berlin on March 13 from Zanzibar, say that Stanley, according to native reports, is marching rapidly toward the east coast of Africa.

Lord Lonsdale.

Lord Lonsdale has arrived at a point in the Arctic circle known as the ramparts, which is the last outpost of the Hudson Bay company.

MORE GOLD.

Reported Rich Discoveries Near Big Sandy, Montana.

The little town of Big Sandy, Mont., is full of excitement over the development of gold mines in the South Pass hills, 55 miles northwest of that place.

People just arrived from the hills report miners in Eclipse gulch to be making $50 to $80 a day. The most of the gold is taken out of the placer diggings, but blue ore has been struck by several parties in the hills, and the country is full of prospectors.

At Helena and other mining districts, if the present rush continues, hard times must inevitably result, as men from all parts of Montana and Dakota are flocking here in great numbers, without making adequate provision for subsistence.

Actual work at the mines has yet only fairly begun, but the results are very satisfactory to the parties working claims.

To Alfred Hills and a Butte miner is probably due the credit of the discovery of the gold in paying quantities. The prices of food now are at the top notch and will go up out of sight. Scarcely a man at the mines is getting less than $4 a day. Big wages are paid, but nearly every one is prospecting for himself.

The one great obstacle here is the distance from the market. There are but two lines of railroad here.

THE NEW ELDORADO.

Taking the Prospectors Out of the Alleged Gold Mines.

The coming of soldiers into Lower California to protect the miners that have gone to the new mines seems to have brought trouble.

Since the strike was made Mexicans, Indians and Americans have been working indiscriminately without aid from the government. With the soldiery came Secretary Cola, representing the governor of the peninsula, with instructions to collect recording and denouncement fees from every working mine that made announcement of business. All placer workers must pay $250 to denounce a twenty meters square claim, and after deciding to take permanent possession of the same, to pay an additional $16.50.

Complaints went up from Americans and Mexicans alike. The miners wrote to the governor. The governor replied he could make no reduction, and on this account many new comers left and more are expected to leave.

THE OHIO MEETING.

It Will Have a Bad Effect on the Operators—Strikes May Follow.

The failure of the miners and operators to agree upon a scale of wagesat the Columbus convention, and the dissolving of the inter-state agreement, are regarded as constituting one of the most serious blows that the coal trade in Pittsburg has received for several years.

The operators from this region who attended the convention have returned home. They say that the failure to agree upon a price means that each operator will, hereafter, act for himself, and that means the cutting of the selling price of coal and mining and, possibly, strikes.

The question also comes up as to how it will affect the different associations of the operators, and there are already rumors of these also being dissolved.

The operators say that the breaking of the inte-state agreement was not only due to the Indiana and Illinois operators, but to the rivalry between the Progressive union of miners and the Knights of Labor. It is claimed that the progressive union officials would not have placed on record a reduction of wages as their first official action, as that would give the Knights of Labor an opportunity to say to the rank and file that no good results come from their joining the progressive union.

The outlook for a continuance of mining at the Monongahela river works is bleak. The river operators are also debating making a reduction in wages. Some of the operators talk of shutting down their works on April 1, unless it is agreed to accept a 2½ cent rate instead of three cents, the rate at which they are now working.

AGAINST PROHIBITION.

A Minister of the Gospel Who Pronounces It a Failure.

The *Daily Spirit* publishes a letter from Rev. Cyrus Cort, pastor of the Reformed church of Greencastle, and one of the ablest ministers in the southern portion of the state, in which he clearly defines his position on the prohibition amendment question. He writes: "As long as I hold my present orthodox views respecting the inspiration and integrity of God's word I must regard prohibition as wrong in principle. I could not consistently endorse prohibition without nulling or preverting many parts and passages of the sacred Scriptures, and at the same time running counter to what I consider the genius and aim of free constitutional government. As a practical measure of temperance reform prohibition has been largely a failure, and tends to create a community of spies, informers and hypocrites—the most abominal state of society that we can conceive."

Sugar Will Go Up.

The output of refined sugar latterly have been taken up freely since consumers have looked for higher prices, on account of the steady upward movement of the raw product, as based upon the statistical statement of a short crop in the West Indies, and the fact that England competes sharply with America at producing points for supplies.

The refiners have carried along old prices until yesterday, when the old list was suspended to be rearranged at a meeting of the trust, to be held to-day. The revised prices put out this morning show an advance of ⅛c all around, with a brisk business.

New Rule in Money Orders.

According to a recent decision of the late postmaster general, Don M. Dickenson, postal money orders can now be sent to a stranger and can be paid without identification at the request of the sender who instructs the post office department to "waive examination." The new rule will be a great convenience to commercial travelers who have been annoyed by the inability to find any person to identify them in a city where they are not acquainted.

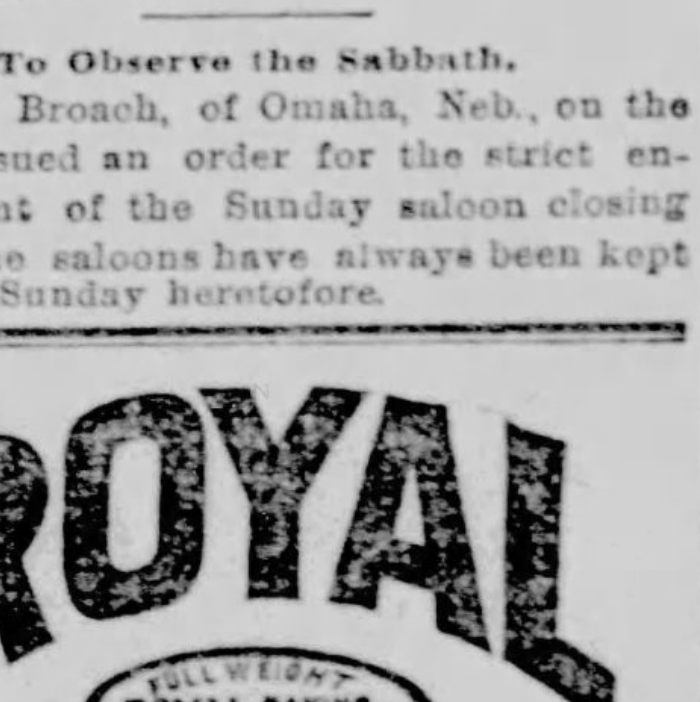
Beef and Pork.

The chief of the bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States during the month of February, 1889, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding period of 1888, were: February, 1889, $7,462,422; February, 1888, $6,523,387. The values of dairy products were: February, 1889, $583,421; February, 1888, $274,606.

To Observe the Sabbath.

Mayor Broach, of Omaha, Neb., on the 15th, issued an order for the strict enforcement of the Sunday saloon closing law. The saloons have always been kept open on Sunday heretofore.

ROYAL



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BINDING TWINE TRUST.

An Interesting Talk on the Binding Twine Business.

Regarding the agitation among the farmers over the binding twine trust, a meeting will be held at Fargo, Dak., on the 21st, for the purpose of devising, if possible, some means of relief. It is proposed to establish a large twine factory and manufacture flax fibre into twine.

Last year there were 329,288 acres planted to flax in the territory, and if it is once demonstrated that a good quality of binding twine can be made from this fibre, there will be no trouble in procuring all the raw material necessary to supply the home demand.

In Chicago there is a difference of opinion among local dealers. The most of them contend that no trust or corner has been organized. A member of a large firm who recently returned from an inspection of the Eastern market, says that the present situation has grown out of the law of supply and demand.

His view is that for two years buyers have been conservative and consequently stocks have not been kept up. Suddenly it is discovered that the supply is inadequate, and consequently prices increase.

The amount of hemp in sight for the present season was 120,000 bales more than last year, while the demand was for 160,000 more, making a shortage of 40,000 bales.

When this discovery was made all the world went to the Manilla islands and Mexico, the chief hemp producing countries, and the holders of hemp in those places reaped the golden harvest, which the farmers accuse the manufacturers of having secured.

The sisal or Mexican fibre now costs 12½c a pound, while the manilla costs 14½c to importers. Under these circumstances the dealer contends that farmers cannot expect to buy twine for 12½ to 15c. Several other firms expressed the same opinion. All the hemp in sight they say has been sold for delivery by August 1, and there is no prospect for relief until a new crop is harvested.

Farmers to Get Even.

Representatives of the Farmers' Alliance for Northwestern states and territories met in secret session at Desmoines, on the 14th, to discuss the subject of the binder twine trust. After considerable debate, the meeting resolved to recommend to the farmers of the northwest three things, viz:

First—To change their binders into harvesters with platforms for hand binding;

Second—Change self-binders into headers;

Third—To curtail the output of small grain whenever experience shows that there is a doubtful profit.

Keep it in Repair.

Ex-Governor Palmer and Judge Hay, of Illinois, on the 14th, addressed the senate committee on appropriations, in behalf of the Lincoln monument association in favor of a bill appropriating $50,000 for repairing the national Lincoln monument.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, }
Wednesday, March 19, 1889. }

NEW YORK, March 19—3 p. m.—The stock market closed active and strong, at highest prices of the day.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 19.	March 12.
4's coupons	129½	129¼
4's registered	128½	128¼
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

NEW YORK, March 9.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—decrease	$3,722,250
Loans—increase	4,069,100
Specie—decrease	3,290,400
Legaltenders—decrease	262,900
Deposits—increase	475,700
Circulation—increase	30,200

The banks now hold $8,548,300 in excess of the 25 per cent rule.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Money is easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 93⅛.

The stock market became dull after 11 o'clock, as only a few of the leading shares, such as Atchison, Northwestern, Missouri Pacific, and Burlington con inued to show any marked animation. The tone of the dealings remained firm, but the fluctuations were small, and no decided progress was made anywhere in the list. Burlington displayed some weakness toward noon, and slight concessions all over the list. At noon the market was quiet and fairly steady, at fractional advances over the opening prices.

The following are the stock quotations to-day: U. S. 4s reg., 128⅛; do 4s coup., 129½; Pac. 6s of '95, 120; Adams Ex., 149½; Alton & Terre Haute, 45½; do prf'd, 90; Am. Ex. 112; Bur., C. R. & N., 15; Canada Southern, 51¾; Cen. Pac., 34; Chicago & Alton, 132; Chic., Bur. & Quincy, 94¾; Chic., S. L. & Pac. 16; do pref., 36; Cin., San. & Cleve., 63; Cleveland & Columbus, 69; Del. & Hud., 130½; Del., Lack. & Western, 137⅝; Denver & Rio Grande, 15¼; Erie, 27¼; do pfd, 60; Ft. Wayne, 148½; Hock. Val., 23½; Hous. & Tex., 11; Ill. Cen. 108⅝; Ind., B. & W. 11½; Kan & Tex., 12½; L. E. & W., 16¾; Lake Shore, 100¼; Louisv. & Nash., 59⅛; Louisv. & New Alb., 37; Memp. & Char., 52; Mich. Cen., 84½; M., L. S. & W. 77¾; do pref., 106; Min. & S. L. 5½; do pref., 12½; Mo. Pac., 66½; M. & O., 9¼; Nash. & Chat. 91½; N. J. Cent., 92¾; N. Pac. 25; do pref., 58⅝; Northwestern, 103¼; do pref., 136½; N. Y. Cen., 106¾; N. Y., Chi. & St. L., 17; do pref., 69; Ohio & Miss., 20½; do pref. 82; Ont. & West., 15⅞; Oregon Navigation, 94¾; Oregon Trans., 31¾; Pacific Mail, 35⅝; Peoria, Decatur & Evans., 23; Pitts., 157; Pullman Pal., 171⅛; Reading, 44⅛; Rock Island, 90⅛; St. L. & S. F., 21⅛; do. pref., 54½; do 1st pref., 105; St. Paul, 61⅞; do pref., 98½; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 96⅞; St. Paul & Omaha, 30¼; do pref., 90; Tex. P., 18⅛; U. Pac. 62⅞; U. S. Ex., 81; Wabash, St. L. & Pac., 12½; do pref., 25½; Wells Fargo Ex., 138; Western Union, 85⅛; Quicksilver, 6; do pref., 35.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week just closed has been fair. There have been but few failures.

THE MARKETS.

The Markets To-Day.

The markets at primary points to-day were dull and lower, closing steady. The continued fine growing weather has a tendency to depress the wheat markets. The cables were off a little. Exports moderate.

At Toledo cash wheat is about ½c below the value of yesterday.

For future delivery May wheat in Toledo is ½c lower than at the opening, and ¾c under the preceding day; July wheat declined during the session ½c.

At Chicago May wheat went off during the session ⅞c.

Prices of May and July wheat at leading points to-day:

May.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	91¼	91⅜	89⅝	89¾
Chicago	96⅛	97	94⅞	95½
New York	92½	92½	91¼	91¾
St. Louis	92	92	90⅞	90⅞
July.	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close.**
Toledo	86½	86½	86	86
Chicago	86½	86½	85¾	85¾
New York	92¼	92¼	91¼	91¾
St. Louis	80⅞	80⅞	80⅛	90⅛

Corn was dull at a decline of ½c. Oats neglected. Clover seed, 15@17½c advance, and firm.

The Local Trade.

At the Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat was ½c lower and dull. No. 2 soft red Lake Shore, 95c; No. soft red Wabash, 90c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 86c.

For future delivery trade was fairly active. Prices lower. No. 2 May, 91¼@89¾c, ¾c below yesterday's figures; July, 86½@86c, ½c off; August 85c, then 84½c.

Corn was dull at a decline of ½c; No. 2, 33c; No. 3 yellow, 33c; No. 2 May, 35¼c. No oats taken. Clover seed firm and higher; prime, cash and March, $5.22½, 17½c up; April, $5.10, 15c advance.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Beans—Are in moderate request at $1 65@1 70 for hand-picked mediums; do Marrows, $2 10@2 15.

Butter—This market is fairly steady for all table sorts. Fancy roll is in good demand at 18c to 20c; choice, 15 to 16c; lower grades retailing lower.

Buckwheat flour—Choice Eastern, $2 75 per cwt.; Michigan, $2 50.

Cheese—Full cream cheddars 10@10½c. per lb., flats 11½c.

Eggs—Are not going out with the freedom which characterized the past few days, the warm, spring-like weather leading dealers to anticipate larger arrivals and lower prices. Prices are lower and the tendency of the market downward. Sales are mainly at 12½c.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4@5½c; veal, 7½c; mutton, 6c; Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½@7c; cured light 5½c; heavy steers, green, 5c; light, 4c; No. 2 and grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 5c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Green Fruits—Apples $1 25 to $1 75 per barrel; Florida oranges, $3 25 to $3 75; cranberries, $8 00 to $8 50 per barrel; lemons, $2 75 to $3 25 per box.

Honey—New white clover honey in 1-lb. sections 17@18c. per lb.

Poultry—Realy choice dressed chickens and turkeys are scarce and wanted at 11c for turkeys and 9½ to 10c for chickens.

Potatoes—There is more pressure to sell and the market is overstocked and lifeless. Choice Burbanks are freely offered to-day at 25 to 28c in a small way, and car lots at 21 to 24.

Vegetables—Cabbage $1.25@1.50 per 100, celery 20@30c. per doz, turnips 12@15c. per bush.; Rutabagas, 20@25c per bush.; onions, yellow Danvers 23@24c, red not wanted at any price; parsnips, $1.50 per bbl.

Meats—Pork heavy; mess, bbls, $15 50; short, $16 00; clear, $16 50; short clear, $17 00; hams, 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 9c; breakfast bacon, clear, 11c; do. do. rib, 10c; smoked beef, 8c. Lard, kettle rendered, tcs., 8c; kettle rendered, bbls., 8¼c; half bbls., 8½c; 50 lbs. tins, 8½c. Clear bacon sides, 9c. Bologna, large, 6c; ring, 6c; long smoked, 7c; wiener wurst, 8c; pork sausage, links, 8c; fresh pork, 8c; smoked pork sausage, 8½c.

Dressed Hogs, $5.25@5 50.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, March 19.—Wheat—Old No. 1 hard 128½c; new No. 1 hard 119c; No. 1 Northern, 106c; winter wheat No. 2 red, 99½c. Corn—No. 2 38c.

MILWAUKEE, March 19.—Wheat steady; cash 85¼c; May, 87c; July, 87½c. Corn easier; No. 3, 30@31c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 27½@28c. Rye dull; No. 1, 44c. Barley steady, No. 2, 57@58c.

DETROIT, March 19.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 96½c; No. 2 red cash, 92c; April, 92½c; May, 93c; July, 85½c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 33½; April, 33½@33¾c; May, 35. Oats—No. 2, 26c; No. 2 white, 28c.

ST. LOUIS, March 19.—Wheat lower; No. 2 cash, 90⅞c; May, 9½c; July, 80½c. Corn lower; cash, 28¾c; April, 29c; May, 30¼c. Oats lower; cash, 24½c; May, 26c. Pork quiet; jobbing, $12 50. Lard nominally $6 65. Whisky steady at $1 03.

CINCINNATI, March 19.—Flour weak. Wheat dull at 95c. Corn strongat 34@35c. Oats firmer at 28c. Ryesteady at 48c. Pork quiet at $12 50. Lard easy at $6 75. Bulk meats quiet; short ribs, $6 25@6 37½. Bacon firm; short ribs, $7 62½. Whisky is firm; sales, 914 barrels on a basis of $1 03.

CHICAGO, March 15.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat weak and lower; cash, 93½c; April, 94½c; June, 91⅝c. Corn easier; cash, 34c; April, 34½c; May, 35½c. Oats easy; cash, 24¾c; May, 25¾c. Rye—May, 48½c. Barley nothing doing. Prime timothy, $1 39@1 40. Flax seed, $1.50. Whisky, $1 03. Pork steady; May, $11 97½; July, $12 10. Lard steady; cash, $6 82½; May, $6 90; May steam rendered, $6 12½@6 15.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Wheat—Receipts, 400 bu; sales, 4,960,000 bu; irregular, selling off ⅜@⅝c, advanced ¼@⅜c, now ⅜@½c on last night's figures; fairly active; No. 2 red May, 92 3-16@92 9-16c; June, 93@93¼; July, 92@92¼c; August, 89⅞@90c; September, 90½@91; December, 92⅞@93c. Corn—Receipts, 136,200 bu; sales, 136,000 bu; mixed Western, 40½@43⅝c; dull, ½c lower. Oats—Receipts, 11,000 bu; sales, —— bu; western, 29@39c; duller, nominal. Cheese—Receipts, —— pkgs; quiet, firm; western 9½@11½c; skims, 1@3c; part do, 6c@10. Beef dull; extra mess, $6 75@7 00; plates, $8 25@8 50. Pork easy; newmess, $13 50; old do, $12 75; prime, $12 75. Lard steady; steam rendered, $7 20@7 22½. Butter—Receipts, 3,348 pkgs; slow and easy; western dairy, 13@21c; do creamery, 18@27c; Elgins, 28c. Sugar strong and in good demand; powdered, 7½c; crushed, 8¼c; granulated, 7¾c. Molasses unchanged. Coffee—Rio, fair, 18⅞c; options more active, declined 5@15 points. Spirits of turpentine steady; 52¾@53c. Eggs—Receipts, 5,893 pkgs.; market weaker western, 13½c.

Live Stock.

CINCINNATI, March 18.—Hogs—Dull and drooping; common and light, $3 75@4 70; packing and butchers', $4 50@4 80.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., March 18.—Cattle—Market firm at 10c higher. Hogs—Market slow; medium Philadelphias, $4 80@4 90; heavy hogs, $4 75@4 80; pigs and Yorkers, $4 90@4 95. Sheep—Market slow; 15 to 25c lower.

CHICAGO, March 19.—Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head; market active, without a material change; light, $4 70@4 75; rough packing, $4 55@4 60; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $4 65@4 80. Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; market steady; fairly active; beeves, $3 00@4 25; cows, $1 50@2 90; stockers and feeders, $2 10@3 30. Sheep—Receipts 6,000 head; market is steady, closing weak; natives, $2 50@4 90; corn-fed western, $4 25@4 70; western lambs, 4 50@5 50.

BUFFALO, March 19.—Cattle—Live stock sold out except a few bunches of odds and ends in cattle, sheep and hogs; no change in others. The market as reported to-day is: Receipts, —— head through; —— sale; steady; prime steers, $3 50@4 00; mixed butchers' stock, $2 50@3 25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, —— head through; —— head sale; sheep steady; good sheep, $4 35@4 65; lambs active; good lambs, $5 35@5 85. Hogs—Receipts, —— head through; sales, —— head; market steady; mediums, Yorkers, and pigs, $5 00@5 55.

KANSAS CITY, March 18.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,816 head; shipments, —— head; best shipping grades active and firm to a shade higher; medium dressed beef slow, but about steady; cows 10 to 15c higher; stockers and feeding steers steady to strong; good to choice corn-fed, $3 90@4 10; common to medium, $2 70@3 80; stockers and feeding steers, $1 60@3 20; cows, $1 50@2 70. Hogs—Receipts, 2,540 head; shipments, 424 head; market opened firm and 5c higher, closing weak and a shade lower; good to choice, $4 55@4 60; common to medium, $4 25@4 45. Sheep—Receipts, 3,330 head; shipments, —— head; market steady; good to choice muttons, $4 50; common to medium, $2 50@3 90.

Philadelphia Wool Market.

There is more inquiry. Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia fleeces, XX and above, 34@35c; X, 33c; medium, 38@39c; quarter blood, 36@38c; common, 30@32c; New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., fine, 30@32c; medium, 37@38c; quarter blood, 37@38c; washed combing and delaine, fine delaine, Ohio, 36@37c; fine delaine, Western, 35c; medium, 40@42c; quarter, 38@39c; low, 34c; pulled, super, city, 34@36c.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 89½c; highest, 90½c; lowest, 89½c; closed at 90½c bid.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, March 18.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: English wheat values are lower. It is frequently impossible to effect sales. Prices in Scotland are even lower than in England. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 61,423 quarters at 30s 6d, against 77,228 quarters at 30s 6d during the corresponding week last year. Most foreign wheat fell 6d. Flour is weak, although the supply of foreign is moderate. In London, barley has declined a fraction. In a majority of the country markets prices have hardened. A larger quantity of corn causes weakness in some cases, while in others prices are in seller's favor. Oats have improved 3@6d. The demand does not equal the hopes of the holders. Rye is a trifle firmer. Beans are a little weaker. At to-day's market, English wheat was in moderate request at last Monday's prices. Foreign was weaker. There was no speculation. Flour was unchanged. The recent arrivals are not satisfactory and drag. Barley was steady. Round corn was in fair retail request at the very low prices accepted last Monday. Flat corn was 3d cheaper on the week. There was a very small fresh supply of oats, and prices advanced 3d. Beans and peas were dull. Rye was steady. In the very latest dealings breadstuffs and corn were weaker.

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